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WILLIAM BREWSTER



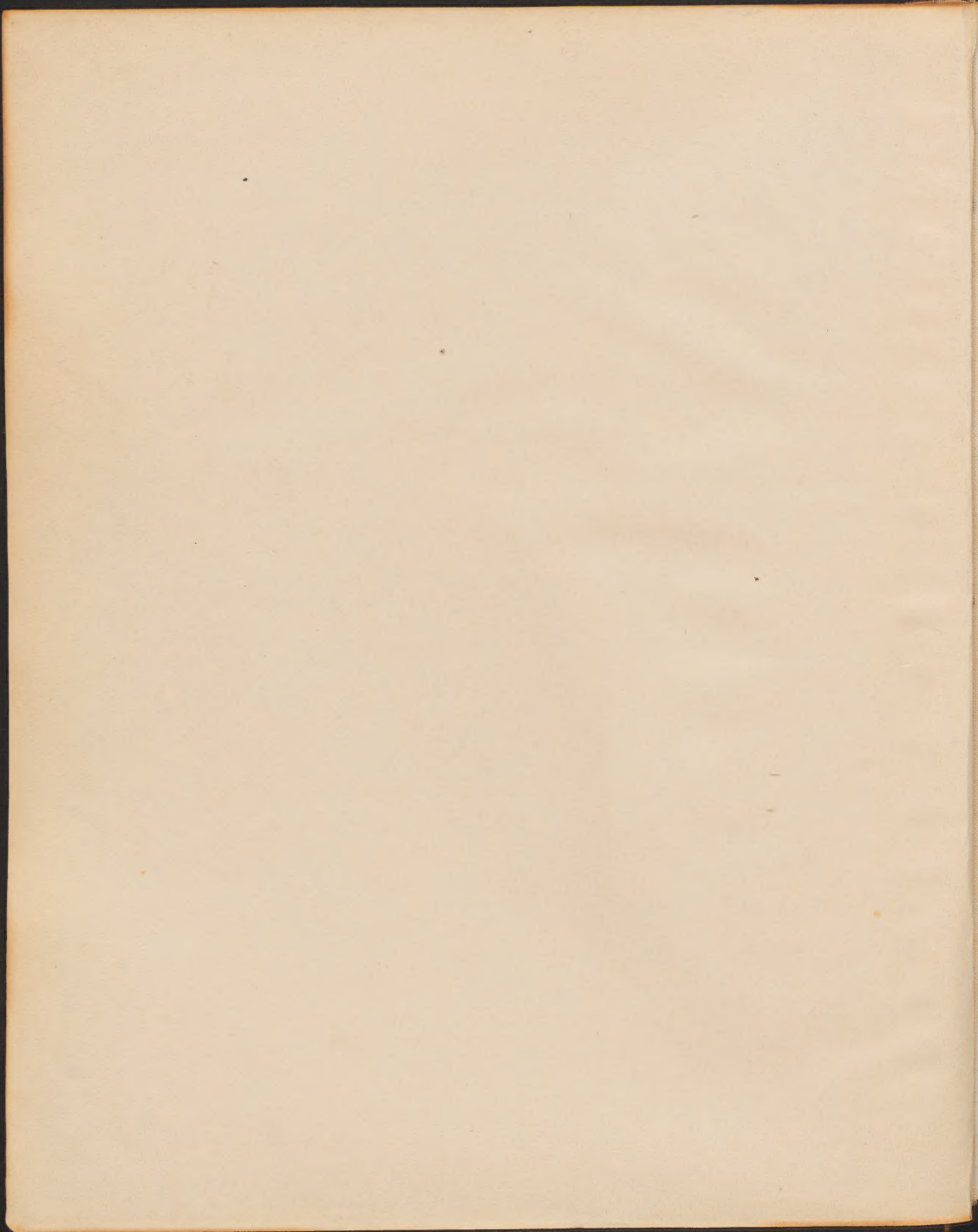
28. 97912 (3A)

The important systematic notes are copied into
"Systematic Notes, Vols. 1-68." In 1887 I copied
the notes checked.

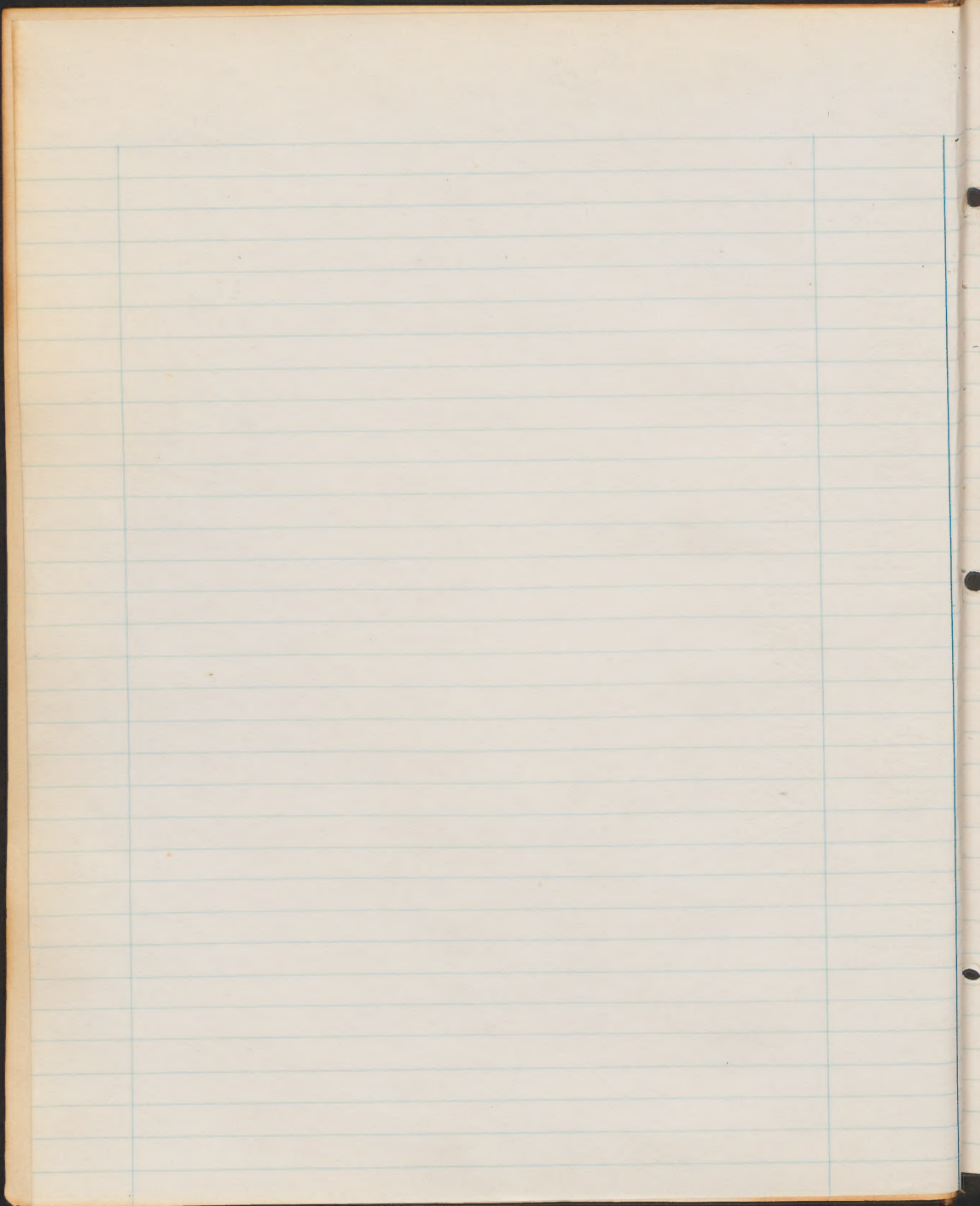
Walter Deane, June 11, 1898.

William Brewster

William Brewster



Concord, Massachusetts.



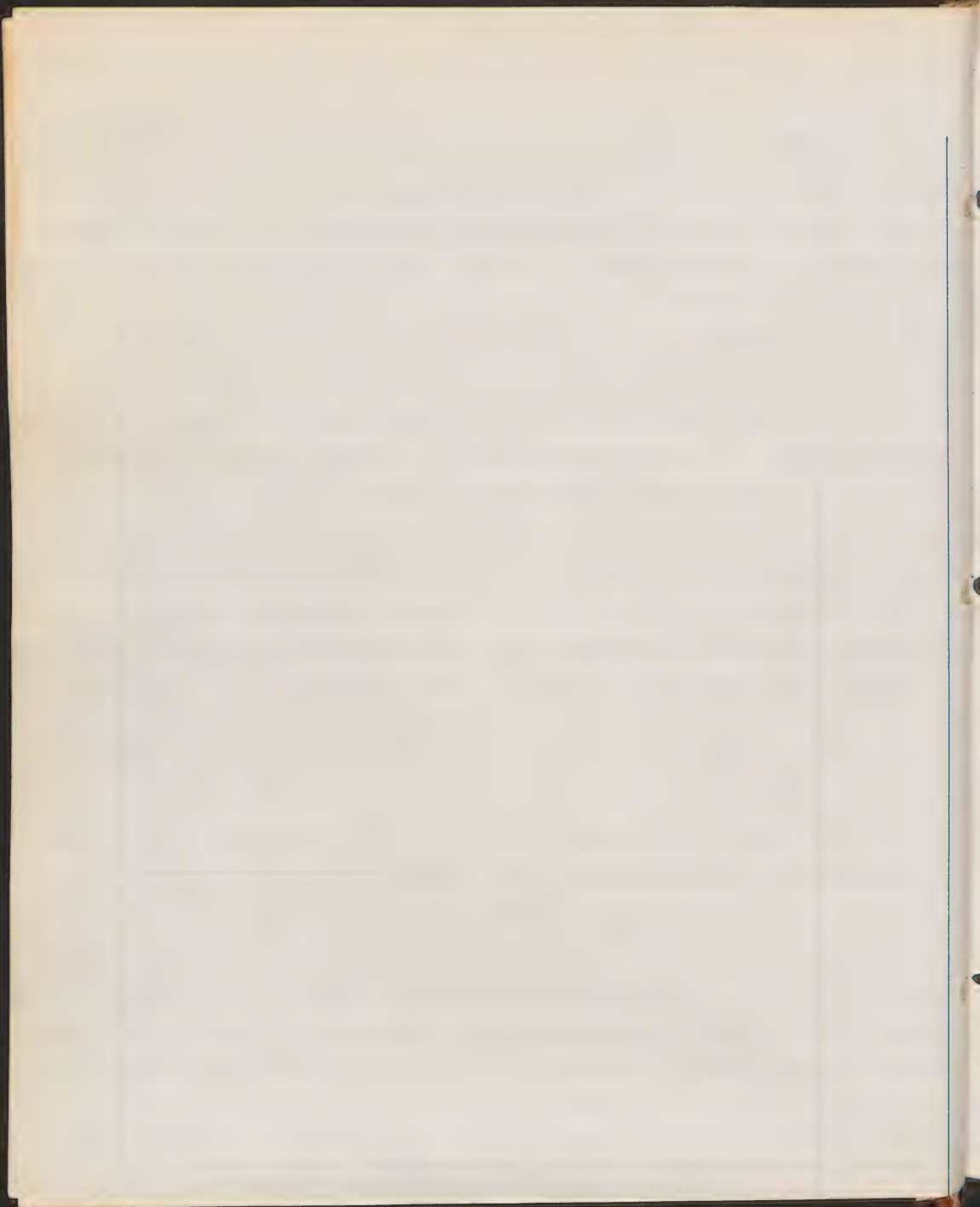
1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

April 27

We moved to Concord this morning, having taken the Old Manse for the summer. I was obliged to return to Cambridge in the afternoon however, and to spend the remainder of the week there.

During the short time I was able to spend along the river bank and in the orchard this morning, I saw several Dendroica coronata and a little company of Gold finches. In the old Elms near the bridge a Nuthatch (Sitta Carolinensis) was cork-screwing about and hawking loudly, a pair of Downy Woodpeckers were also hammering on the dead limbs. In the boathouse, a pair of Purves had a finished but empty nest, a Muskrat was swimming from place to place uttering his peculiar whining cry. Red-wings were singing over the green meadows, and Bluebirds trawling



1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

May 2

I came to Concord last night to spend Sunday only, my business in Cambridge and Sunday Boston being still uncompleted.

Early this morning there was a grand chorus of bird voices such as we used to hear in Cambridge before the wretched Sparrows came. Robins, Song Sparrows, Bluebirds, Purple Finches, Grass Finches etc. made the air ring. About a Martin box which was put up only yesterday several pairs of Hirundo bicolor and one pair of Pipilo purpurina held high carnival.

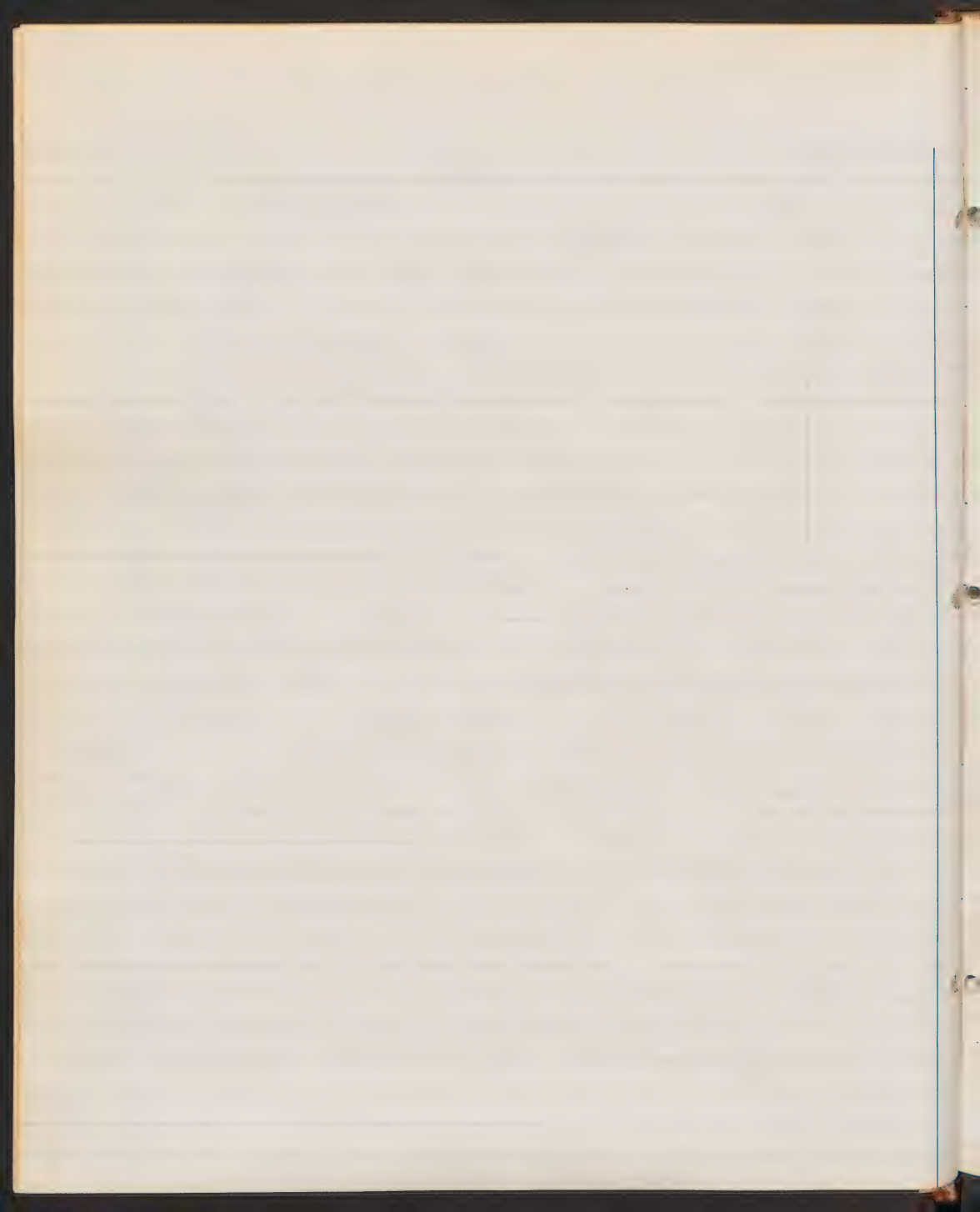
Early in the forenoon I went down to the Boat House and spent an hour sitting on its sunny western wall. Red wings singing in all directions, a Meadow Lark whistling over by the railroad station, the Ravens occasionally coming to see that their nest on a raft inside the boat house still held its two rosy eggs. In the water beneath, several species of fishes were feeding or playing. I compared them to boats; the red perch long narrow, swift of movement, resembled a steam launch; the ocean, deep bodied and yet graceful, a rooney Schooner; while a great clumsy horned poach rooting about the bottom, recalled a mud scow. The monitor of course were the mud turtles, of which there were dozens in sight, all of the red banded ("Soldier turtle") species. One came along past me feeding. It would raise its head above the water, look warily about for a moment, then sink and walk along the bottom exploring it.

snick by snick, and feeding like a hen, pecking about on every side with a quick motion of the head and neck. I timed it repeatedly and found that it remained under 30 to 80 seconds, the later period being the longest noted.

In the evening I walked to the top of Ripley's Hill. The Shad bush was in full bloom and the birches and maples dense with young foliage. Robins, Chipping, Sparrows and Song Sparrows singing among the pines, 'teal' being in the Great Meadows, nothing else noted. Apparently, the late emigrants have not yet come.

115
May 3. Clear and cool, In Boston all day, hence
no observations, except that I saw and heard
two Rusty Black-birds by the railroad Station.

4. In Cambridge and Boston all day, no
observations.



1856

May 2^d

Cloudy, and warm, with South wind.
Thunder Shower in P.M.

There was a heavy rust of emigrants to-day, in fact, the country was fairly alive with birds. I heard several "New-Comers" singing at day break and saw a "Wood Thrush" hopping about on the ground under the lilacs after breakfast.

My day was doomed to be a broken one as I had an engagement in Boston at three o'clock, so I did not attempt any collecting, but merely took a drive in the forenoon, going up around the "Parker Lot." Least Flycatchers were singing in the orchards, Brown Thrashers and Towhees in the pastures, Creepers (*Minotella*), Nashville Warblers and Chestnut-sided Warblers in the woods. I also heard a Grosbeak and a Yellow Warbler. Doubtless there were many more new comers, but I had little chance to detect them. Chiming Swifts flying about over the town in the evening.

The vegetation is remarkably advanced for the season. Cherry trees have been in bloom more than a week (they opened in Cambridge April 23rd and by April 25th were in full bloom). Peach trees are also out, and Apple trees in the Orchard here show a few expanded blossoms. In the woods the shad bush is still in full flower. I saw the first birch (April 27th), the poplars are dense with foliage, the birches cast a slight shade and some of the oaks have already expanded a few leaves, while their smooth buds give the trees a delicate pink

tinge. The country looks as if it were the
last instead of the first week in May. I have
never seen as early a Spring before.

1886

Concord, Massachusetts

May 6

A fair day, pretty sunny with frequent intervals of cloudiness, but with rather high north wind.

Starting at 9 a.m. I roved down river, a little below the Stone bridge, two Snipe hunters asked to be permitted access. They had started eight Snipe and killed two. After I left them they fired two more shots, but I was too far away to see at what, or with what result. I had only my .32 cal. pistol, and on the way to "Ball's Hill" shot only two Red-wings of which there were great numbers everywhere, more it seemed to me than I ever saw before.

Landing at Ball's Hill, I found a small mixed flock in the Oaks along the South Slope. There were five Crows (*Microtus*), as many Yellow-rumps, three Palm Warblers, one Pine Warbler, and a single Canada Flycatcher. I made a good bag in a short time and started to return.

On the way home I shot two Red Wings, a Blue-bird, a pair of Smellons (*Tachycineta*) and a Solitary Sandpiper, the latter I started from the river bank on my way down in the morning. It was back again in the same place when I returned, but was very shy. Finally it alighted on the topmost twig of a brush heap where I shot it.

The meadows were very beautiful, the grass already a foot high in favored places, along the river the Maples and alders are dense with foliage. The March margold is still in full bloom.

Crows arrived this morning. I heard one at

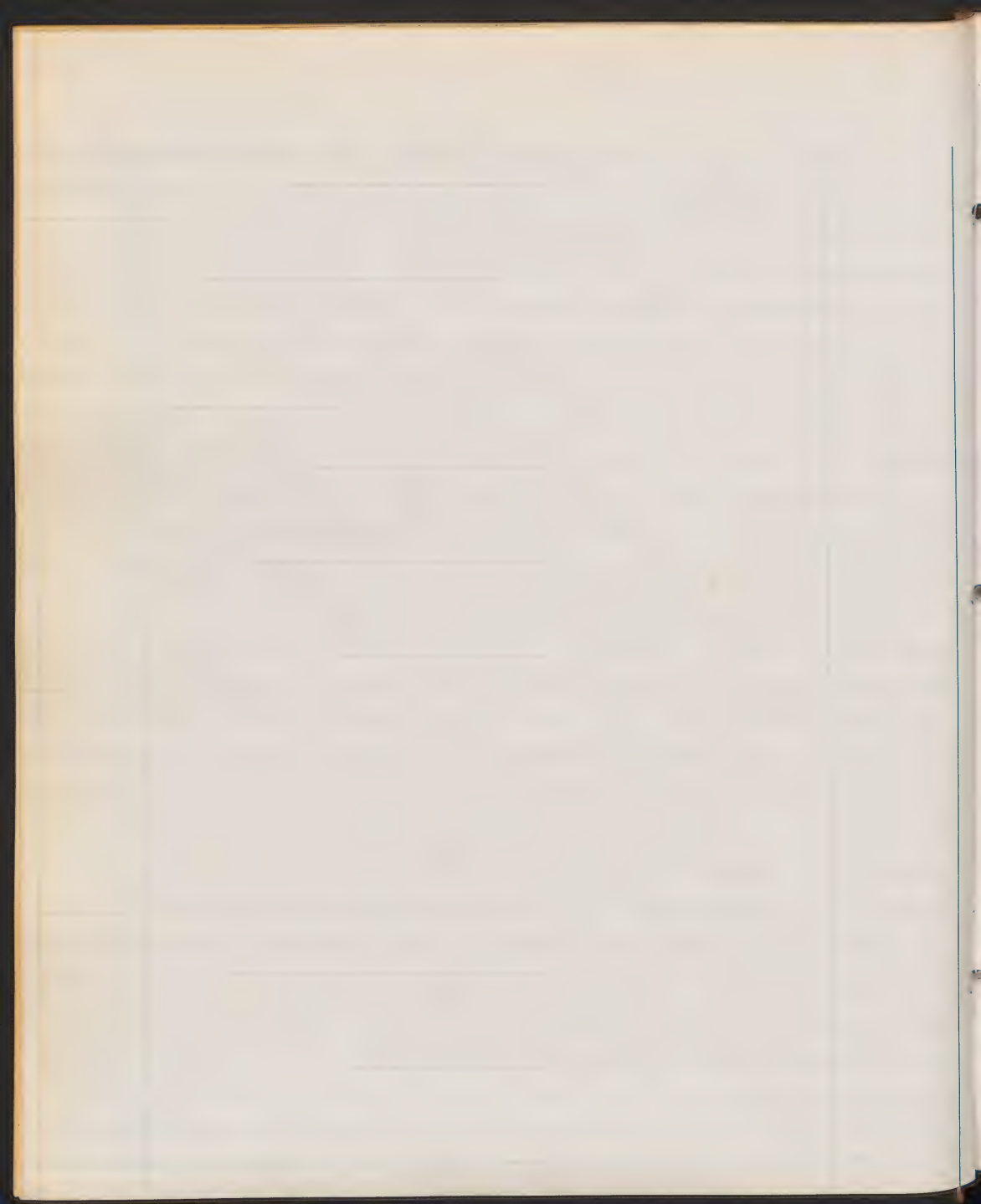
daybreak, and two others later, The apple
orchard was in nearly full bloom this after-
noon.

1887
May 7

Clear and warm. Wind S.W. in the afternoon
S.E.

Paddled up the Mesabet in the forenoon.
Birds were rather numerous, and I noted
several arrivals; Dolichopus, a single male
in full song; Troglodytes trichas, several singing;
and Peris floracius a single male singing.

The Apple orchards are in nearly full
bloom to-day and as usual filled with honey
bees humming busily.



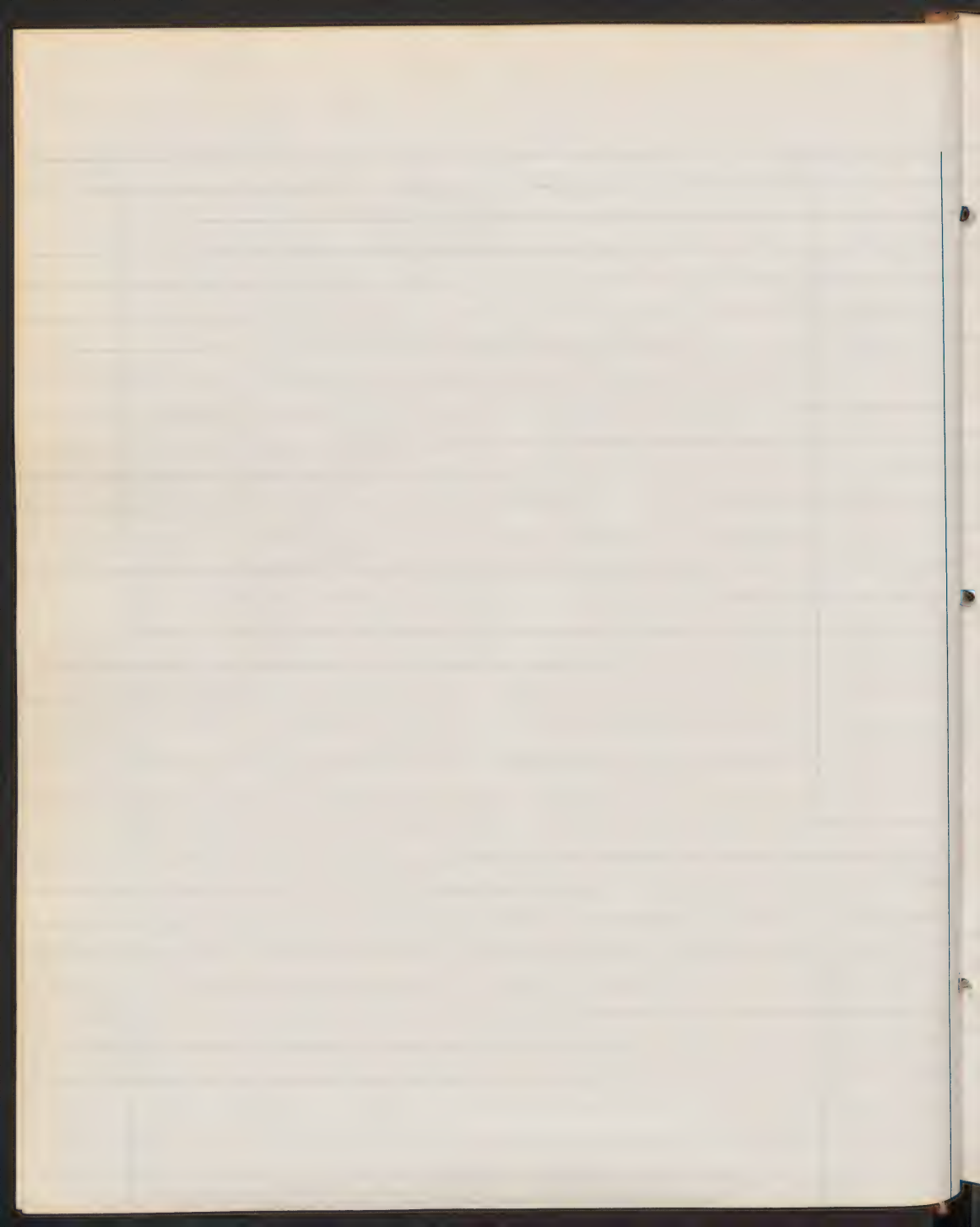
1886

Cover! Massachusetts

May 8

a cold N.E. rainstorm with high wind
lasting all day (it began early last night)
and "clearing" at present

Spent the day in Boston



1886

May 9

Concord, Massachusetts

Clear and cool with high N.W. wind,
a glorious day, as tracing as October yet with
the country breathe in flowers.

In the forenoon I drove C. & S. Sutter.
The roads are truly and but little used, often
passing through woodland, occasionally striking
broad meadows. The Apple orchards were at their
highest perfection with patches of white. Birds were
numerous, but I saw nothing of any particular
interest. Meadow Larks were common, one or
more being seen or heard in every meadow.

Blue birds were frequently seen along the road-
side, and Orioles occurred about the orchard
and Elm. Shaded farmhouses in apparently un-
diminished numbers. I neither saw nor heard
any Robins although we passed many places
in every way suited to their habits.

In the afternoon I rowed up the Assabet with
D. C. French. While midway of the straight reach
above the Kimlocks, my companion asked "is that
a Yellow Warbler?", pointing out a small bird hop-
ping about in some dark wood caught in the
lower branches of the black willows lining the
boat bank. After looking at it intently for a
moment, I was amazed to recognize my old
Mt. Camel friend, the Prothonotary Warbler.

We had no gun, but it did not take long to
whirl the boat around and start back for one.
Returning in about three quarters of an hour
we found our little stranger gone, but presently
I heard him chirp and then sing in an undertone
near at hand, at length he emerged from

beneath a mat of drift and I shot him,
dropping him in the water.

We afterward, turned up as far as
the "One arch bridge" and returned in time
for tea.

1886

Oxford, Massachusetts.

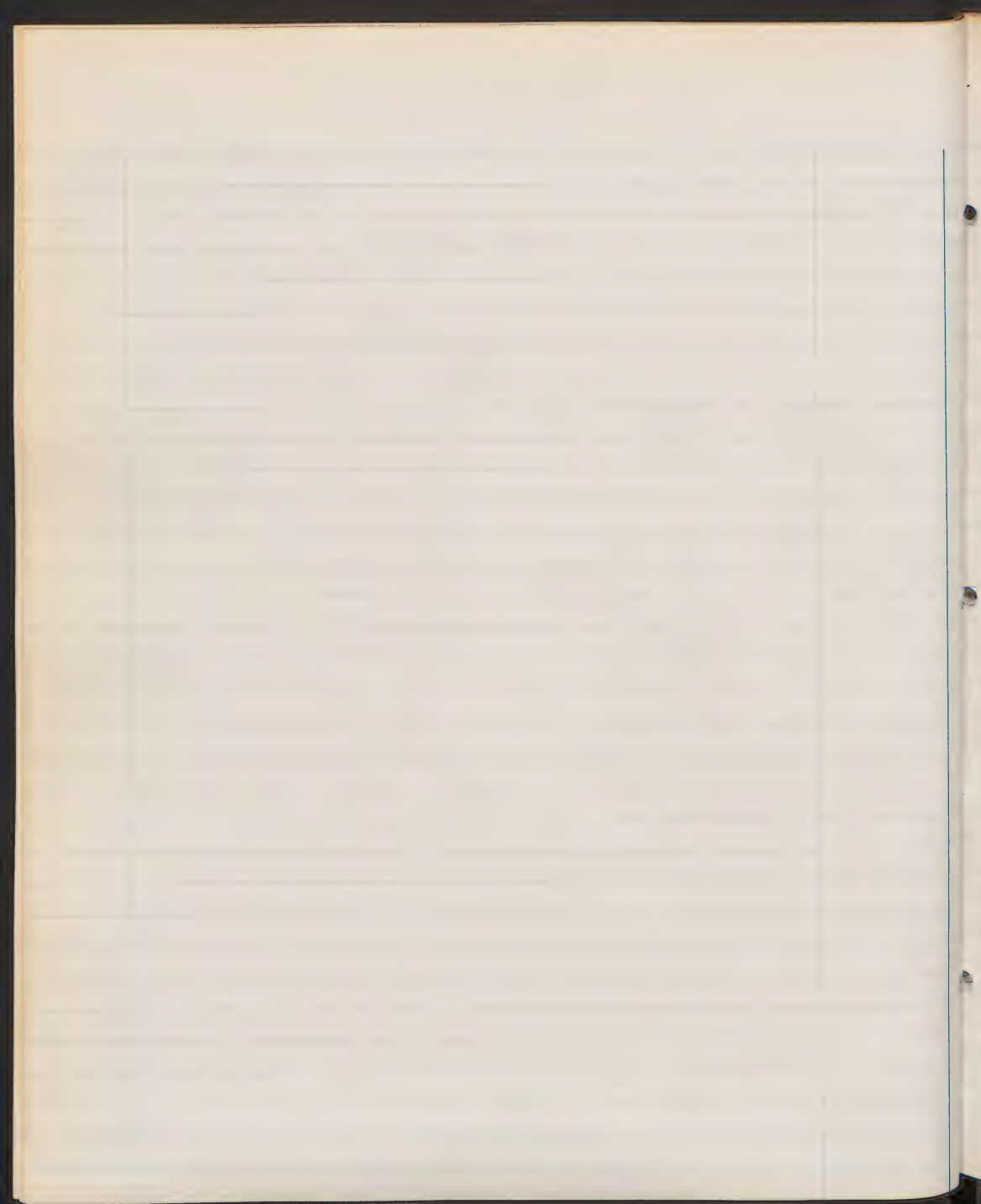
May 10

Morning clear, still and very warm after noon clouds with chill E. Wind.

Started down river at 9 A.M. The swift current carried me along at a good pace and I used nothing besides the paddle, reaching "Ball's Hill" in about an hour. The meadows were alive with Red wings as usual with the addition of a single Bobolink. In the tall white maples near "the tent" a Warbling was singing. Yellow Warblers were heard on every side in the black Willows that overhang the stream, and I passed a small flock of Yellow rumps and a single water thrush. At least three pairs of Grackles (Tockycaida bicolor) were inspecting holes in the largest maples, where they will doubtless breed.

At Ball's Hill I found only a few birds, among them a Dendroica maculosa. I had shot only one bird on the way down, but here by hard work I got seven. I then tramped through the woods across the land to the river below the great bend and picked up four or five more. Returning I paddled down stream around the bend and perhaps half a mile below when I shot several more specimens and sat down on a hillside bordered with some fine old white pines and a mixture of hard woods including many hoop hornbeams.

The remainder of the afternoon was consumed in various things. Stopping frequently by the way, I reached the house by 4 P.M. The apple blossoms are beginning to fall.



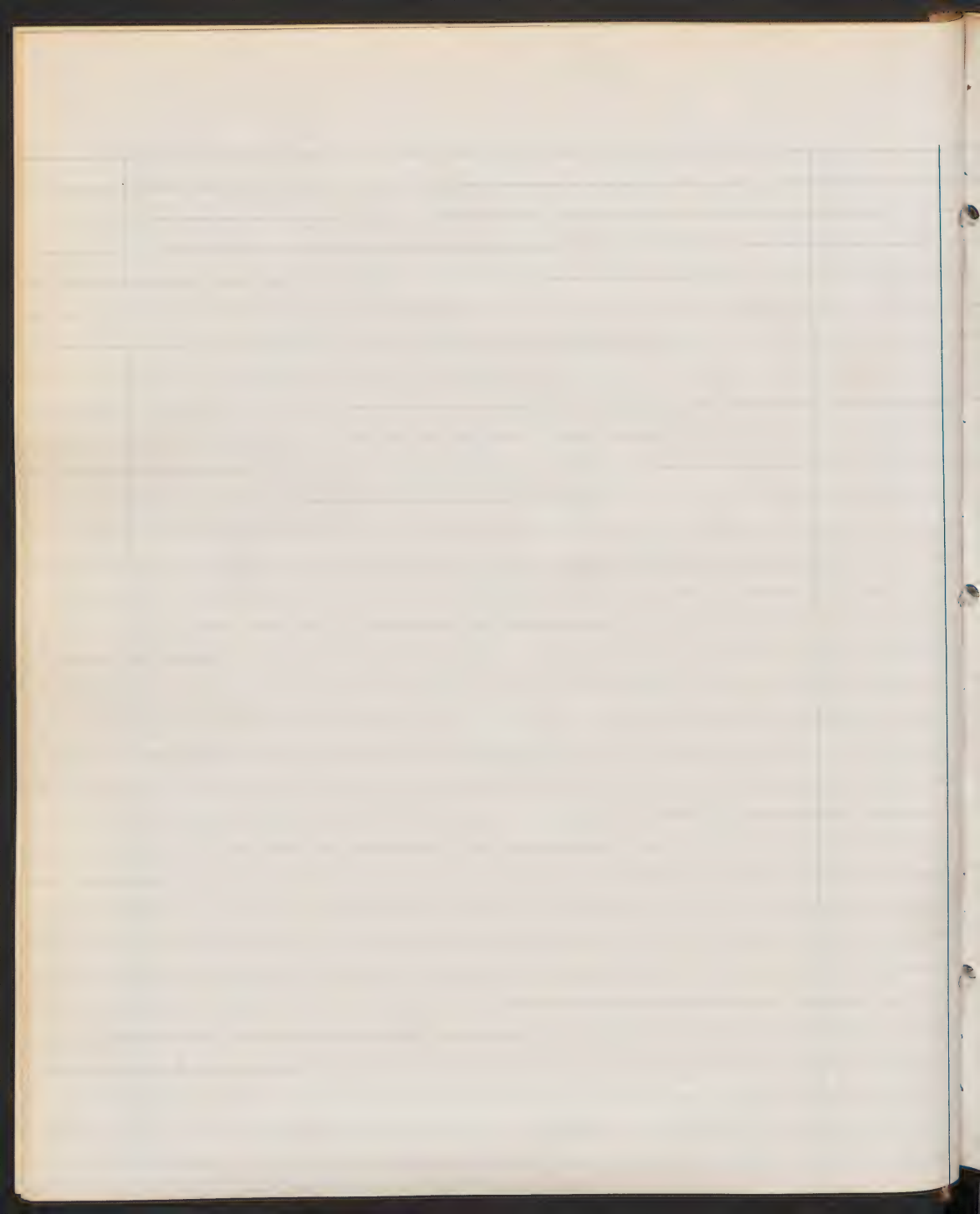
1886

Concord, Massachusetts

May 11

Cloudy with strong N.E. wind and driving
mist, or fine rain at intervals.

Spent most of the day in the house.
On or near the place, I saw a Rusty Black-
bird, a Yellow-rump Warbler and the
usual assortment of common birds.



1886

COLUMBIA, MARYLAND

May 12. Morning cloudy and misty; afternoon clear; a dead calm all day. Weather cool.

Startin at 9 o'clock this morning, drove to Hall's birches and spent the forenoon there, having my buggy driven home, and back again for me about noon.

Many of the birch copes have been cut away over this ground since I was there last, changing its appearance materially, there is about not over a hundred remaining, however, and it was fairly well supplied with birds, most of them common species, and all summer residents, not a single Emigrant being seen.

As I passed through the birches lining the turnpike and entered the old Apple orchard the scene was equally attractive to three of the senses - Sight, Smell, and Hearing. The Apple trees were snowy domes of blossoms which scented the air with their delicate fragrance and among which countless bees droned and hummed. The orchard was framed on every side by a setting of the tenderest green with every now and then a touch of salmon red, marking the position of a solitary maple with its clusters of winged seeds. Three Brown Thrashers were singing at once in different directions, their varied notes crowning the weaker voices of the Warblers and Sparrows. Every now and then however, the song of a Westcott-sided Warbler, or Black & White Cuckoo would rise above the din; and in the distance I occasionally caught the zee dee dee of a

Golden Winged Warbler, or the ringing notes
of a Field Sparrow. A Grouse was drumming
regularly in some Oak Woods across the tundra-
like and a pair of Downy Woodpeckers sounding
their call taps in the tops of some tall Chestnuts.
Then there were Juncos, Song Sparrows, Robins
and Flickers joining their voices to the chorus
at more or less frequent intervals. Truly the
old orchard with its glory of blossoms, emerald
hills and Syrian surroundings, was a scene
fit for the Gods, this gray, misty May morning.

1886

May 16

'Cloudy and cold', Wind N.E. light, at 11 A.M. the Sun came out and it was warmer for an hour or more, but the clouds soon gathered again.

Starting at 9 A.M. I was driven to the Line Kila, where I spent the forenoon having the buggy brought back for me at 12:30.

The morning was similar to that of yesterday but colder, with more wind, nevertheless, birds sang freely during the entire forenoon, and when the Sun came out, there was a grand burst of melody that made the woods and fields ring.

My tramp to-day was over a mile or more of the forest grounds lying East of the Line Kila; heavy old growth of oaks, Chestnuts and White pines second growth hardwoods; pastures tufted with Cedars and barberry bushes with frequent clumps of ground juniper; and the famous Ash Swamp, a broad swampy run choked with dense brushwood, chiefly birches, alders, viburnums, and young oaks and maples.

Everywhere throughout this region, except, of course, in the solid belts of old woodland, there are innumerable wild Apple trees, growing sometimes in clusters, but oftener scattered about singly; These to-day were in every stage of flower, some with their deep rose-red buds only beginning to unfold; others partly buds, partly blossoms; but the majority clouds of snow-white, perfect flowers. In every direction they met the eye, crowning the pasture knolls, half-concealed in the delicate green of the birches that fringed the runs, standing in strong relief

against the dark solid green of the pines.

In all my experience in Massachusetts I do not remember anything to compare with this sight. I doubt if such a wealth of beauty is ever equalled elsewhere, even in the tropics.

Birds were numerous, but as on yesterday I saw nothing but the regular Summer birds of this locality. Where can the migrants be? There were Brown Thrashers in great abundance making the air ring with their powerful voices. Hill Sparrows in all the open pastures, Chestnut Sided Warblers in the swamps, Nashville Warblers and Towhees among the birches, and in the oak woodlands Tanagers and Grosbeaks both in full song. In my opinion we have no song bird in Massachusetts that can equal the Rose Breasted Grosbeak.

I saw two Hairy Woodpeckers and found two Blue Jays nests, one with 11, the other with 5 eggs.

In one lilac bushes a White-throated Sparrow was spending the afternoon.

1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

May 16

(The 14th and 15th were both cloudy and cold with North East wind. On both days there was a brief space of sunshine at noon and in the early afternoon. The rain began falling on the evening of the 15th and late in the night it rained heavily and continuously. I spent both days in the City and made no observations of importance here. I am inclined to think from what I saw about our place in the early morning that there was no considerable influx of emigrants on either day.)

This morning up to 9 o'clock was cloudy with steady rain. At about ten o'clock the rain ceased and some afterwards the wind came from the N.W. and the sky cleared. The remainder of the day was fine but cool with a high wind.

At 10 a.m. I started for a long drive with Purdie. We went up through the Lime Kiln road to Carleton, then westward nearly to Acton, and back by the way of the "Parker lot" cross road.

Birds were fairly numerous and in full song. There has been a great increase in the number of Crows since my last long drive, and we saw them everywhere. Near the further end of the Lime Kiln road a fine adult Botaurus borealis left his perch on a tall tree in an opening, and sailed through the woods, showing his red tail as he turned and twisted to dodge the branches.

In the afternoon we roved down river to B. W. Hill. The strong N.W. wind ruffled the placid stream, and few birds were singing, except Botastides of which we heard at least a dozen. From the

nest of a Hairy Woodpecker. (See card.)

1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

May 17

Clear, with cold blustering N.W. wind. With Purdees spent the morning on the Lincolnton road. We first attempted to get the nest of the Hairy Woodpecker found yesterday; but to our surprise and disappointment found it contained young. I shot the ♂ before this fact was discovered. Afterwards we had a good tramp through the wild orchards, birch runs and open oak woodlands.

Found the nest of a Flying Squirrel in an old Woodpecker's hole, Low Swamp. The ♀ squirrel not looked out when I rapped on the trunk. P. climbed the tree, where she ran up the lowest stems and "flaw" at least thirty yards.

Nest held two young as large as field mice, and were furred, a little paler in color than their mother, but otherwise similar. They had their eyes closed, but one opened them for a moment. They uttered a fine shrill chirping, closely similar to that of the common black cricket. This immediately brought back the mother who took a long flight directly to the tree, and alighted within two feet of P's head. She uttered continually the same cricket-like chirping, and when P. held out one of the young in his hand, she ran slowly and timidly to within six inches of it, but would come no nearer. She was a beautiful little creature with her great meeting black eyes (which seemed to bear the sunlight without shrinking) and her soft mouse colored coat. She seemed perfectly gentle and showed

nothing beyond an admirable & steady solicitude; but P. said, she would have bitten sharply enough, had he caught her.

We chased her about for some time and made her fly many times. It was a truly remarkable performance. She would invariably run nimbly up the trunk to a height of fifteen to twenty feet, then launch out with tail and feet spread.

Her flight was down an inclined plane and as swift and direct as an arrow, rising sharply just before she reached her objective point. Once she scaled for at least thirty yards close to the ground and for most of the distance nearly on a level. During this flight, I distinctly saw her turn aside to avoid a twig. As she did this, it looked as if her speed was abruptly checked and then resumed again. I could not see the slightest motion of her tail or "wings" other than that this inclination was slightly changed to direct her course.

Her manner of passing from tree to tree reminded me of the Brown Creeper, and she struck the objective trunk in a precisely ^{similar} peculiar manner. As soon as we ceased persecuting her she flew back to her nest. We had broken open the hole nearly to the bottom, exposing the ball of fine dry grass in which the young were nestled. The mother suspected this nervously and with apprehension, then she rooted her way directly into it, and disappeared. For a moment, the moss quivered and pulsed as she rooted her way through it; the nest,

1886

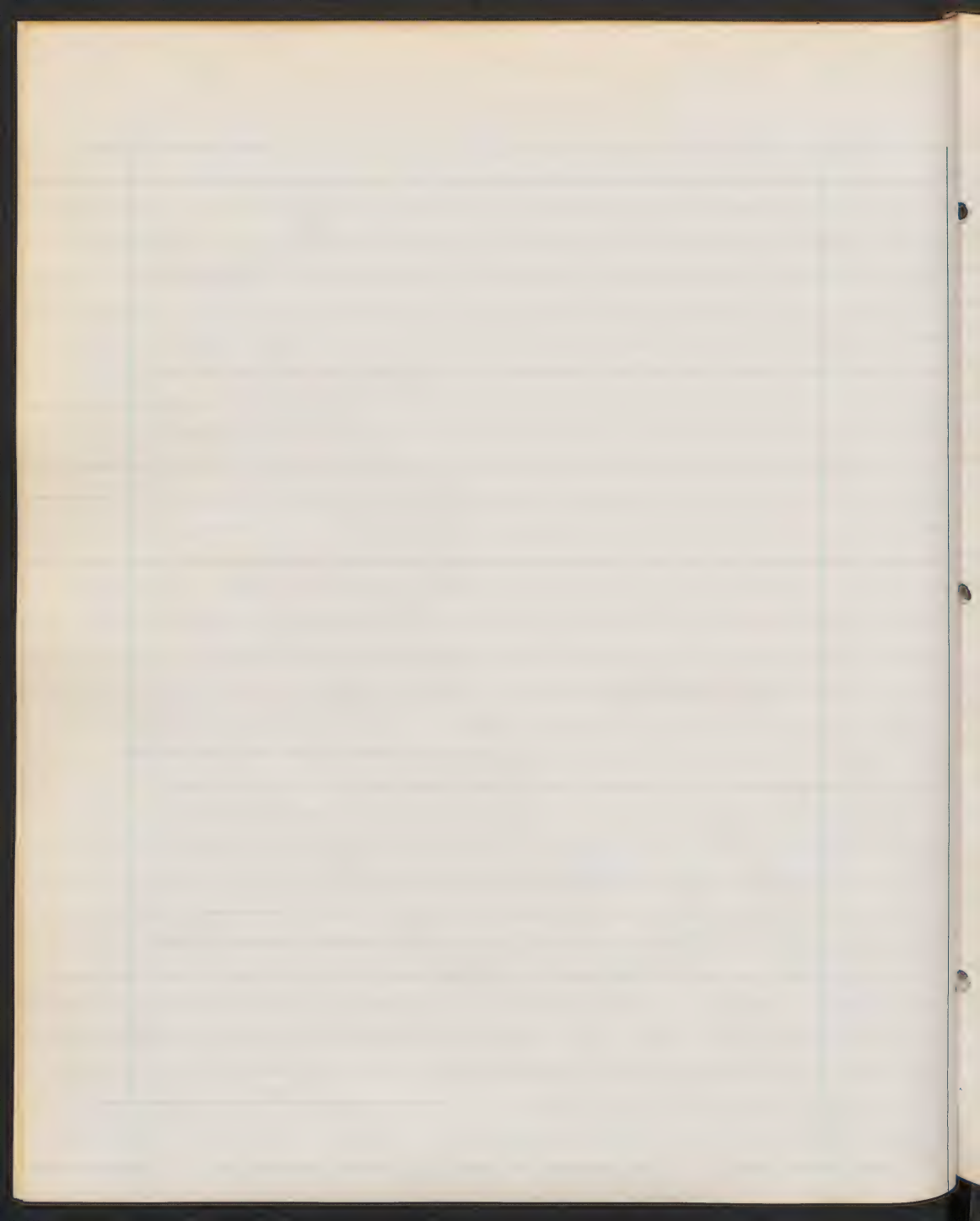
Concord, Massachusetts.

May 17 She was brooding again, her fears now calmed by the discovery that her darlings were safe. Both young were alive with large brown fleas.

In an old Hairy Woodpecker's nest, not over two hundred yards away, another flying squirrel had a home. He protruded his head when we rapped on the trunk, but would not come out; as the hole was some thirty feet above the ground we did not disturb him.

Few birds were singing this morning, except Grosbeaks, of which we heard and saw perhaps a dozen. The strange absence of Northern Emigrants, continues a marked feature of this season, or this locality. I saw a single Tanaischia a. boricollis this morning but nothing else that does not regularly summer here.

The apple blossoms are past their prime but they hold out wonderfully, and many of the trees have not shed a petal yet.



1856

May 18

COE ST. N. H. M. S. 1856.

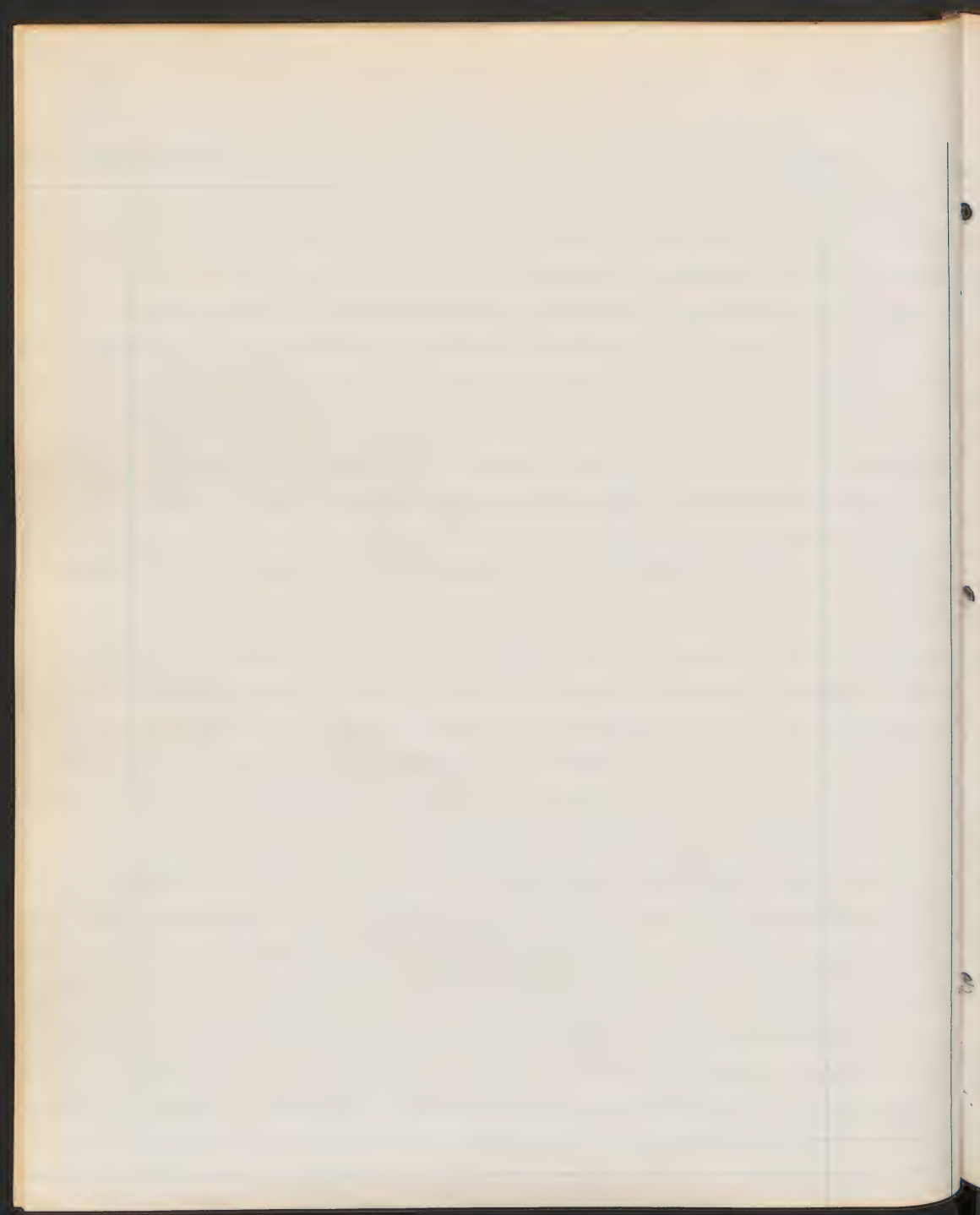
Clear and rather warm. Wind West.
Off in the morning for two or three hours driving to
Lincoln by the Sandy Pond road and back by way
of the turnpike. At Sandy Pond I heard a Golden-
Wing Warbler and got a fair shot at him, but he
flew just as I was about to fire.

I did not shoot anything whatever until
we reached Hull on the way back. Here I spent
about an hour in the birches. Birds were more
numerous than hitherto with a fair sprinkling of
immigrants. I saw only one species not already
noted, a Thrush which I took to be T.

It was in an old orchard and was very shy.

I flushed a large Woodcock near the spring hole.
It was apparently a ♀, but it showed no signs of
having either eggs, or young, merely rising with a
heavy Whirring and making directly off.

The Apple blossoms were falling fast to-day.
Rhus v. minor, just leafing out and looking
deceitfully like a young Ash.

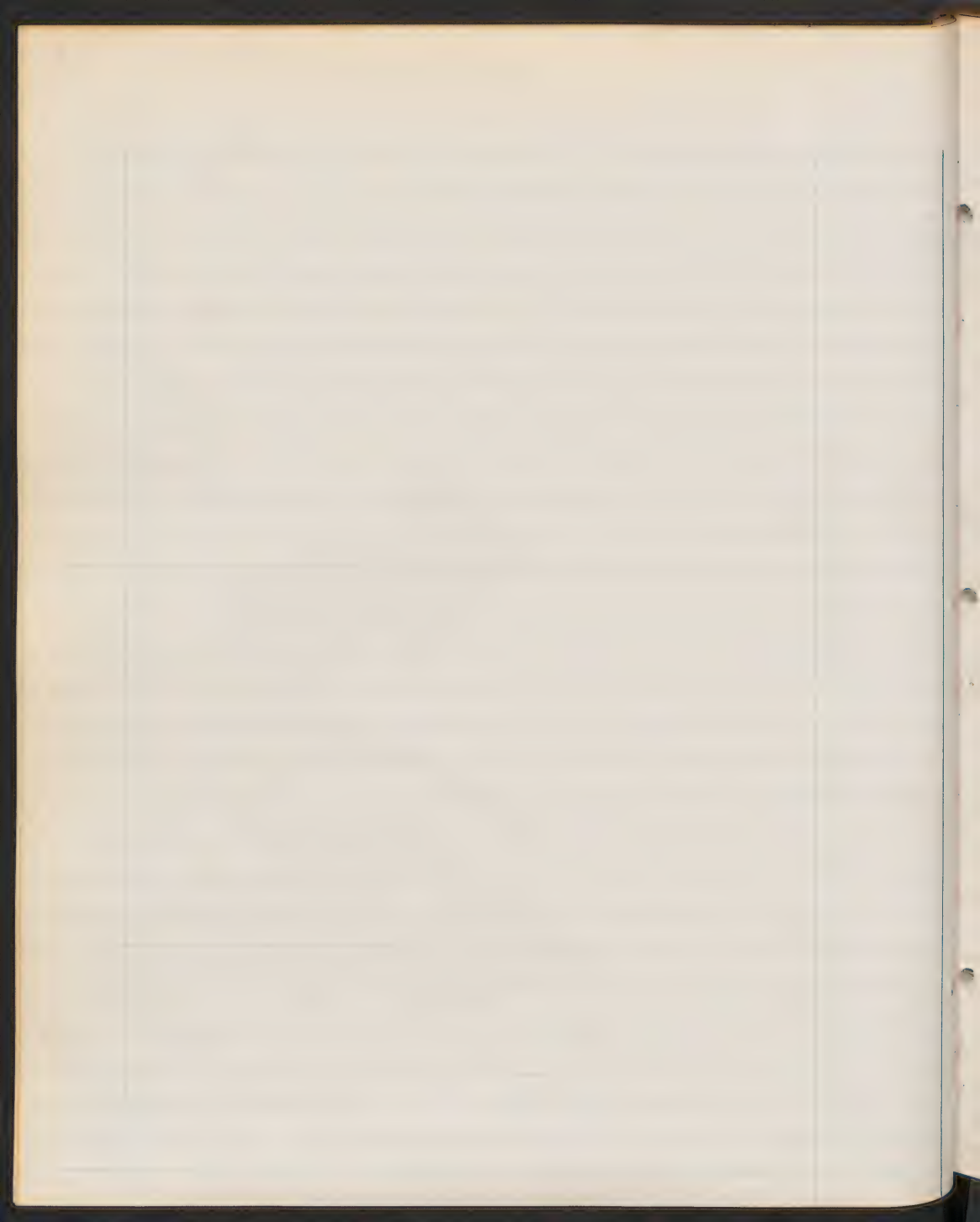


1886

May 19

Clear, rather cool with high N. Wind.
Spent the morning on the East side of the Lige Kike
road. Birds very abundant, many of them migrants
scattered about and hard to find, owing to the
wind. Shot a Tou. leucophrys in a bush heap,
bordering the road along a wall, but could not
find him.

A great change in the woods since
yesterday, many of the trees dark with leaves.



1886.
May 20

Concord, N. H.

Clear and warm. Wind S.W. and strong,
a heavy thunder-shower late in the afternoon.
Starting at 9.30 A.M. with Ledgebrook, I spent
the day up the Concord River, going as far as
Fairhaven Bay. On the way up river we found
five or six Redwing Black-birds' nests, two contain-
ing four eggs each, one three eggs and the
remaining three, only one egg each, all were
in the tops of tussocks, or among tall Marsh-
grass, and none in bushes, (the bottom bushes
being still leafless and offering no concealment).

We landed first at the grove of tall pines
opposite the cliffs. There were few birds here, but
I started two Grouse, one a fine cock, the other
apparently a hen. Both ran swiftly off without
taking wing, the cock stopping when less than
twenty yards away and with crest and ruffs
raised and tail spread and slightly elevated.
Shaking his head and uttering the "chickering"
noise, so like that of the squirrel. I have rarely
seen these birds so tame in Massachusetts.

We next landed at the Spring, and after
lunch took a long tramp up over the hill,
coming out finally at the pine cliff on the
west side of the Bay. Here I found a Phoebe
nest partly built in a niche of the rocks and
formed outwardly of green Sphagnum moss.
It contained four eggs, far advanced towards
hatching, and a cow-bird's egg which I removed
leaving the others. I really wanted the nest and
its contents but it was such an addition to
the picturesque spot that I could not bear to

disturb it. Both birds were near it.

On our way down river we were overtaken by the storm and forced to take shelter under the bridge below Fairhaven. Just because the rain came, a Bittern uttered his singular notes from the neighboring woods. We reached town at sunset.

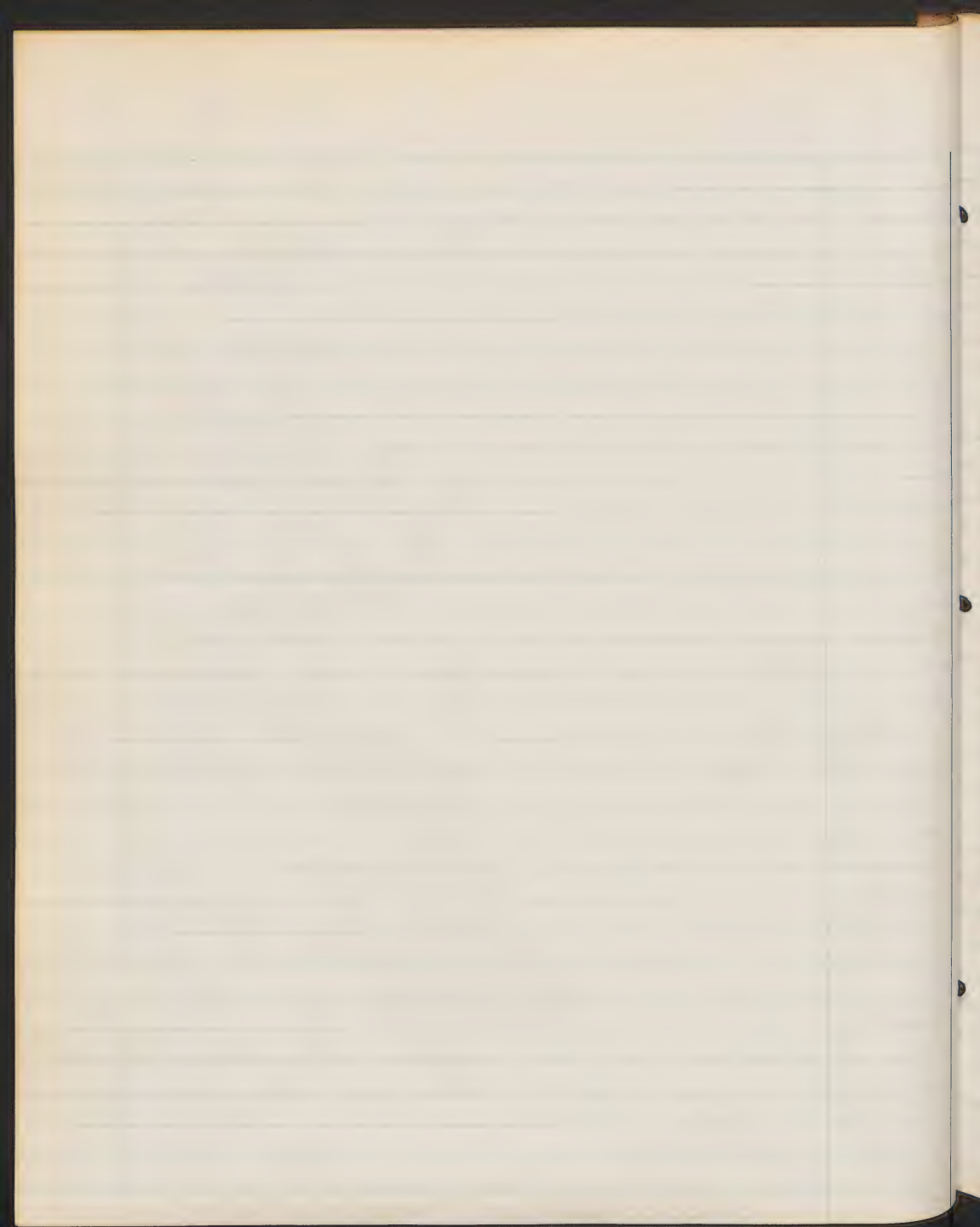
1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

May 21.

Clear, and very warm in the afternoon.
Spent the day in Boston, and hence made no
observations save a few on my way down to
Cambridge early in the morning.

Mr. Purdee tells me he saw Sybraia pusilla
Contopus and Dendroica striata at Newton.



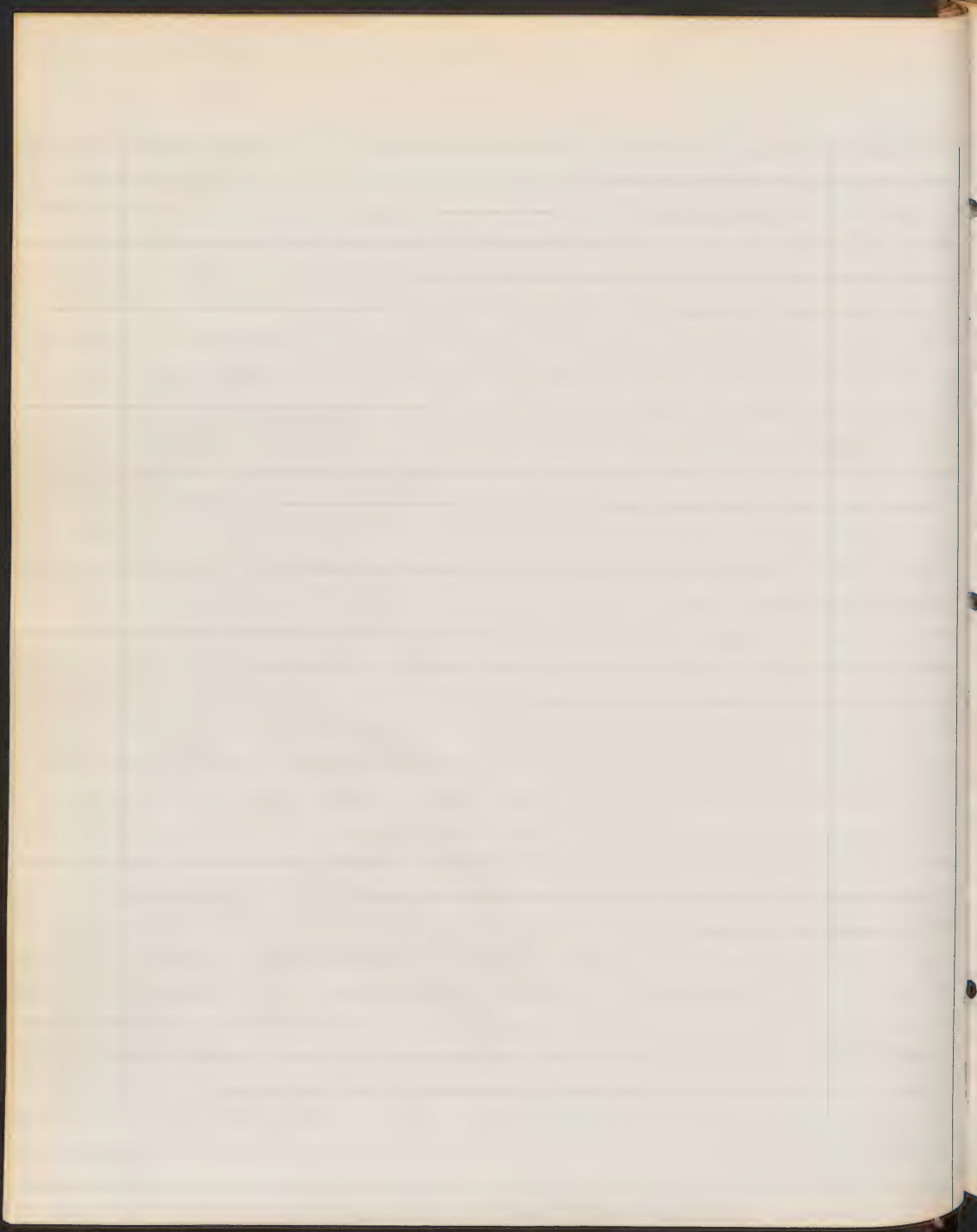
1886.

May 22.

Clear and very warm all day.

Went to Boston again and probably lost the day
of the season by so doing.

Drove from Cambridge to Concord late
in the afternoon, but saw nothing of any interest.



1886

Ocean, Massachusetts

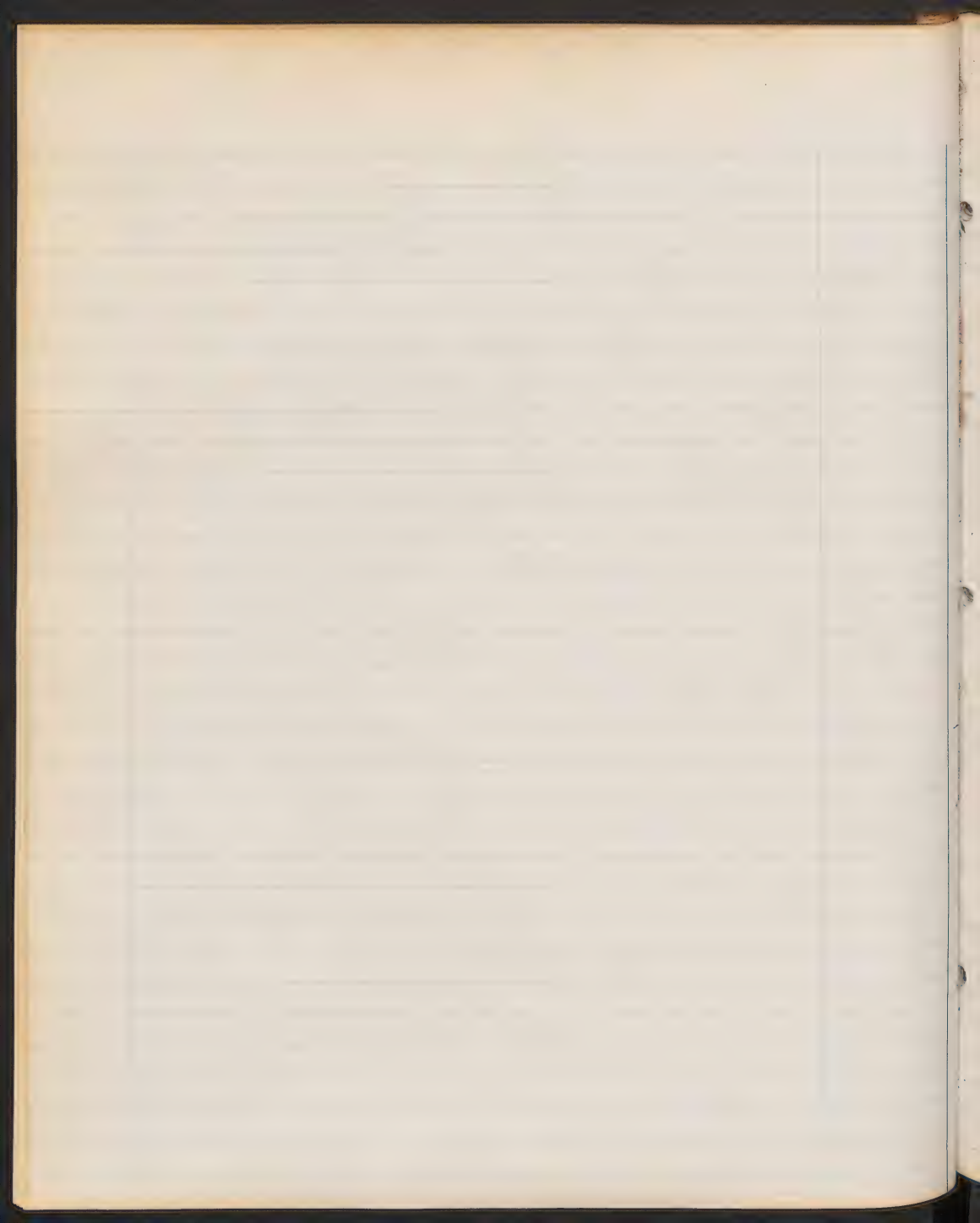
May 23.

Sunday

Clear and decidedly the warmest day of the season thus far.

In the morning took a short drive and heard a Tennessee Warbler singing on Monument St. Several Black poll Warblers and a Wood Pewee were also singing in the orchard, and I heard a Cuckoo there in the afternoon.

The Black-poll was heard here yesterday morning also.



May 18. I went paddled around the great bend and drove
 to the wooded hill below, where I launched and spent
 most of the afternoon.

On my way up river I shot rather late for Red-
 wings' nests and found no less than seven, three with
 four eggs, three with three eggs and one with one egg.

While thus engaged I started a Virginia Rail which
 flew up its legs and flew swiftly across the river.
 Shortly afterwards it uttered its peculiar grunting
 song from a dense growth of blue-joint in which
 it had taken shelter. Two Carolina Rails were also
 calling out on the Great Meadows and a Bitter
 "pumped" them at frequent intervals for an hour or
 more.

The woods are now in nearly full leaf and the
 foliage along the river quite so. The bottom bushes are
 fast getting green. The Bull-frogs were in full cry
 today & the first time, although I have heard a
 solitary one bellow occasionally for a week past.

At night the common frogs still keep up a great
 racket, but all have changed to their late or summer
 song. The peculiar evening cry of the Marsh Frog,
 (*R. palustris*), has nearly or quite ceased. It was a
 prominent nocturnal sound up to nearly the end of
 last week. The mosquito season is now at its height.
 They are nearly as numerous today as in Illinois and
 annoy me severely, especially when I am out. In
 places, swarms followed me back to the boat and for hun-
 dreds of yards above the river after I left the boat.

I saw one Night and one Green Heron, both near
 Bull's Hill, the former flying high over the woods.

1886
May 24 Warm and still; the sky obscured by a dense
fog through which the sun shone dimly all day.

Starting at 10 a.m. I paddled down river to
Ball's Hill stopping only once and shooting a
Vireo gilvus, V. flavifrons and a ♀ Icterus baltimore
all in the same spot.

The river was smooth as glass, the air perfect
by still and the songs of birds could be heard for
unusually great distances. It was a real singing day,
too, and the birds kept it up almost without cessation
from morning until night.

Along the strip of dry land back of the river,
the birds were falling high around and passing the
females in the intervals of their songs. They were quite
as numerous as I were and I saw not less than a
dozen. The Red-winged Blackbirds have sobered
wonderfully within the past week. Their mates are
now sitting and I start that many from the nests
in the Sweetflag, or blue-joint as I paddled along.

A new comer on the river was the Black-billed
Cuckoo, of which I heard several. The King-birds
have also increased materially since my last trip,
at least fifty being seen to-day.

Opposite Ball's Hill, a fine drake Wood Duck rose
from the bottom bushes in shore and circled around
the boat just out of range; his brilliant coloring
showing plainly. He crossed the point over the woods
and disappeared down river.

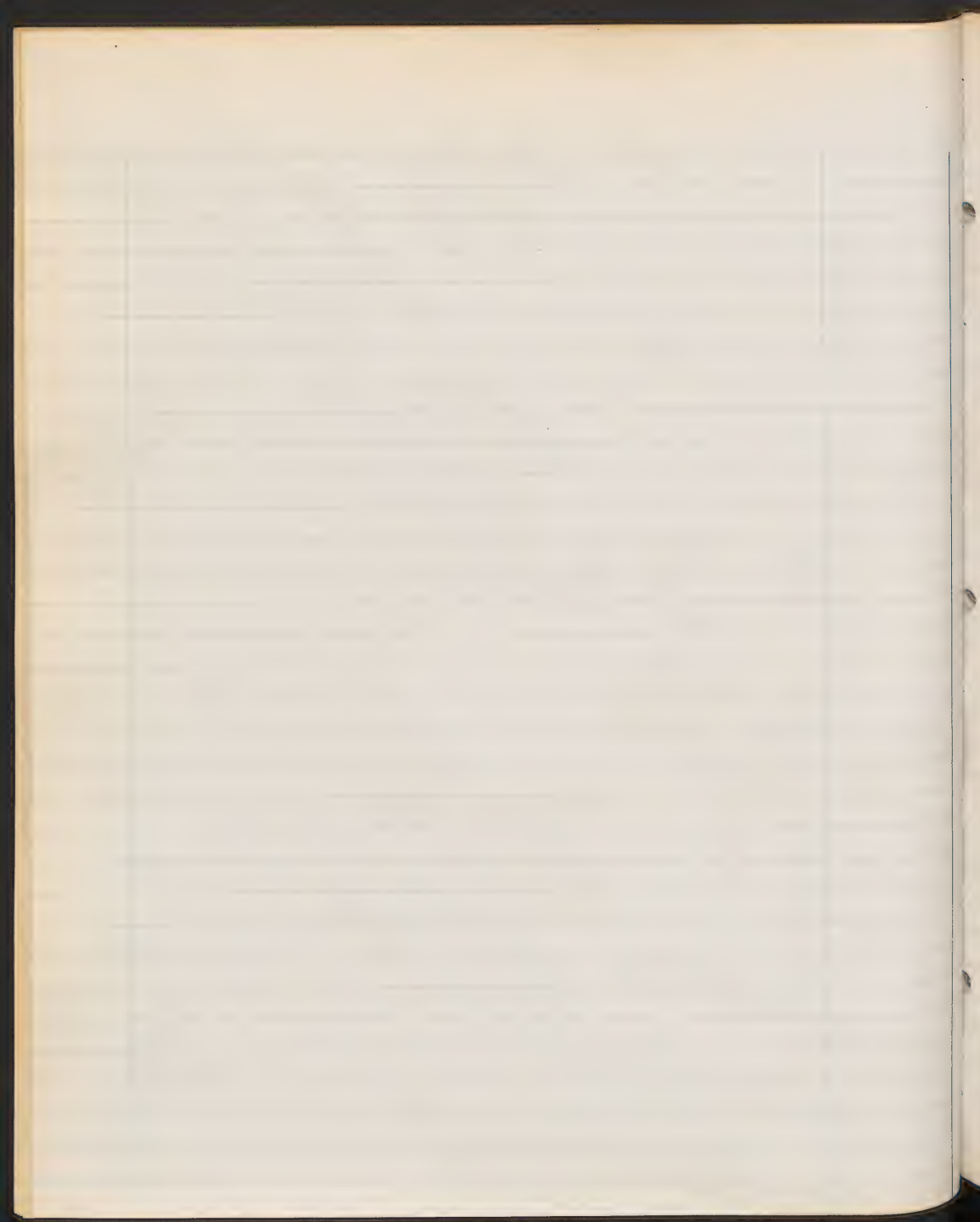
Landing at the hill, I spent several hours along
its base and sides, as well as on the top. Birds
were numerous with a few specimens of new birds,
chiefly Blackpolls and Water Thrushes.

1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

May 11.

Cloudy with steady rain all day.
Spent the day in the house.



October. The woods are now in nearly full leaf. The soft flowers are all gone but the wild flowers are beautiful with hollyhock and the hollyhock, at their perfection now. In the Oak woods the ladies slipper is in bloom everywhere. In the fields the purple and yellow flowers are conspicuous flower, although there are still many dandelions. The Mustard is in variety all over.

1886

May 26

Clear early in the day. Cloudy all the afternoon.
Cold with blustering N.W. wind and occasional light showers.

Spent the morning on the Linné Hill road going over my usual ground. The wind fairly howled through the woods, tossing the tree tops about and drowning all other sounds. It was the poorest day imaginable for birds and I saw few and heard still fewer. One of the Red-eyed Vireos sang with any degree of regularity.

I had fairly good success in the traps taking two sets (2 eggs) of the Purple Finch, one set of 4 eggs of a Brown Thrasher and one set of 4 eggs of the East Rail. I also found another Thrasher's nest with three eggs and a Chestnut-sided Warbler's nest finished but empty.

Passing through a briar I heard a bird utter a short whistle, repeated three or four times. At first I took it to be a Chat's; then it was repeated in a different key, and shortly afterwards changed again, reminding me of a Rail's cry but still different. I was completely puzzled and still more surprised upon cautiously approaching the spot and peeping over an old wall to discover on the other side a hen Ruffed Grouse standing erect and tentatively suspicious of danger. She saw me instantly and lowering her head, snuck off, whining exactly like a dog and occasionally making a low growling sound. I went to the spot where she had stood, but could not find her young, although I shortly afterwards heard them peeping.

The mother of Harry was likewise feeding her young this morning and they were making a great racket inside the hole. The flying Squirrel had removed the young, and the nest was empty.

I heard only one immigrant to-day, a Canada

the ground and in the bushes.

The only bird seen with me the Canada Thrush
or rather above and a very small Gray-checked Thrush
which started from the roadside as I was driving home.

The yellow throat green and white thrush is
abundant in damp fields. White ladies
occurs everywhere in the oak woodland. Houston

is abundant, but in most places concealed by the
tall grass. The high-bush blueberry is snowy with
clusters of creamy white bells; the barberry hung with
white racemes, the buckberry with pale red

1886

May 27

Early morning clear. Clouds at once hid the
 steady rain all the afternoon. Went to the creek and out.

Went a new ground this morning, driving to the
 Parker lot and spending the forenoon there. The first hour
 mornind well for the sun lay warm in the sheltered
 woodland glades, but the cool rushing wind spoiled every-
 thing by roaring through the trees and drowning all
 sound. Late things became rapidly worse, for the sky
 clouded while the wind did not abate. The result was
 that I saw very few birds and heard almost none. What
 the ground small game is more game than the
 birds to be seen.

I had one interesting experience. I was standing, or
 rather leaning against a stone wall looking over, when I
 heard something fall at my feet. Looking down I disce-
 red a field mouse (a riparia) lying limp and apparently
 freshly killed, but yet without evident injury, on the oak
 leaves. Its presence there would not have been surprising,
 but the fact that it fell from the wall aroused my
 surprise. I was sitting on the wall. I watched the
 wall closely. In a few moments a weasel, of the largest
 kind, in its brown summer peltage glided out, seized
 the mouse by the ears, and made off, appearing and
 disappearing between the stones of the wall along which
 it pursued its way with surprising speed.

I started at least six or eight rabbits (L. Sybrianus)
 in the bush-grown openings and pasture edges. They
 nearly all uttered a low, but clear whistling cry as they
 sprang from their forms. The only birds seen in any
 numbers were Dendroica fuscescens. Seiurus aurocapillus
 most Pirio chlorurus. Of Minotilta varia, Hel. ruficapilla
 and Fundus fuscescens I heard only one each.

1886
May 21

Clear with wind N.E. in the morning. W. all the afternoon. A fine day, pleasant, cool and sunny.

I spent the forenoon on the river, paddled down to Ball's Hill and landing on the way at a piece of woods which I have never explored before, first this side of the hill. Before landing I shot a solitary Sandpiper that was sitting on the margin of the river. In the woods I finished a Canada Flycatcher vainly and shot a D. Canadensis, the only one seen here this season.

At Ball's Hill I found several Black jacks, a Tanager and two or three Chestnut-sided Warblers singing, and in the swamp behind the hill, another Canada Flycatcher. I shot a Black-bellied Woodpecker. Black jacks were also singing at my first landing place, as well as in our orchard. So the emigration has not quite ended as yet.

On the way down river I started two Night Herons from the maples overhanging the water, and near Ball's Hill a Wood Thrush, probably the same seen on the 18th. I went to the house in time for dinner.

In the evening just before sunset I went out to dinner with C. Just above Egg Rock a pair of Wood Ducks passed us, crossing over the meadows and flying down stream.

At dusk there was a fine chorus Wilson's Thrushes, Catbirds, Grosbeaks and Ovenbirds in the woods bordering the river. I missed the Wood Thrush however although I heard one there last week. This species is unaccountably scarce here this season.

1856

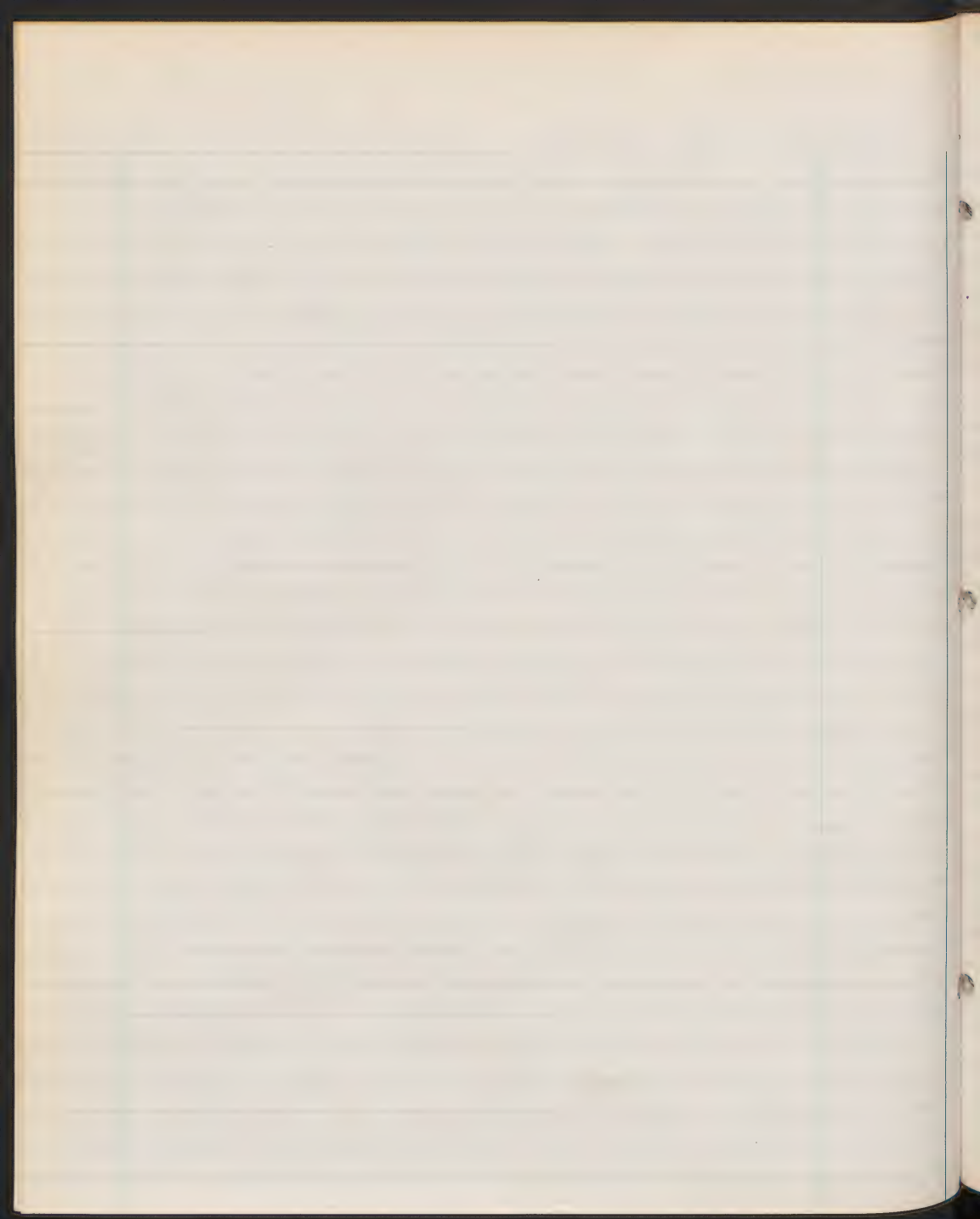
Concord, Massachusetts.

May 29.

Clear, still and warm.

Drove to Cambridge in the morning and back again late in the afternoon. Black-polls numerous both in Concord and Cambridge.

Heard a Whippoorwill in Lincoln Woods in the evening twilight.



1886

Cape Cod, Mass., U.S.A.

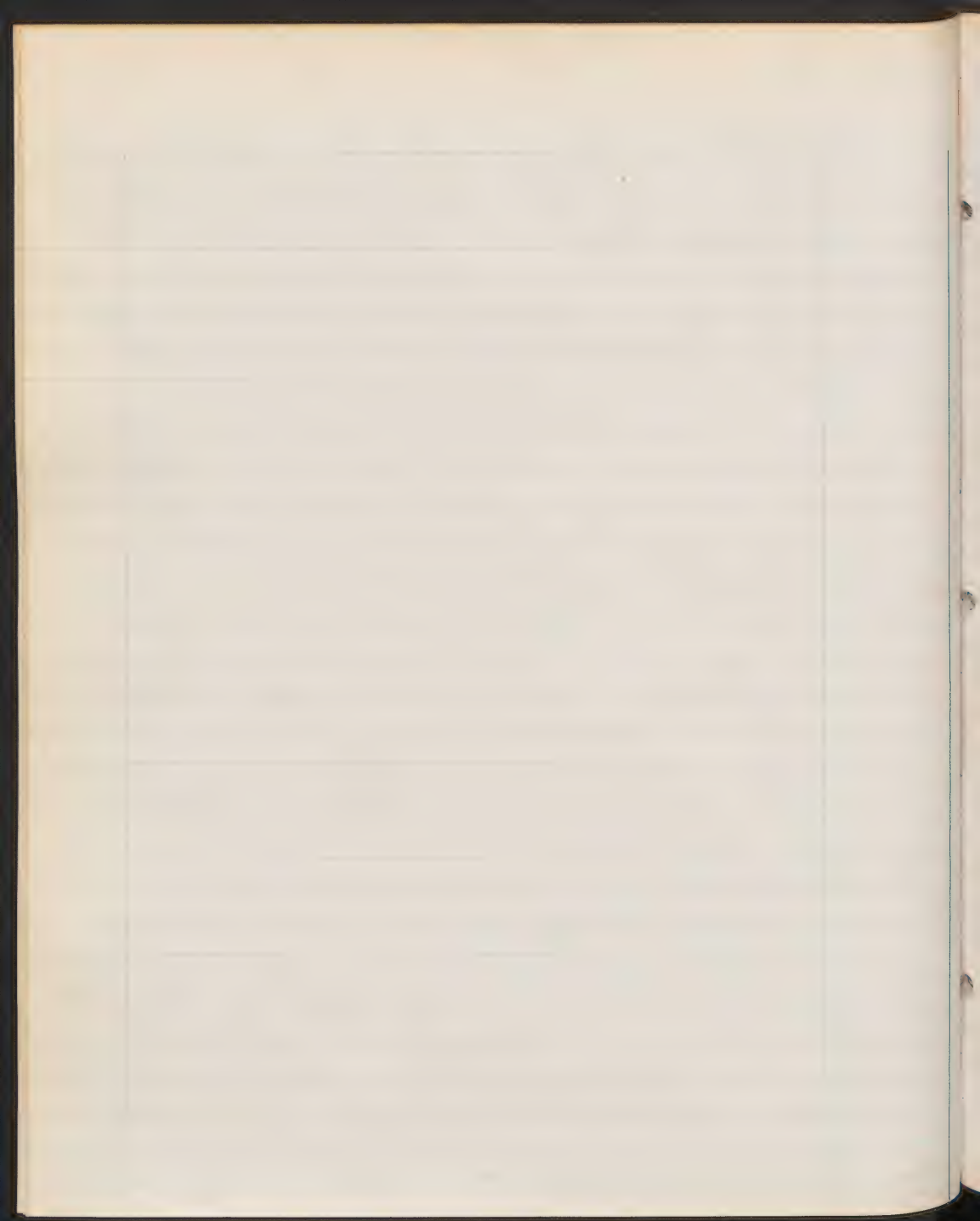
May 30

Sunday

Clear and very warm.

In the afternoon paddled to Fairhaven Bay and back with Mr. Leverett. Saw a wild Pigeon which flew across the river just above the cliffs.

In the meadow opposite the French Farm, I heard a Bittern pumping, about 5 P.M.



a deafant, fearless bearing. Both hen and cock were in sight at the same time.

The high bush blueberry has shed most of its blossoms, the barberry is still in full bloom. The red clover is beginning to blossom and there are white daisies out.

I heard tree-toads singing in chorus in a pond in the Lincoln woods night before last, and also saw a few Fire-Flies the same evening. The Common Frog is still in full song every night near the Maule. The Snoring Rana palustris has nearly ceased its cry. The Bull Frog is beginning to bellow and the Green frog is also getting in tune. It is apparently just the turning point between Spring and Summer.

The only migrants heard to-day were a few Demigrey Starlings.

1886
May 21

Clear and warm with light E. Wind.
Shortly after breakfast I drove to the deer & 1 Cedar-
brook farm on the Pine River road and had the
team return for me at 5 P.M. thus spending the
entire day in the woods.

It was a perfect day, a little too warm per-
haps in the more sheltered and sunny places, but
with a cool breeze playing over the open pastures
and drawing down the wood-paths.

Birds sang freely all day, but especially freely
in the afternoon. I found two nests of Hylocichla
ludoviciana (3.9.4. Eggs) two nests of Geothlypis sepi-
seria (3.2.2.4. Eggs) and a nest of Spizella socialis
(4 Eggs) in a singular place, in a swampy wood-
lot, raised only a few inches above the wet ground
among some Elm Sprouts.

In this same swamp I heard and saw a
Myiarchus cinerascens in a thicket of bushes spared by
the axe which leveled everything else last winter.

The bird was noisy and shy, as usual and I
could not get within pistol range.

In an open white pine grove I came suddenly
upon a ♀ grouse with young. Of the latter I saw
only three. They ran nimbly off a few rods in
different directions, scattering and squatting out on
the bed of dark pine needles their lighter chest-bay
tints made them really conspicuous. The hen glided
about in the usual manner turning and growing.

The cock also appeared and strutted, rather shyly
around me chattering like a red squirrel and shaking
his head. His tail was raised, his ruffs extended.
He neither whined nor crouched, but seemed to assume

1886

June 1

Clear and warm. Wind S.E. to S.W.

Starting at about 10 A.M. I spent the forenoon on the river, going as far down as Ball's Hill.

On the way down I actually saw four Wood Duck, all different birds. Two started together in one place, the other two, also together, less than half a mile below. Of the first two, one was certainly a drake; the other I could not make out.

A single Black-poll was singing early this morning near the house, but during the forenoon I saw nothing that was not settled for the summer.

At Ball's Hill I was sitting quietly on the ground at the base of an oak when a large Towhee appeared and rambled about within a few yards of me, not seeing me of course. He was busily engaged most of the time in nibbling of the stems and leaves of the Sassa-parilla plant. I was surprised at the quietness of his movements and the extent of ground which he covered in a short time.

I heard a Carolina Rail calling, and flushed a Virginia Rail, but searched in vain for the nests of both birds.

The blue joint along the river is now nearly up to my shoulders. The yellow water lily is in bloom and the margin of the channel is covered with pads and various forms of aquatic vegetation.

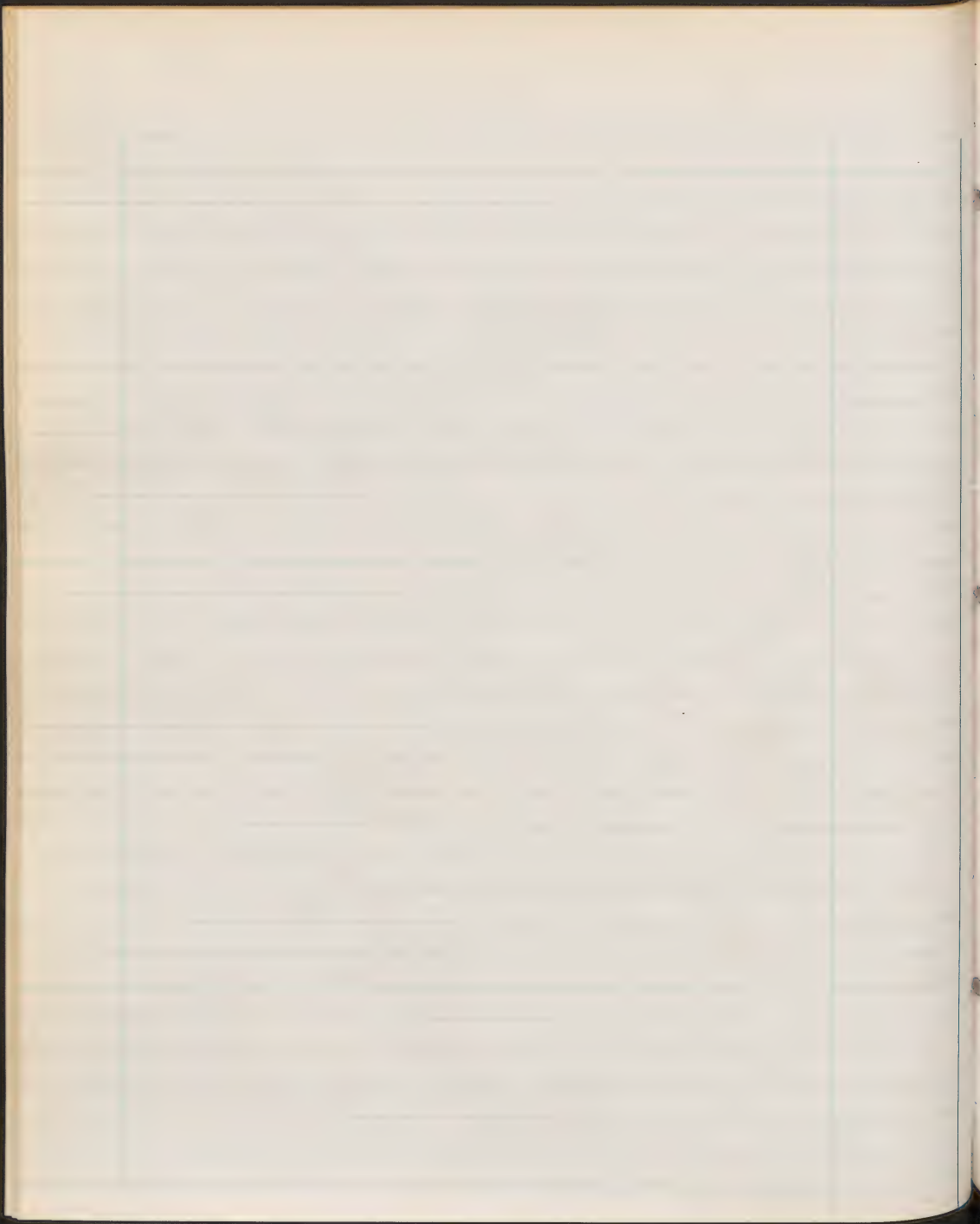
1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

June.

Clear and warm with boisterous W. Wind.

Spent the day about the house; no observations.



1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

June.

Morning rainy. Clearing off cool in the afternoon.

Spent most of the day in the house, driving to, and around Fifty Acre Meadow lots in the afternoon.

During this drive I saw a Yellow-winged Sparrow perched on a fence post by the roadside and heard another singing. Both were in sandy sorrel-grown fields.

despoiled by some bird or animal, and the lining
torn out.

I paddled nearly a mile below the great bend
seeing three more Night Hens there and finding
a Wilsons Sparrow nest.

1886

June 11

Clear and cool, nearly a dead calm all the morning. A high S.W. wind late in the afternoon.

Getting off in my boat ^{at} about 9 a.m. I spent a long day on the river returning late in the afternoon.

The weather was cool and delightful, the river at its loveliest and the meadows a sea of waving green.

It was a rare day in every way and I enjoyed it to the utmost, taking plenty of time for each quest for birds or eggs that I encountered upon.

I started first on the north bank where I took two Yellow Warblers' nests and found a third with newly-hatched young.

A little below, at the picturesque pass where the river is open between overhanging white cliffs and willows five Great Wrens started from the trees. Opposite this point I landed and made a long but fruitless search for Botabink's nests. The ♂s evidently were their sitting mates due warning of my approach and I invariably found both sexes flying carelessly. But the ♂s saluting me with derisive bursts of song. Later in the day I turned the tables on them, for on my return the wind was blowing a gale, and the sitting ♀s could not hear either their mate's warning or my approach. As a consequence I surprised two on the nest, and secured one set of six, another of five eggs.

Just below Dakin's Hill I started five Wood Ducks in the usual place. One flew from the low branch of a willow where it had been sitting in the sun. I think all were drakes but could not make sure.

I hunched on the top of Ball's Hill. My oven-bird's nest there which held three eggs on the 1st, had been

Concord, Massachusetts.

1896

June 7

Clear, cool, but; Wind S. W. very strong all day.
I spent the morning on the Lime Hill road going
to my usual place searching ash Swamp. The
special object of my trip was to visit three nests
of *D. pennsylvanica*, each of which contained two eggs
on May 31, and which were left for field sets. To-day
I found two of them despoiled and the lining torn
out, probably by Squirrels. The third had only the
original two eggs, on which the bird was still sitting,
and which, of course were nearly hatched.

Of new-nests, I found the second nest of one of
the pairs of Grosbeaks which I robbed on May 31, and
which contained one egg on which the ♂ was sitting
to-day; a nest of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo containing
3 eggs far advanced but at different stages, and
one young bird a few days old; a Maryland Yellow Throat
with one fresh egg and several Cat Birds with Eggs.

The flood tide of bird singing is past, and at
present the notes are often nearly silent. Even in
early morning and late afternoon one may still hear
good bursts of melody in the proper places.

1886

June 8

Clear and cool. A fine day, marred only by a high N.W. wind.

Spent the morning on the East ground, starting on the Sandy Pond road and walking through the woods to the turnpike and beyond to Hall's. Birds scarce and not singing freely. Flushed a Grouse and shot a Henslow's Bunting in an upland clover field where it was singing on a weed stalk. Had a curious adventure with a Woodchuck. He was digging a fresh hole and was buried only to his hind quarters. I approached cautiously and actually poked his store into my pistol. He backed out, and for a moment stood motionless at my feet, stupefied by surprise, then he made a bolt for his refuge hole and disappeared. I also saw a large black snake which "rattled" loudly in some dry leaves, vibrating his tail exactly like a real rattlesnake.

In the afternoon sailed down river to Dakin's Hill. Saw two Bitterns.

Concord Manuscript Collection

1886

June 9.

Clear and hot.

Spent the morning and part of the afternoon also, on the Sudbury river going as far as Nine Acre Corner bridge.

Looked first at the Finch farm where I searched closely for Heushorn's Sparrows in the meadows where I heard one singing last year, but they were either not there to-day, or keeping close.

On the meadows across the river and a little above, I hunted again and after some search found a Botulink's nest with five eggs far advanced in incubation.

After eating lunch on a side hill covered with oak scrub, among which Red-eyed Vireos were particularly numerous and noisy, I returned to my boat and sailed home, as a thunder shower was apparently fast coming up.

I saw a Bittern flying up river in "broad daylight", and heard a Green Heron.

Red-wings are nearly silent now and I do not see very many along the river. Saw the first White pond lily.

1886

June 10

Clear and warm.

In the house most of the day. Late in the afternoon drove to the Weston farm going by the way of Sandy Pond and returning via the Holden road.

Saw two Tanagers, and heard a Golden-wing Warbler in some two-year-old sprouts (Oak and Chestnut) near Holden.

Summer comes on apace. The foliage is thickening, and deepening in tint. The Bull-frogs have been in full tune for four or five nights and they also bellow freely by day. The pitcher plant is in bloom in the meadows. The blue flag (*Scilla*) along the river. The blue-eyed grass has taken the place of the yellow-eyed which has quite gone out of bloom. The *Houstonia* is still as luxuriant as when we came to Concord, but one has to search for it among the rank grass.

Along the river banks the blue-joint is now 6 ft. six feet high. It is suffocatingly hot in mid-stream. The channel, in shallow places is fast becoming choked with aquatic vegetation, chiefly a species of *Polygonum*, I believe.

out and broke both eggs in cutting off the branch.

The most interesting observation of the day was the coming suddenly upon two young Long-Eared Owls sitting erect on a fallen pine branch just above the ground. I have described their behavior and that of the mother also on a species card.

Four Wood Ducks in the usual place as I went down river; five as I returned. I made out pretty positively that there were two pairs and one odd drake. What can they be doing?

1886

June 11

A gray dawn, the sky clearing and the sun shining out at about 5.30 A.M. Remainder of day clear and hot.

Arose at day-break and was off in my boat at exactly 4.30. Spent about two hours along the banks of Great Meadow and then paddled on without stopping, past Bell's Hill, and nearly to Bellavia Bridge. I had intended to go below the bridge, but hearing the song of a Parula in the woods on the west side of the river, I landed, crossed the meadow and found myself in an extensive tract of fine old timber, mixed hardwoods and pine, with at least one black spruce.

Birds proved to be more numerous here than I have found them elsewhere this season. On every side the woods rang with their songs. Naturally I was in no haste to leave, and I spent three or four hours there.

Besides the Parula catalogued above I heard another ♂, and saw its mate tugging at the scattered tufts of Moss, evidently collecting material for its nest, although I failed to follow it. The Blackburn was in full song and doubtless breeding. The solitary Wren must have had a nest, for the ♀ was about to lay. It seemed quite like the Maine woods to hear these other birds singing in the same neighborhood.

I found an Oven-bird's nest with 4 eggs far advanced and a Hummingbird's with two in a similar condition. As usual, the ♀ betrayed her treasures by over-anxiety, attracting my attention by her hum-dum-bee like buzzing overhead. The nest was on the dead branch of a small black oak. Stopped

22nd February 1900

Concord, Massachusetts.

1886

June 15

Cloudy and cool. Wind S.E. with fine rain at intervals.

Started down river at about 10 o'clock, taking lunch and spending most of the day. On the way down I landed at the Old Maples near "the tent" and found these trees with birds of several species which were apparently feeding on insects infesting the leaves. Among others was a fine ♂ Tanager. The majority were Orioles, Cuckoos and Bobolinks. I shot all but one of the above specimens in these trees and might easily have doubled the number. Continuing on, I visited the Flicker's nest and found the young gone.

I next landed at Ball's Hill where I got nothing but a Yellow Warbler. The woods were gloomy and wet, but many common birds were singing. In fact it was a remarkably good singing day from morning to night.

In the Swamp behind the hill, the Canada Flycatcher was in full song. Over the Great Meadow Swallows were skimming in large numbers, perhaps a hundred in all, including Chipping Swift.

Just below Rabin's Hill I saw four Wood Ducks in the usual place. All four were positively dead.

The shallow water inshore under the overhanging Maples was strewn with their feathers.

1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

June 16

Clear and cold with strong S.W. wind

Starting at about ten o'clock I drove to Mayland and stabling my horse, took a boat on the river, and went in search of Marsh Wrens. For a space of half a mile or more they were rather numerous in the tall blue joint grass along the river bank, but I was disappointed in the Colony warblers for I did not hear or see over twenty males in all, and could find no eggs, although they were certainly breeding.

Besides Marsh Wrens there were numerous Red-wings and almost equally numerous Rails. It was useless to try to flush the latter for the grass was higher than my head; but every few minutes I heard their cries in various directions. The majority were Rallus virginianus. In fact I heard only one Carolina Rail.

In a bed of especially rank blue joint I flushed a ♂ Great Bittern. It rose several rods off and flew as many more in the sluggish Rail-like way which causes it to resemble a Rail much more than a Heron.

On the river I also heard a few Swamp Sparrows, and at about 3 P.M. a Bittern began "boring" and kept it up for an hour or more at intervals.

The road to Mayland is generally wild and little settled. I saw and heard many birds both going and returning; but nothing of much interest except Henshaw's Sparrows, of which I heard no less than six different males on the way home. One was near Mayland; four about midway between Mayland and Concord, and one in Concord near

the French place.

In one piece of Oak woodland I heard three different Scarlet Tanagers singing at once. They are certainly quite as numerous throughout this region as they ever were. Indigo birds are not numerous this year; I heard only two to-day.

Bobolinks are decidedly more local than of yore ^{the country as a whole, very much scarcer.} They have deserted and taken [^] whole tracts where they were once abundant. I think they are learning to avoid mowing lands, where the mowing-machine inevitably destroys every nest, and are resorting, to breed, to the wild meadows. In some of these they are still very numerous.

1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

June I came to Princeton yesterday, and this morning drove over to North Holland with Mr. to visit our farm.

In Princeton last evening I heard in the valley, below the Wachusett house, a Wood Thrush singing at sunset, and a little later a Whippoorwill.

On the way over to the farm this morning I heard and saw a Henshaw's Sparrow singing on a straw-stall by the roadside in a marshy place where I heard the species last year.

On the farm, in a dense wood of pine, hemlock and hardwoods I heard a Canada Flycatcher, a Solitary Vireo and a Parula. Of the latter I also heard two other males in other woods in the same locality.

Indigo Birds were common (they have been rare this year in Concord) and I found a nest with three eggs far advanced. Besides the above we met with nothing of any special interest.

Returning to Princeton late in the afternoon we had tea and afterwards drove to Redemption Rock and back by another road, skirting the base of Mt. Wachusett and passing around Wachusett Lake.

The mountain Laurel was in full bloom forming a snowy carpet in the woods and patches of rose and white on the open hillsides where the bushes were much taller and their blossoms deeper colored.

In the meadow behind (or below) Redemption Rock two Henshaw's Sparrows were in full song in the evening twilight. Grasshoppers were common everywhere and in full song. I heard no Hermit Thrushes either here or elsewhere during this trip. Early next morning

(June 19th) Returned to Concord via Worcester &
Boston.

1880

Concord, Massachusetts.

June 21

Clear and hot, Wind S.W. light, at times failing altogether.

Off in my boat at 6 A.M. Paddled slowly down through the meadows, stopping frequently and going ashore in several places. Orioles, Cuckoos (both species), Robins and Red Wings resorting in numbers to the white maples along the banks. Some of the larger dense-foliated trees were literally alive with these birds, with also an occasional Rose breasted Grosbeak, and not a few Song Sparrows. In a single tree I repeatedly saw eight or ten birds of this species. They were actively feeding, hopping from twig to twig among the clusters of leaves at the ends of the branches; the Cuckoos performing this action clumsily, making a distinctly audible rustle and shaking the tender twigs violently as they moved. I saw both Cuckoos and Orioles with large green worms (Caterpillars) in their beaks and these were probably the attraction for all. The number of birds diminished after the sun got well up in the heavens but there were some at work all day.

Passing close under Ball's Hill I was surprised to hear the whining pipe of a Red-bellied Nuthatch and a moment after I distinctly saw the bird fly from a pine on the crest of the ridge and after zig zagging through the air for fifty yards or more alight in another pine. I landed and climbed to the spot. to no purpose for the bird was either gone or obstinately silent. An hour or more later while exploring the fine old woods a mile below where I shot the Blackburnian Warbler on the 15th.

I heard the same or another Nuthatch piping regularly at intervals in the tops of the trees. (White pines). At length it came in sight, low down and directly overhead. I made it out to be an adult ♀ and of course shot at it at once but the cartridge missed fire and the bird flying again to one of the great feathered cones nearly a hundred feet above the ground was lost to me again. Afterwards I heard it at intervals for two or three hours, but a stiff and aching neck was the only result of my long continued scanning of the tree tops.

These woods are alive with birds. I have not seen nearly as many elsewhere in this region. Singularly I did not hear the Parulas that I left them on the 11th although I spent at least two hours near the spot where the ♂ was singing and the ♀ building on the 11th.

The Red-Eyed Vireo was the most prominent performer with the possible exception of the Oven bird in these woods to day. Through the hottest hours it was in full song everywhere and I must have heard thirty or forty in this one place.

As I was eating lunch sitting with my back against the trunk of a giant pine, a low but incessant chirping attracted my attention. The sound steadily became more distinct, and its authors - for there were evidently several - were plainly advancing directly toward me. I soon made out that they were Oven birds and that they were on or near the ground, which although free from underbrush, was nevertheless well shaded

1886

Cotton, Massachusetts

(June 21) by an abundant growth of *Sacapailla*. Finally the dry leaves began to rustle and the *Sacapailla* stems to wave directly in front of my position and the next moment a black Snake about three feet long emerged into an opening, gliding swiftly and in a perfectly direct course. On each side of its slightly raised head and within less than two feet of it stalked a pair of Oven birds, their bills open and pointing, their wings slightly raised and quivering so rapidly as to produce a hazy appearance about their bodies. They kept their distance exactly, and when the Snake stopped they stopped also, apparently not looking at him but facing directly ahead. They were also seemingly ignored by the Snake although he doubtless kept a not less keen side watch on them than they did on him. The entire group which finally halted within less than ten yards of me, presented a remarkable, not to say ludicrous spectacle and at once suggested the idea that birds were in trained attendance on the Snake, a well-drilled escort as it were to guide or guard him during his morning crawl. I decided what was likely enough to prove a tragedy to the birds by shooting the Snake. Although he writhed and twisted madly over several yards of ground before dying, the birds seemed to realize what had happened at once for they unconsciously left him the moment after the pistol cracked.

Returning to the river as the afternoon shadows were beginning to stretch out over the meadows, and walking silently in an old cart path that started the

woods on the meadow side. I literally stopped
in the middle of a large brood of young Grouse
perhaps half grown. They rose on every side of
me with a startling whirr and flutter and at
once vanished in the wall of foliage behind.
but the mother instead of following them, bravely
remained gliding swiftly about me through
the grass, whining exactly like a dog.

The birds still seem with much vigor.
The water in the river is falling steadily; the
channel choking up in places with *Polygonum* etc.

The Bull-frogs trumpet less often than a week ago.
No cicadas yet. Robins singing with unabated
vigor but less frequently.

1886

June 26.

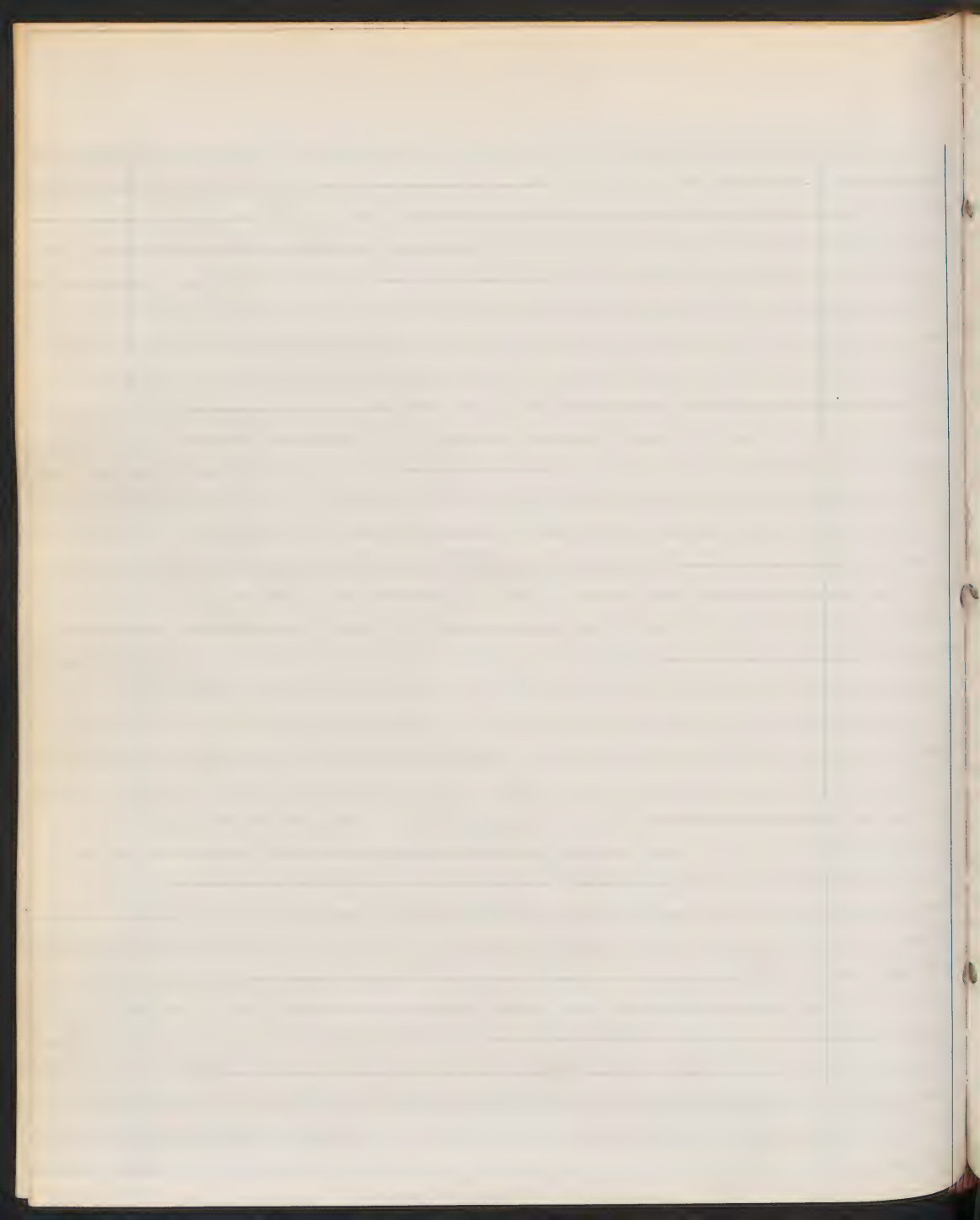
Confined to the house by tonsillitis since the 21st. Three days of cloudy morning weather with more or less rain. Birds about the Manor in full song during this period, the Robins especially prominent, the Orioles least so.

The sun rose clear to-day and at noon it was very hot but with a fresh W. wind. At daybreak there was a full chorus of bird voices. I have not heard them sing so vigorously for three weeks past. They kept it up, too, almost without intermission until high noon.

In the early forenoon I took a drive to Robbins' Mills and back by way of the Parker Lot and Smiths. Birds singing everywhere in the woods and fields although the sun was so scorching, and the air, even in the shade, sultry.

Field Sparrows, Grass Finches, one Wood Thrush, Red-eyed Vireo in country corners. Chestnut-sided Warblers, Yellow-throated Vireos, one Solitary Vireo in pine woods by the pond below Smiths,

Song Sparrows, Cat Birds, Orioles Everything in fact that the country here affords, except Brown Thrashers and Nashville Warblers, both of which seem to have become entirely silent.



1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

June 27

Clear with high N.W. winds: a fine cool day
Happening to awake at 3 A.M. I lay listening to
the birds for awhile. Then rose, dressed and went
to the top of Replays Hill to see the sun rise.

The first bird voice, that of a Robin which
called a few times at 3.10, and then began singing.
Two minutes later it was answered by another
and at 3.15 all the Robins in the neighborhood
were in full cry. What a noise they made! It was
too confused and boisterous to be real music:
rather a clamor like a crowd shouting. It must
rise nearly at the same moment, and with few
breaks from Canada to Virginia, thence southward
along the Alleghenies to Georgia and with the
advancing day, extend westward across the
plains until it dies away in the cañons of the
Rocky Mountains.

At 3.30 a Wood Pewee sang, next a Cat Bird
and then Chippies, Least Flycatchers and Grass Finches.
The Chippies for several minutes uttered a success-
ion of hissing trills with only two or three seconds
interval between and very different from their day
songs.

As I crossed the road at 3.50 I nearly stepped
on a Song Sparrow which was running about in
the dust perhaps feeding and which did not seem
to see me in the twilight. By this time many of
the Robins had ceased singing and I noticed
several swimming on the turf on the hill-side. A
Grass Finch was singing on a rock in the middle
of the field. Its song was tender, subdued and
very touching in its simple earnestness.

At 4 A.M. Orioles, Kingbirds, Vireos, Field Spar-
rows and Maryland Yellow throats began singing
at nearly the same moment. Chipping Swift
cawing over the hill-top in silence. A Crow sit-
ting on the old poplar cawing loudly, a single
Bull-frog tramping on the Great Meadow.

The sun rose at 4.14 after that I heard
few birds. They all seemed to be engaged in feed-
ing. The Robins ceased singing entirely before 4
o'clock. The first Red eyed Vireo was heard at 4.17
three minutes after sun rise. Shortly afterwards
two Downy Woodpeckers drumming, answering one
another alternately and about 300 yards apart.
A White thro. drumming and singing. A Purple-
Martin soaring overhead warbling. Its rich rattling
whistle seems to rank as a real song. It expresses
hilarity and contentment.

Before sunrise the Great Meadow was a bluish
or glaucous green; the young second growth Oaks
and Maples a light vivid green, greener almost
than grass. the older growth a dull, dark green
After sunrise the meadows were equally if not more
vivid green than the young woods.

At 10 A.M. I started to drive to Cambridge.
The wind had risen and flouted the leaves about
drowning nearly all sound. I heard only two
Bobolinks and saw a few more. Six Barn Swallows
skimming over grass fields besides four young
just from the nest sitting on a telegraph wire.
Cambridge swarming with English Sparrows.

Returned late in the afternoon, the sun
setting before I reached Lexington. Three Grass Finches

1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

(June 27) singing in our field in the twilight. A Woodcock
crossed the road a little later skimming just over
the tops of the trees looking black against the lights
in the west, a black ball hurtling through space
like a cannon ball. I traced its flight for over 200
yds and then lost sight of it. Not a single Whippoorwill.

Agalia in bloom everywhere; Rhus venenata, black
Alnus, Cornus Stolonifera.

1886

CORRO, MASSACHUSETTS.

June 28

Cloudy morning, clear afternoon, a cool day;
wind N.E. but a mere breath.

To the ice pond woods in search of the
Solitary Vireo's nest. I soon heard one of the birds
whining and on going to the spot found him
hopping about in a pine, low down. As I was
watching him his mate flew directly to the nest
which was in a birch at least fifteen feet above
the ground and not in the least concealed.

The pair were building, or rather lining a nest.
Both birds entered it alternately and tinkered it
a little but neither worked at all steadily. Evidently
they were merely pulling on the finishing touches.

Leaving them I spent the remainder of the
morning exploring an extensive wood of dense
but not heavy Oak and pine timber. Saw
nothing of much interest except a large brood
of young Grouse at least half grown and as
wild as Hawks. The mother was with them but
although she whined and chucked a little she
kept at a safe distance.

Pyrrhula in flower everywhere. The Apple
past its prime.

1886

June 27

Clear with high N.W. wind; a fine cool day.

Happening to awake at 3 A. M. I lay listening to the birds for awhile then rose dressed and went to the top of Ripley's Hill to see the sun rise.

The first bird, a Robin, called a few times at 3.10 and then began singing. Two minutes later another joined in and at 3.15 all the Robins in the vicinity were in full cry. What a noise they made! too confused and boisterous to be music, rather a clamor like crowds shouting. At nearly the same moment each morning it must rise, with few breaks, from Canada to Virginia, thence southward along the Alleghenies to Georgia, and with the advancing day rolling westward to the Rocky Mountains. It is like the cry of a nation greeting the sun.

At 3.30 a Wood Pewee sang, next a Cat bird, and then Chippies, Least Flycatchers and Grass Finches. The Chippies at first uttered a succession of rising trills with only a few seconds interval between and very different from the day song.

As I crossed the road at 3.50 I nearly stepped on a Song Sparrow which did not seem to see me in the twilight. It was running about in the dusty track apparently feeding.

By this time most of the Robins had ceased singing and I noticed several scattered about on the turf of the hillside. A Grass Finch was singing on a rock in the middle of the field, its simple lay tender, subdued yet very touching with its plaintive earnestness. At 4 A. M. Orioles, Kingbirds

Voices, Field Sparrows, Maryland Yellowthroats began singing at nearly the same moment. A Crow sitting on the old poplar cawed loudly. A single Bull frog trumped on the Great Meadows.

The sun rose at 4.14. After that most of the birds went to feeding and there was an interval of almost complete silence. The Robins ceased singing before 4 o'clock. The first Red-eye was heard at 4.17 three minutes after sunrise. Shortly after this two Downy Woodpeckers about 300 yds. apart began drumming alternately evidently answering one another. A Flicker also drummed and sang. A Purple Martin soaring over the hill warbled. Its rich rolling whistle deserves to be called a song; it expresses hilarity and contentment.

Before sunrise Great Meadows appeared of a bluish or glaucous green; the young second-growth oaks maples and birches to the south-east of a light vivid green, greener, almost, than grass; the older growths of a dull dark green. After sunrise the meadows were equally if not more vivid green than the young woods.

At 10 A.M. started to drive to Cambridge. The wind had risen and floated the leaves about drowning nearly all sound. I heard only two Bobolinks and saw a few more. Six Barn Swallows skimming over grass fields and a brood of four young just from the nest on a telephone wire. Cambridge nooning with English Sparrows. Returned late in P.M. the sun setting before I reached Roxbury. Grass Finches singing in our field in the twilight. Later a Woodcock crossed the road against the light in the west skimming just over the trees, a black dot as they thought space like a cannon ball. Not a single

Whippoorwill. None in known everywhere; also
Blue herons, black alder, flowers down.

1886,
June 28.

Concord, Massachusetts.

Concord, Massachusetts.

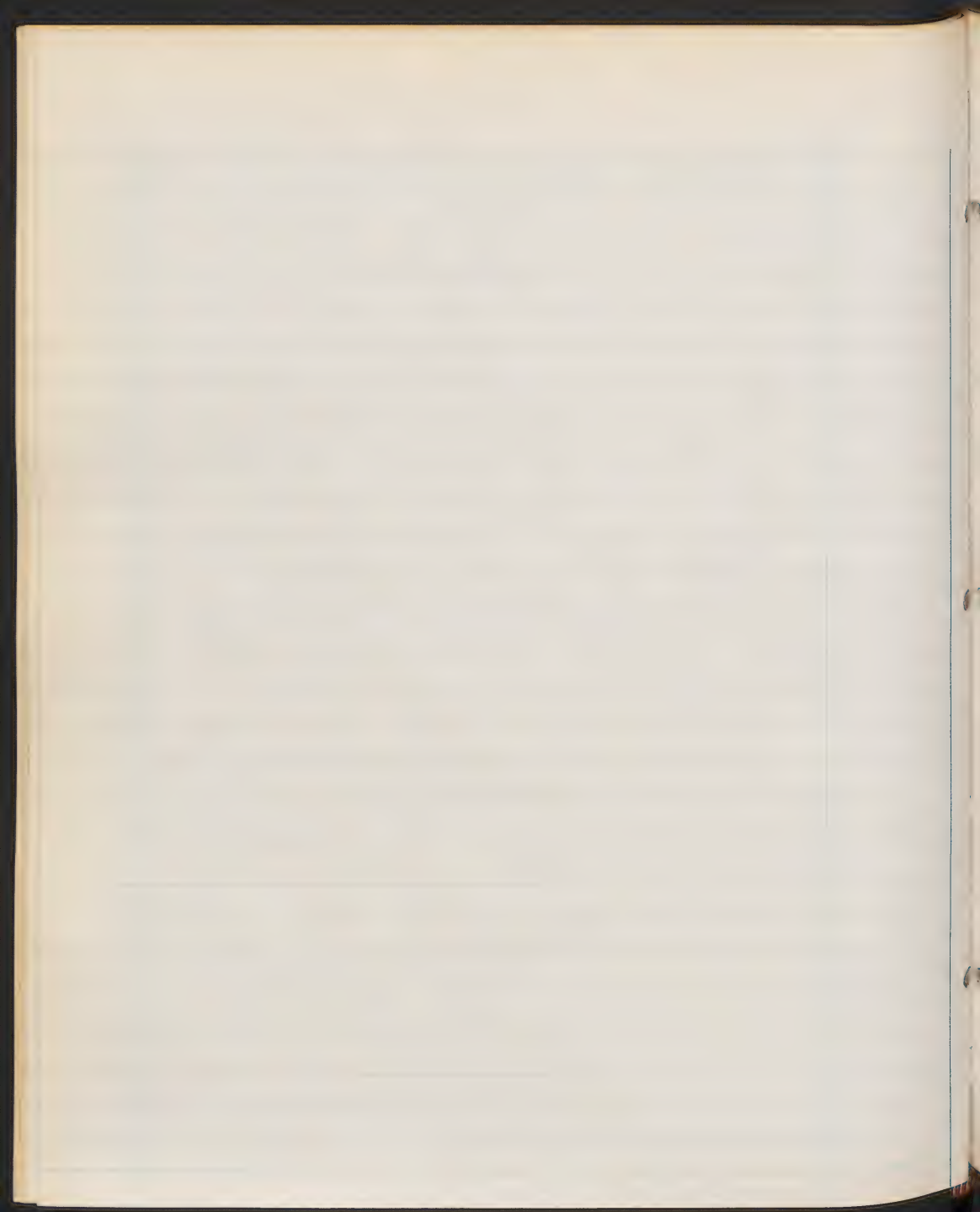
Morning cloudy, afternoon clear; cool, wind N.E., light.

To the woods by the pond on the road to Smith's in search of the solitary vireo's nest. I soon heard one of the birds whining and going to the spot found him hopping about in a pine low down. As I stood watching him then he flew directly to the nest which was in a slender birch sapling nearly over the spot where I had stopped. The birds were putting the finishing touches on it and both entered it several times while I was watching them, one bringing a slender blade of grass and working it into the lining, the other tucking the outside decorations.

Vireo solitarius
and nest.

Leaving the vireos I spent the remainder of the morning rambling through an extensive tract of dense but not heavy oak and pine woods. I saw nothing of much interest except a large brood of young Grouse at least half grown and as wild as Hawks. The mother was with them but although she whined and checked a little she kept at a safe distance evidently realizing that her young were pretty well able to take care of themselves.

Pyrola in bloom everywhere. *Aralia* past its prime.



1886

June 29

Concord, Massachusetts.

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear with violent, gusty W. wind.

Starting at 9 a. m. I spent most of the day on the river sailing down to Carlisle bridge and back to Ball's Hill, rowing the remainder of the way home.

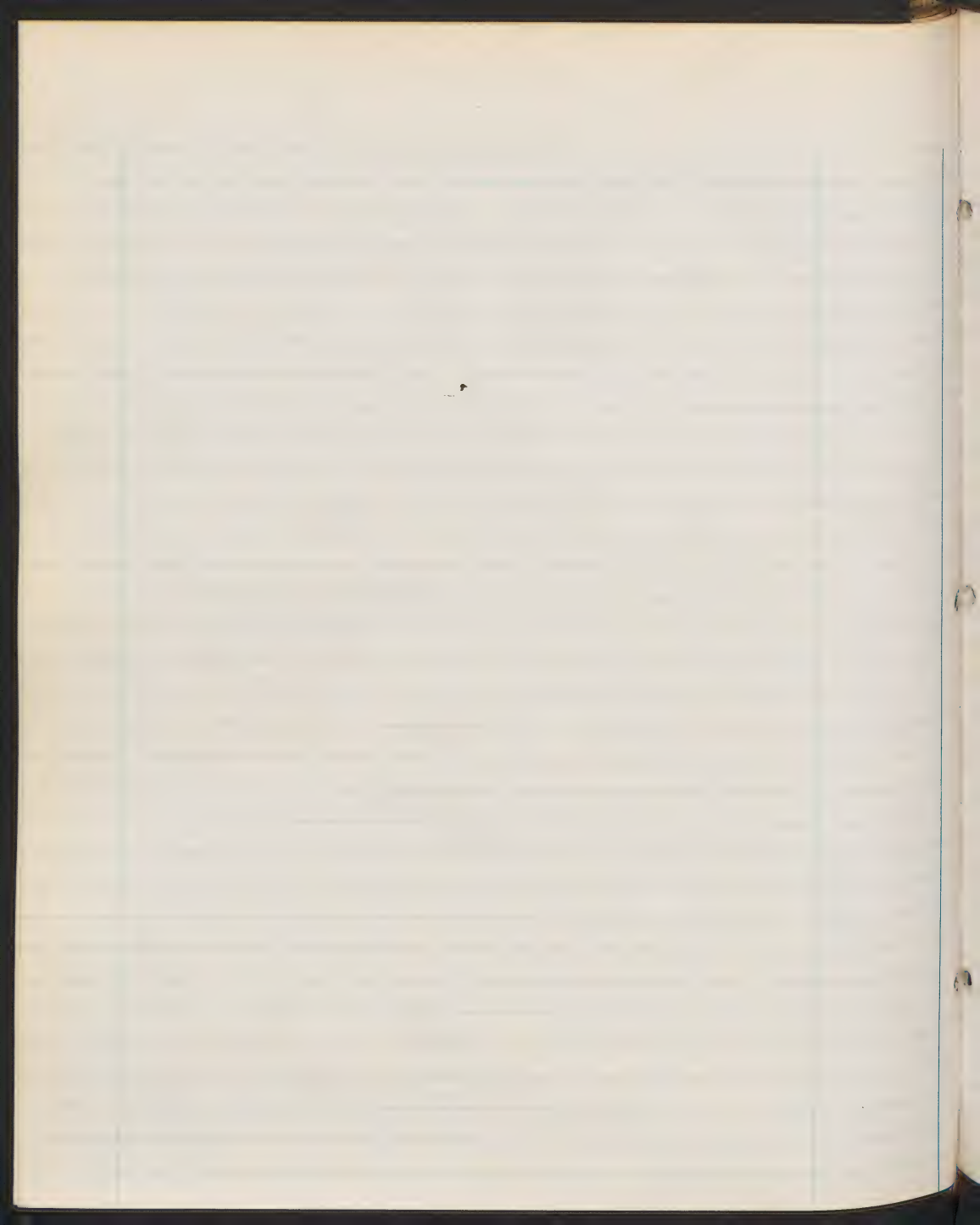
Down
Concord River.

On the way down I did not get a specimen of any kind. Coming back I landed at Ball's Hill and took lunch there. On the hill I got several birds, among them three C. virens. My Down Bird had built a second nest within a few rods of the first and was to-day sitting on four fresh eggs which I took with the nest.

At the first bend above the hill I fired four or five shots at Bank Swallows with my 32 cal. pistol, killing two, one of which fell in the tall grass (Phalaris arundinacea) and could not be found.

Near the "tent" I landed and scanned for young Bobolinks flushing two & killing one flying. I also shot two Barn Swallows here as they were skimming over the meadow and a third sitting on a dead branch. All this was done with my little 32 cal. pistol and is by far the best shooting I have ever made with it.

Several broods of young Swallows out sitting on dead branches over the water.



1886
July 2

Concord, Massachusetts.

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear and warm; wind S. W.; light.

Spent the morning on the river Concord
paddling and sailing down to Ball's Mill River.
and back.

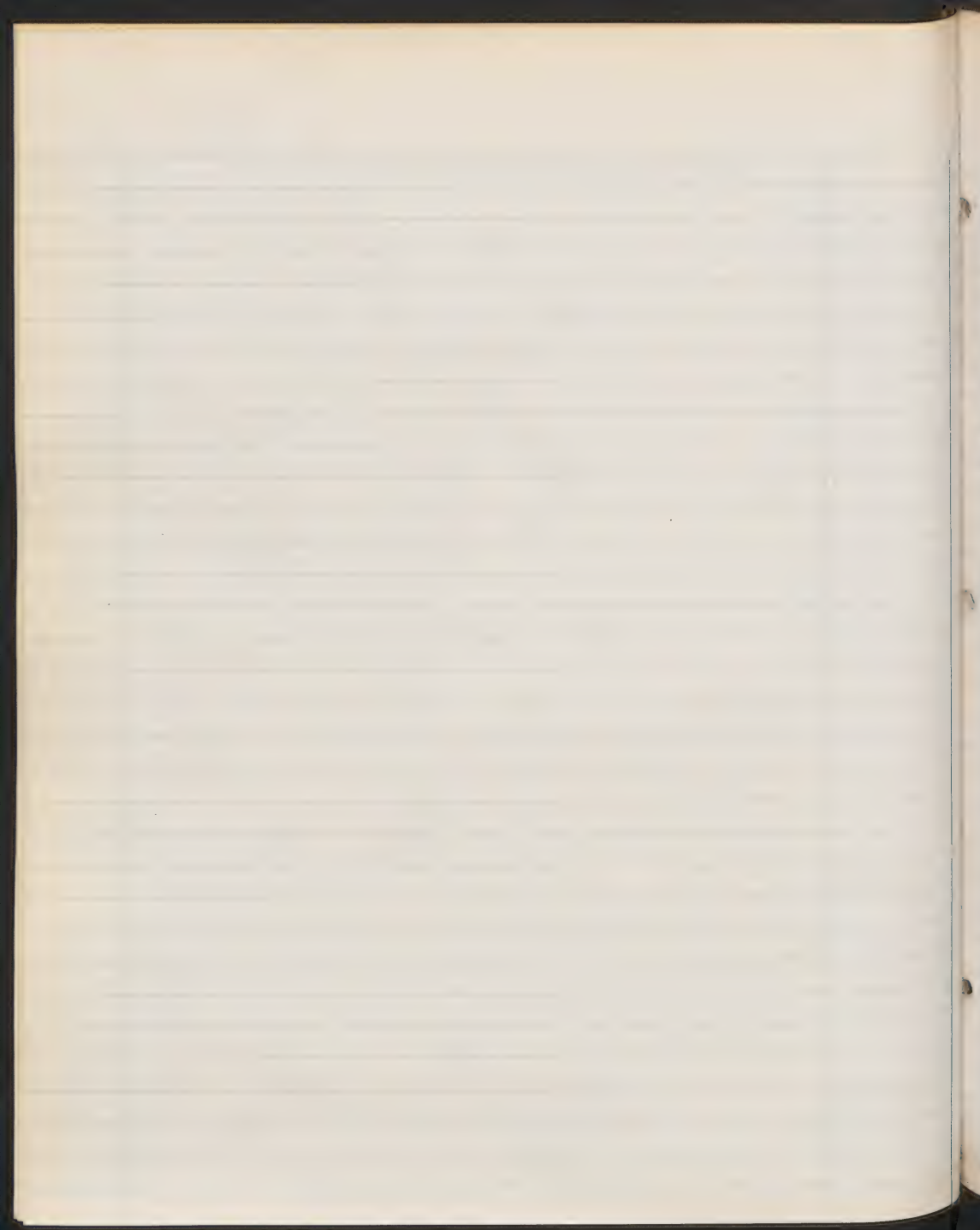
Just before starting heard a Whitethroat
(S. carolinensis) in the clump by the river bank.
The same bird was hawking in the trees
over the avenue yesterday.

There were several broods of young Young
Swallows (hirundo & bicolor) perched on dead Swallows
branches over the river their parents feeding
them at frequent intervals.

On the ridge between the river and
Great Meadow I found four or five pairs Bobolinks
of Bobolinks preening on the tall stems
of Thalictum all chirping incessantly, the
♂ occasionally brushing into patches of
grass. Their young were evidently out;
indeed I flushed two from the long
grass both rising wild and taking
surprisingly long flights.

Yellow Warblers and Song Sparrows are Birds still
in full song all through the forenoon. singing
Redwings also sang occasionally and I
also heard Field Sparrows & other Birds.
Birds are now perfectly dumb and
with their young have disappeared from
the surface of bird life although doubtless
still here.

In the afternoon while driving about Myiarchus
town heard a Myiarchus on the Alcott plain.



1886
July 6

Concord, Massachusetts.

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear and intensely hot (ther. 103 in the shade) on the morning drove to the ice pond to get the solitary Vireo's nest. To my disgust it was empty and apparently deserted, the birds gone. It looked not quite finished and was probably abandoned the day I found it.

Vireo solitarius

From here we drove to Smith's and back by the wood road under Amersbach. The heat birds singing in sheltered places along the wood edges was in at times simply stifling. Yet birds sang rather freely heat. considering the intensity of the season. I heard D. virens, D. melodia, Setophaga, Pyrauga, and innumerable Red-eyed Vireos.

Late in the afternoon Deane and I sailed down river to the meadow below Darius Hill. While he was botanizing in this meadow I heard a Henslow's Sparrow singing near the upper end and going in pursuit found it perched on a tall stalk of reed (Phalaris). It was rather shy and made several flights before I finally shot it.

Cot. harrisi

In the field bordering "Hunt's Pond" I heard a Yellow-winged Sparrow singing steadily and vigorously. I believe I heard one in the same place earlier in the season.

C. passerinus

Swallows were out in great force this evening over the river the Barn & White-bellies feeding broods of young. The air was full of them at times and I must have seen over a hundred. There were many Red-wings in flocks also. Wild rice (Zizania) in bloom & forming great beds in Wild River. The shallow water along the river and islands

sedges in its middle in places where the water is two or three feet deep.

Lappa nastans in bloom to-day, a single minute white flower in the center of the cluster of leaves.

The silky cornel is still in flower everywhere along the river banks; for a week or more it has been one of the most conspicuous flowering shrubs.

The meadow grasses and sedges are generally in bloom now and appear to have reached their full growth in most cases. The farmers are haying everywhere on upland fields and where the grass has been cut and removed the stubble is brown and thirsty. Looking for there has been no rain for some time. The country generally, however, is still green and pleasing to the eye in all the mid summer luxuriance of foliage and vegetation.

1886

July 7

Concord, Massachusetts.

Concord, Massachusetts.

Cloudless but with the sun obscured by a smoky haze; despite this and a strong S. W. wind the heat was positively stifling.

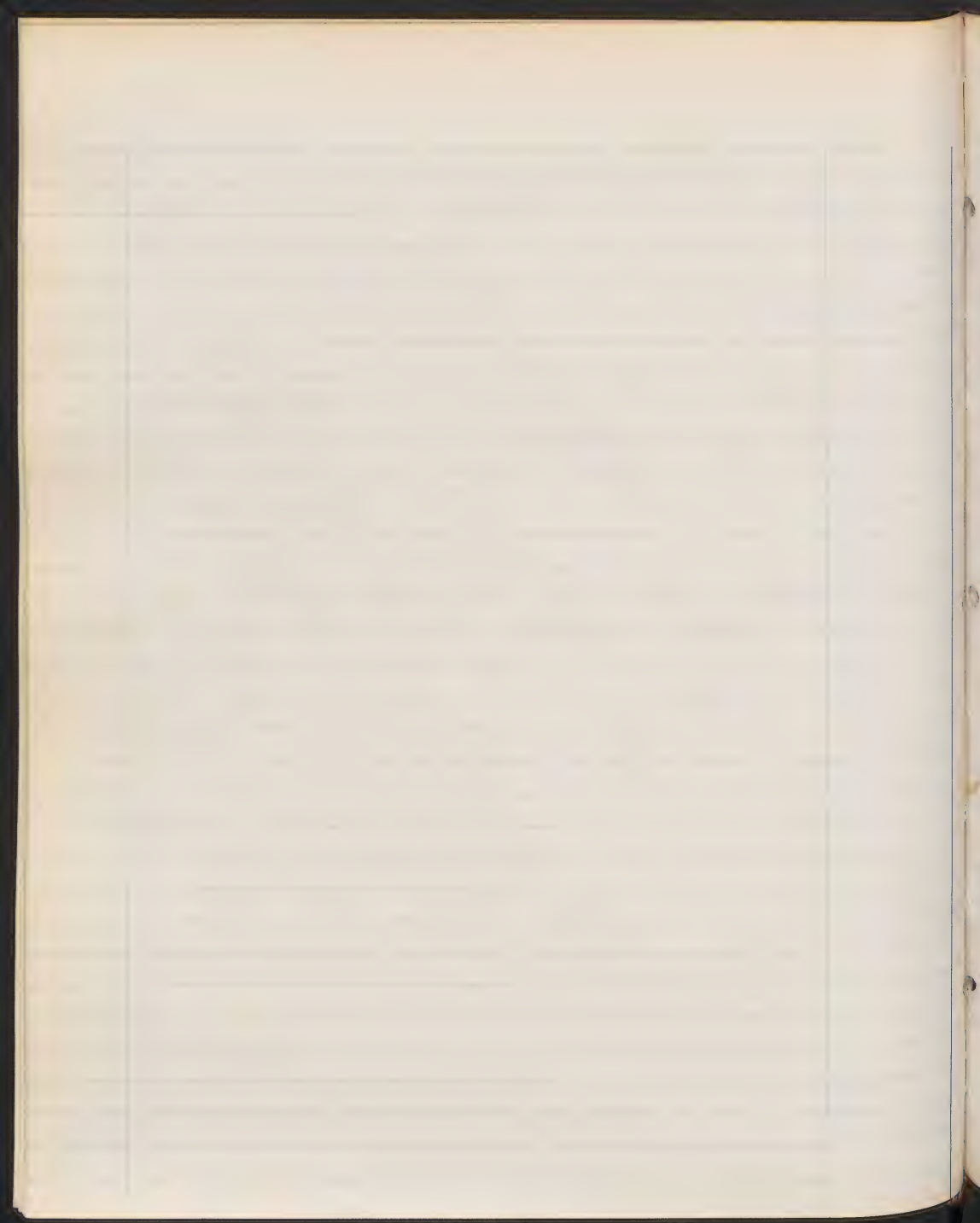
In the forenoon took a long drive with Dr. D. to Pine Hill Corner and around by way of Linsden, thence back by Sandy Pond.

I was curious to see how the birds would behave this third day of extreme heat. To my surprise they seemed active and sang freely. I heard a Tanager, Warbling Vireo, many Red-eyes and Song Sparrows, several Bluebirds and Catbirds, a Towhee and numerous others. Birds singing in intense heat.

The rather sudden and almost complete disappearance of the Orioles is remarkable. A week ago a few males were still singing and young were chattering everywhere; during the past five days I have heard none and have only seen one, a ♀. Disappearance of Orioles

In the afternoon sailed down river to Ball's Hill. Landing there I spent an hour or more with Dr. D. in botanizing, I looking for birds. In the thickets behind the ridge birds were singing freely at 5 P.M. Wilson's Hummers, Towhees, Maryland Yellow-throats, Catbirds and Song Sparrows being among the more prominent. On the way up river I heard one or two Yellow Warblers but no Bobolinks although we heard several of the latter yesterday. Down River Birds singing

At sunset the air was literally filled with swallows and swifts skimming over the meadows. There were hundreds in sight at once.



1886

July 9

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear and cool with light E. wind.

In the afternoon paddled down to Ball's Hill Concord River and sailed part of the way back.

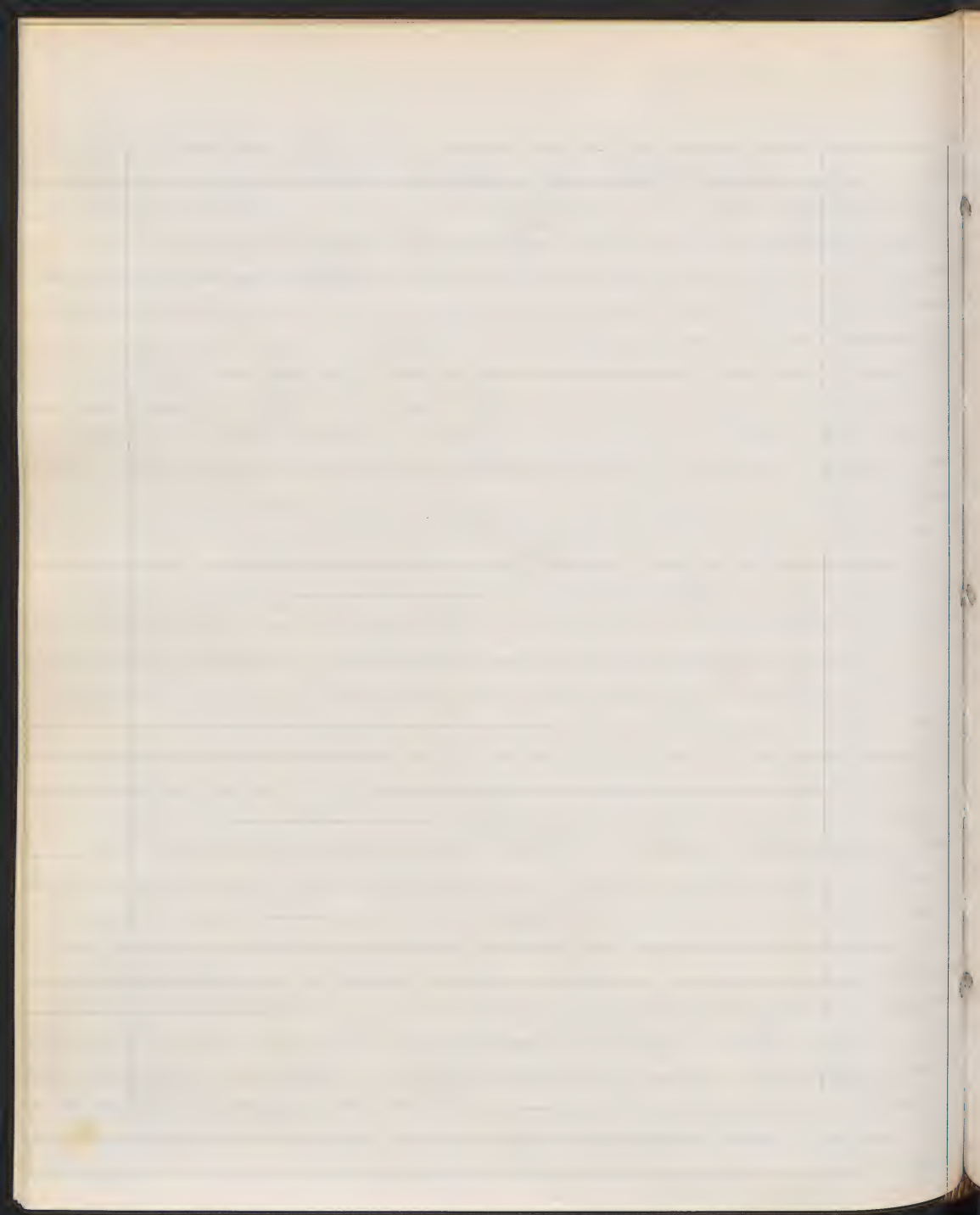
I went especially for Swallows and got seven, killing them with my 32 cal. pistol and five of them flying. They were out over the river in great numbers, especially at sunset. Most of them were Barn Swallows, the majority young birds, now strong on the wing and difficult to distinguish from the adults. There were also many Bank Swallows, a few Cliff Swallows, a Martin or two, and plenty of Swifts. In one place there must have been over a hundred of these five species in flight at once. I saw only three or four White-bellies.

As I came up the river I disturbed large numbers of Red-wings going to roost in the grass (*Phalaris*) or *Lisania* along the banks. They rose in clouds, chattering loudly. The majority were young birds.

The singing of birds is now rapidly declining. At sunset, however, I heard in full song *Mimus carolinensis*, *Turdus migratorius*, *Dendroica aestiva* (only one), *Vireo olivaceus*, *Parus carolinensis*, *Pooecetes gramineus*, *Spizella pusilla*, *Melospiza* ~~aur.~~, *M. palustris* (only one), and *Coccyzus americanus*.

Cedar Birds numerous along the river, catching flies.

New Jersey tea in full flower on hillsides, Chickory and St. Johnswort by roadsides. Lilky cornel, wild roses, and swamp azalea fast going out of bloom. Bullfrogs and green frogs still singing. One Peep trilling last night.



1886

Concord, Massachusetts.

July 11 (Sunday)

Clear and cool with blustering N. W. wind.

Leaving the Marsh at 3 P.M. in my canoe to Fairhaven
I sailed to Fairhaven Bay landing at Conant's and Bay,
starting back at sunset.

The river meadows above the French farm were
alive with Swallows, chiefly White with a fair number
of Barn Swallows, several Cliff Swallows and
White-bellies and an occasional Martin. The
Barn Swallows were feeding their broods on dead
branches (usually of the button bush) over the river.
The Cliff Swallows do not seem to have this
habit, all that I see are in the air or perched
on telegraph wires. I think they feed their young
on wing chiefly, if not exclusively. I saw at least
two hundred in one great flock or swarm, circling
about, chattering, and making a great show & noise.

Swallows

In the meadow opposite the Hubbard farm a
Henslow's Sparrow was singing steadily as I passed
on the way up river (about 4 P.M.) and desultorily as
I came back (7.30 P.M.). It is strange that I
did not find him when there on June 9 for I
spent the entire forenoon and beat the ground
closely searching for Bobolinks' nests. Both this
species and C. passerinus seem to sing more freely in
July than in May or June. I heard a passerinus
just below Fairhaven opposite the Cliffs.

Henslow's
Sparrow.Yellow-winged
Sparrow.

Pink lilies below Fairhaven; very unlike the white,
with outer petals not in the least green but deep
brownish pink, inner ones faintly pink.

Pink lilies

Heard a good many birds singing, Redwings, Towhees,
Maryland Yellow-throats, Song Sparrows, a Parula & 2 Robins.

Birds
Singing

Red-winged Blackbirds were almost as numerous as in Great Meadows. I heard five or six males singing early in the afternoon and disturbed a large flock of young from the Phalaris grass opposite the French farm on my return in the evening twilight.

Red-wing

I see very few muskrat signs of late, only one this evening. I also saw a meadow mouse (*Arvicola riparia*) swimming across the river and pursuing overtook it just as it reached the bank and disappeared in the grass.

White pond lilies still in full bloom lining the margin of the river with a broad band of white. They close regularly at about noon all being together that at 12.30.

Near the spring at Martha's Point I found a fine black ash, the only one I have met thus far in this vicinity. It is a vigorous tree of medium size and stands on rather high ground near a pond.

Black ash

As I was sailing about Fairhaven Bay a Cooper's Hawk passed nearly over me, sailing along in the usual swift, easy manner, with two Kingbirds in close pursuit.

Cooper's Hawk

Saw two broods of young Kingbirds, each little family sitting in a row on a branch over the water huddled close together like young swallows. The old birds fed them at frequent intervals and both old and young kept up a constant calling.

Young Kingbirds

Concord, Massachusetts.

Concord, Mass. 1886.

1886

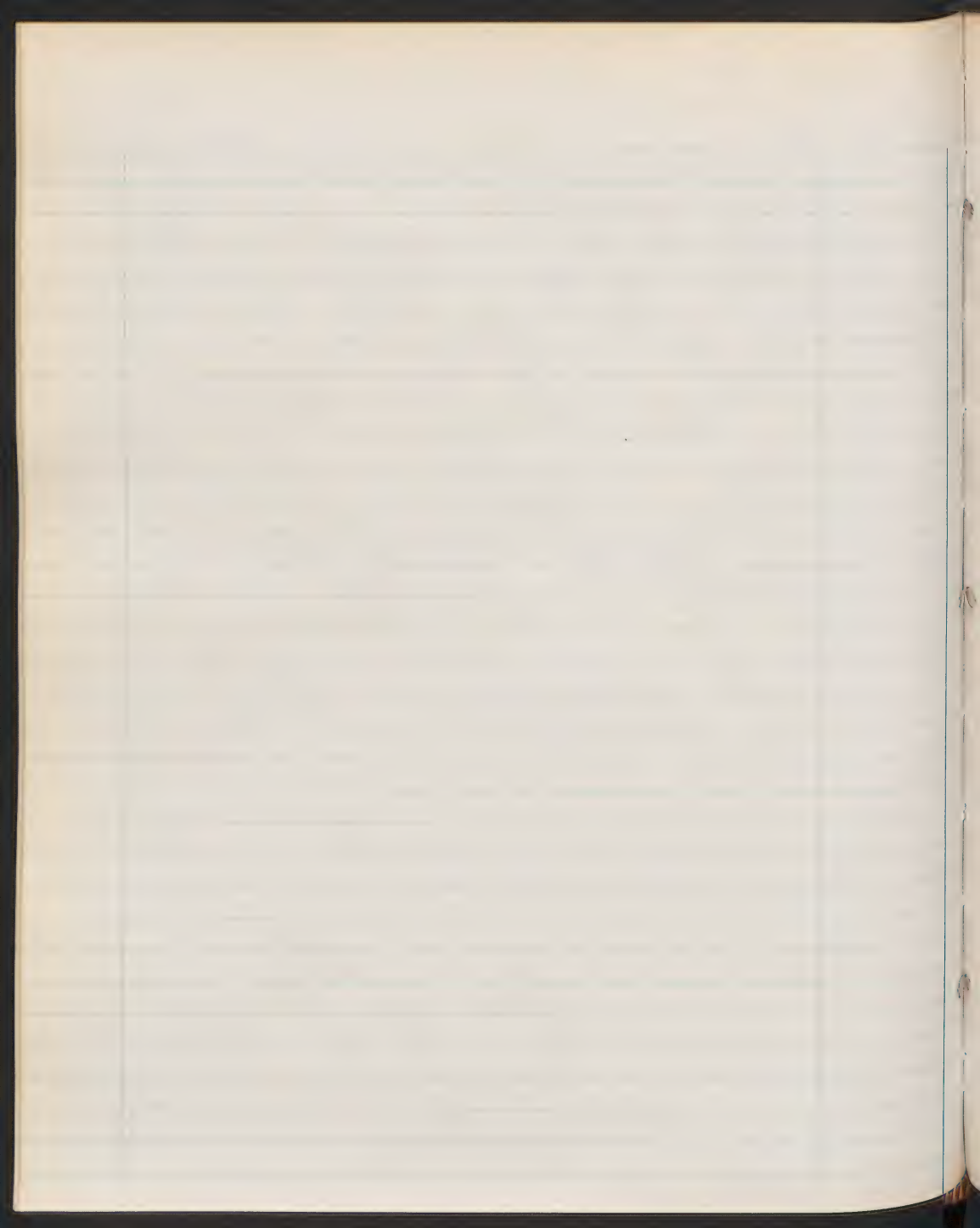
July 13

Clear and cool; a fine invigorating day.

Spent the forenoon in the Coburnbrook country with Deane returning to dinner.

A few birds were singing freely even at noon the most prominent being Red-eyed Vireos, Catbirds, Chewinks, Song Sparrows and Field Sparrows. Heard no Warblers except a single D. virens. The song of the Field Sparrows seems to me especially sweet and plaintive at this season perhaps because of its "margin of silence." Tanagers were singing rather generally especially at noon.

Saw very few birds and only two or three broods of young, among them one of D. pennsylvanicus.



Concord, Massachusetts.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1886

July 14

Cloudy, with fine mist-like rain at times. Wind S.

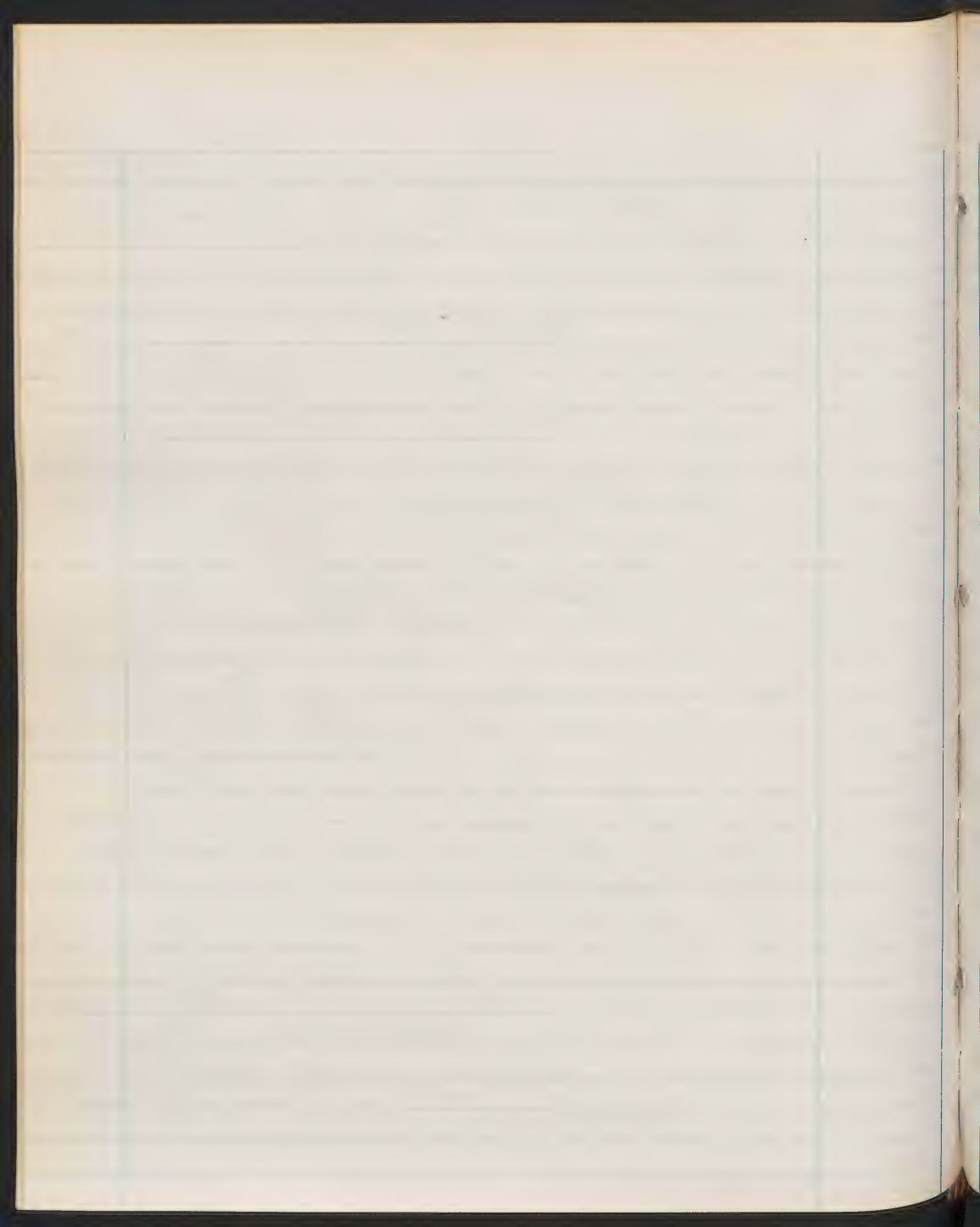
Started up river by boat at 9 A. M. with Trip to
Messrs. Edward Hoar, D. C. French, and Walter Deane. Fairhaven
Spent the day about Fairhaven botanizing
most of the time. Mr. Hoar says that the black
ash which I found on the 11th at Martha's Point
is the only one he knows here. He took us to
Shore's slippery elm on Lee's Cliff. It is a
low but evidently old tree composed of several
trunks separate to the ground but evidently
growing from the same roots. The trunks have
been cruelly scarred and mutilated by bark
gatherers.

A Little Don was cooing at regular intervals
in the pines opposite the Cliffs as we passed on Little Don.
our way up river and in the pasture at the
base of the Cliffs on our return. It is the first
I ever heard in Massachusetts.

At Martha's Point Mr. Hoar flushed a
Woodcock from the open meadow bordering the Woodcock.
river; boring numerous in the springy ground
over several rods.

While we were eating lunch at the base
of Lee's Cliff a Red-tailed Hawk appeared sailing Red-tailed
majestically high above the woods screaming Hawk.
incessantly. It was pursued by two Kingbird
but ignored them as usual.

The lilies were in wonderful profusion as
we passed up river lining the margin like a Lilies
broad band of snow. We picked some fine pink
ones under the Cliff.



Concord, Massachusetts.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1886

July 15

Cloudy, with frequent heavy showers, the first rain that has fallen for several weeks.

Out in the afternoon I sailed down river to Towne river Ball's Hill and paddled back in a drizzling rain.

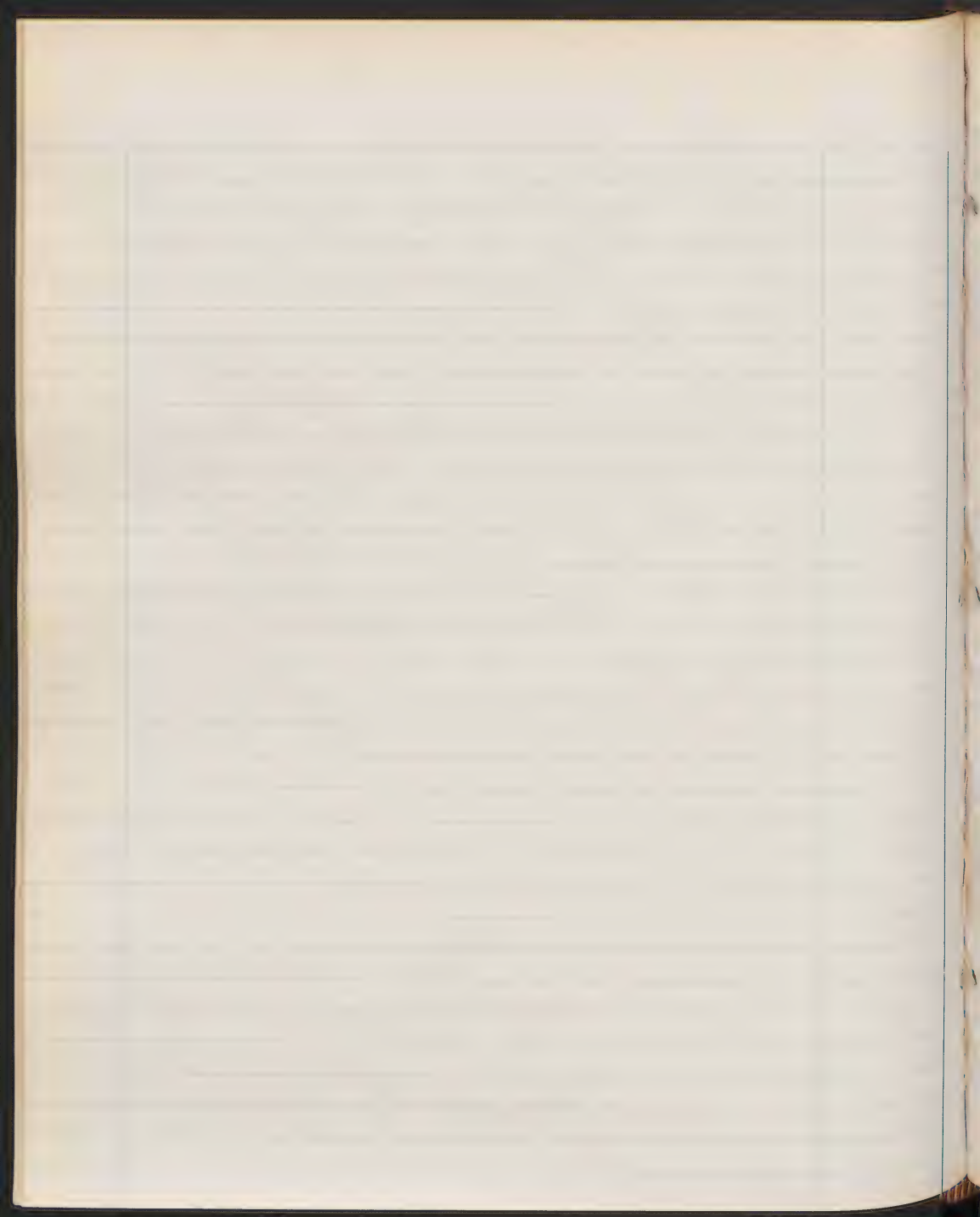
Birds were singing freely all the day through. I heard many that have been nearly silent of late and one which I have neither seen nor heard this month, viz. the Rose breasted Grosbeak, a ♂ of which was singing with all the fervor of spring in an elm on the river bank. Late singing of birds

There were literally hundreds of swallows (chiefly H. borealis) along the river and over Great Meadows. I shot a Bank swallow and a pair of Chimney Swifts, all with my pistol. swallows
Young Redwings, also, were in undiminished numbers; I saw one flock which must have contained two hundred.

At 6.30 P. M. I noticed about a hundred swallows (chiefly H. borealis with a few T. bicolor) apparently going to roost in a black willow over the river. The top of this tree was dead and the swallows were thickly clustered on the dead branches as well as among the foliage. swallows roosting.

Bobolinks were flitting about in small flocks and singly, chirping but not singing. I saw two males in apparently unminged breeding plumage. Bobolinks.

The canary grass and other tall grasses along the river bank have been cut in most places since my last trip down river.



1886

July 17

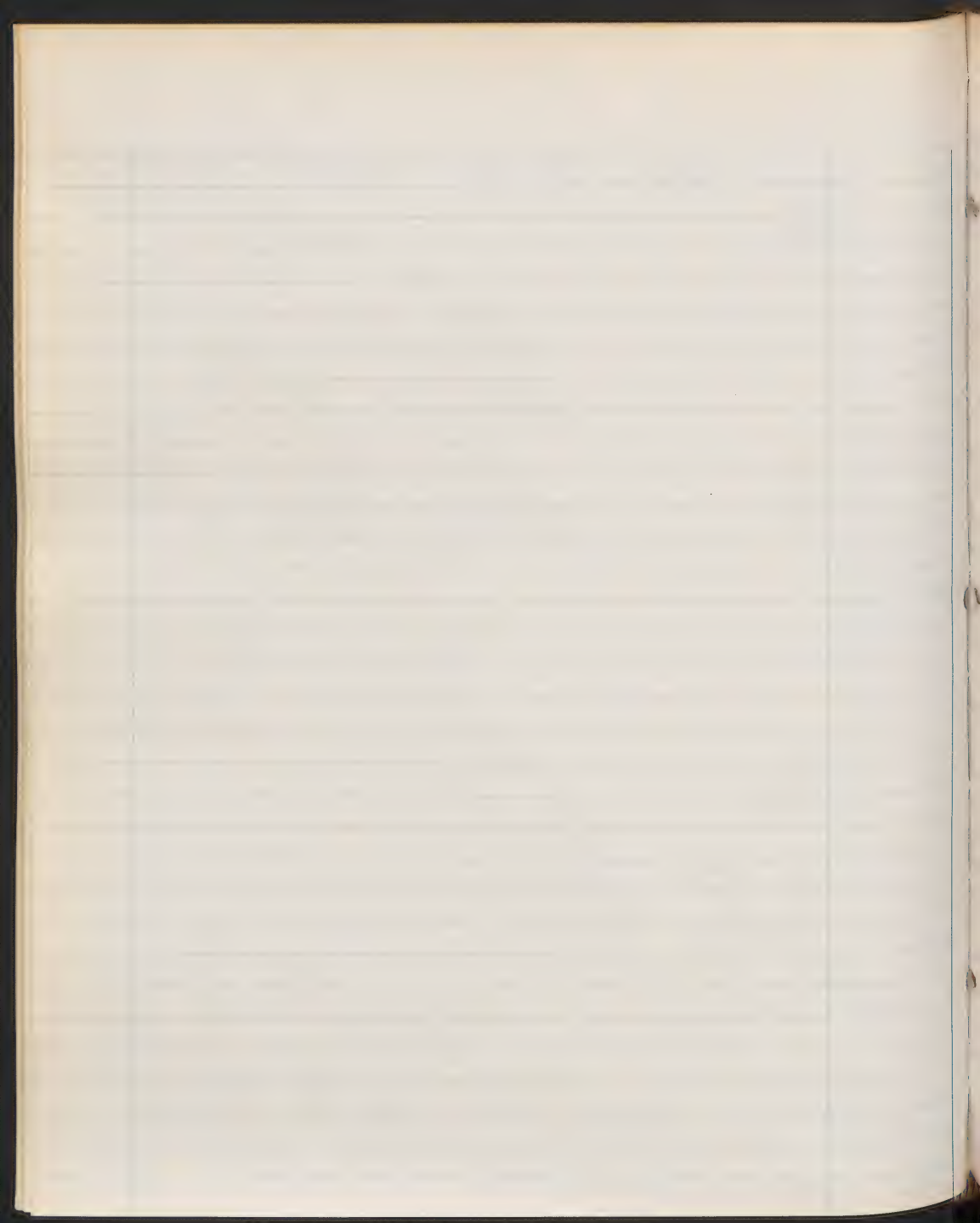
Clear and pretty with light S. W. wind.

To Fairhaven Bay by river with Purdie & Deane to Fairhaven
Spending the entire day and returning at sunset.
Took lunch at Martha's Point, sailed about the
Bay (in my 'Stella Maris') for an hour or more at
noon, climbed the hill to the Cliffs late in
the afternoon and spent an hour or two there
looking off over the beautiful scenery spread out
beneath, and in both going and returning by
river stopped frequently to examine water plants
or listen to the birds.

Although pretty and at times oppressively hot Bird songs
it was a remarkable singing day for the birds,
nearly, if not quite, equal, as far as many species
were concerned, to the flood-tide of early June.
Along the river we heard many Red-wings,
Meadow Larks, Savanna, Song, and Swamp Sparrows;
in the woods Red eyes, Towhees and Tanagers;
and on the bushy hillside behind the Cliffs a
full chorus of Song Sparrows, Field Sparrows and
Grass Finches. Scat were, whistling in
several directions, a Parula singing in the pines
opposite the Cliff landing and a Carolina Dove
cooing a little beyond these pines.

From the Cliffs we heard a perfect uproar of
Red-eyes in the oaks below; so numerous were
they that it was quite impossible to separate
the notes of any single performer.

The crow of the day, however, was hearing the Hermit
Song of the Hermit Thrush in its full perfection. Thrush.
The bird was in the woods below the Cliffs singing steadily



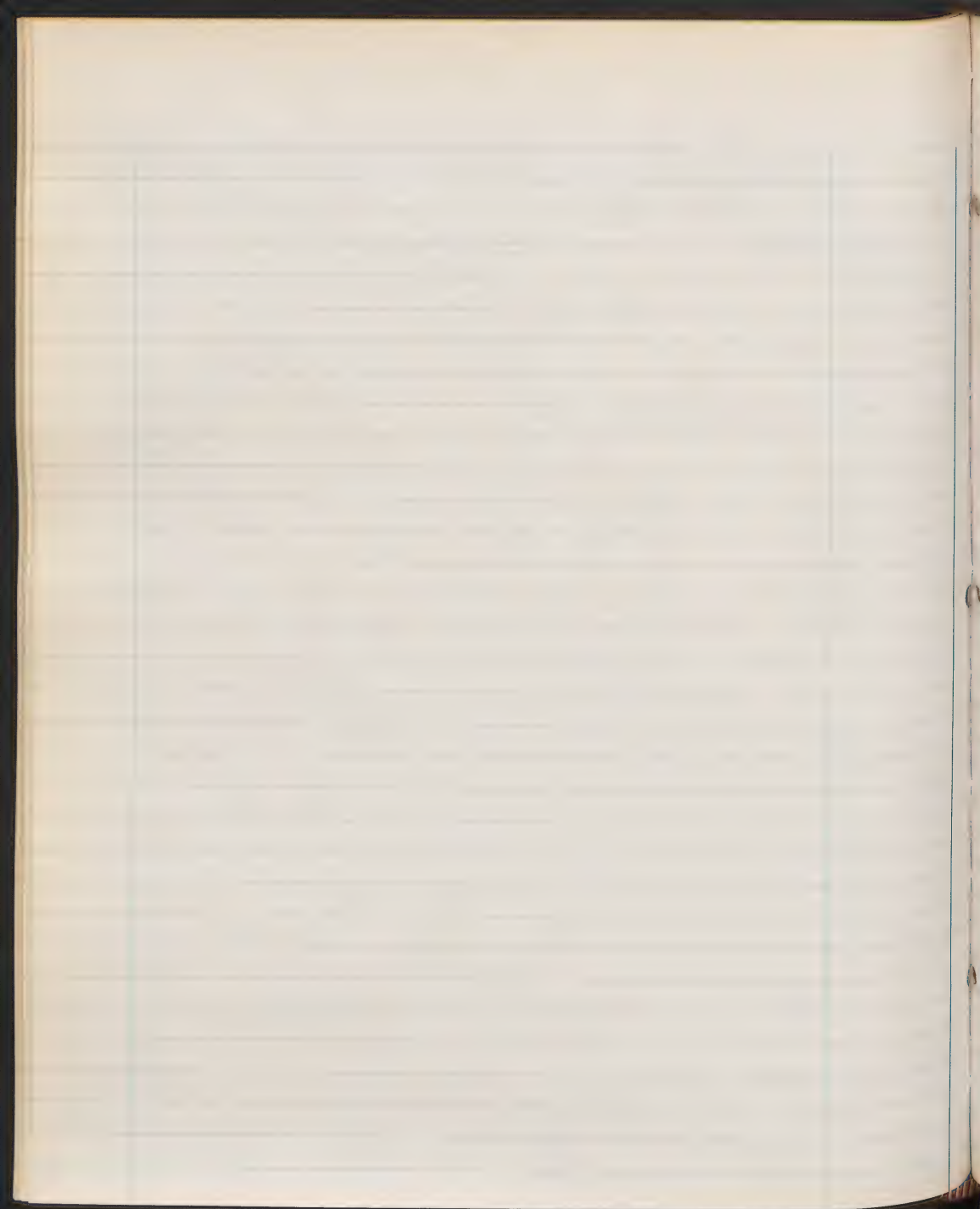
1886

July 18

Clear and rather cool with E. wind.

In the forenoon drove Purdie to Sudbury to see the big pines. Deer flies were so numerous in these woods that we did not stop there but merely passed through and around them returning by the same road.

Birds were singing nearly as well as yesterday. We heard a Short-billed Marsh Wren (the first noted this year) in the great meadows in Sudbury, two Henslow's Sparrows in the same locality, and no less than five Yellow-wings in sandy fields near the roadside. Nearly all the common birds that are still singing at all were singing freely to-day.



1886

July 19

Clear and cool with light N. wind

Drove to the big pines in Sudbury with ^{1st Sudbury} Dean and Purdie, starting in the morning, taking a man along to look after the horse, and spending the entire day.

This is the first time that I have done more than drive through these remarkable woods ^{the big pines} and they are well worth a brief description. The wood road passes between two clusters of the largest trees. That on the right or western side comprises some fifty white pines, oaks (Q. alba), and maples (A. ruber) all of unusually large size with trunks rising almost without a lateral branch for from 20 to 50 ft. The ground beneath is perfectly free from undergrowth and being rich and damp supports a luxuriant growth of Impatiens fulva and ferns (chiefly the cinnamon fern). The wide spaces between the ground and the canopy of foliage high above was filled with a reddened light, almost as dim and red-fogged to the eye as twilight.

The other grove on the opposite (eastern) side of the road is composed almost exclusively of white pines, some fifty in all, the largest and finest that I have ever seen. They stand rather close together in places, in others scattered about along the slope of land rising from the swamp below and the sandy level above. Many of them are fully 3 ft in diameter, one or two perhaps nearly 4 ft. Their trunks taper but slightly for the first 50 ft. and the lowest living branches are usually at

1886

(July 19)

from 30 to 45 ft. above the ground. Several trees must reach a total height of fully 100 feet. The ground beneath is dry and more or less covered with huckleberry and other undergrowth. The open spaces are densely carpeted with Mitchella, Pyrolula etc.

These birds were apparently almost barren of ovid life, a Red-eyed Vireo and two Tanager being all the birds seen or heard except - and this explains the mystery - a pair of Sharp-shinned Hawks which greeted us with shrill screaming and whose nest we shortly found. It contained two young, one able to fly a little, and two eggs. I shot one young bird, caught the other, and took the nest and eggs which I kindly climbed for (See systematic notes for further particulars).

Nest of Accipiter

On our return late in the afternoon we saw a ♀ Quail leading her brood of chicks across a field when the grass had been cut that morning and when men were at work taking it into cocks not 50 yds. away. The attractive little group moved slowly and steadily across the stubble feeling as they went and soon disappeared in a potato field beyond.

Quail and young.

We visited White Pond about sunset & found the colony of ants here somewhat reduced in numbers. As we approached the pond a Cooper's Hawk shot across the narrow road and sailed over the broad field beyond.

Cooper's

1886

July 20

Clear and pretty.

Drove to Cambridge in the afternoon,
leaving Concord at 1.30 P.M.

To Cambridge

It was a pretty afternoon with thunder
heads gathering in the west, the leaves drooping
in the woods, very few birds singing. I
heard only a few vireos (*V. olivaceus*) and a
Tanager in the Sandy Pond woods, an
Indigo by the roadside, and a Meadow Lark
in a newly-mown field.

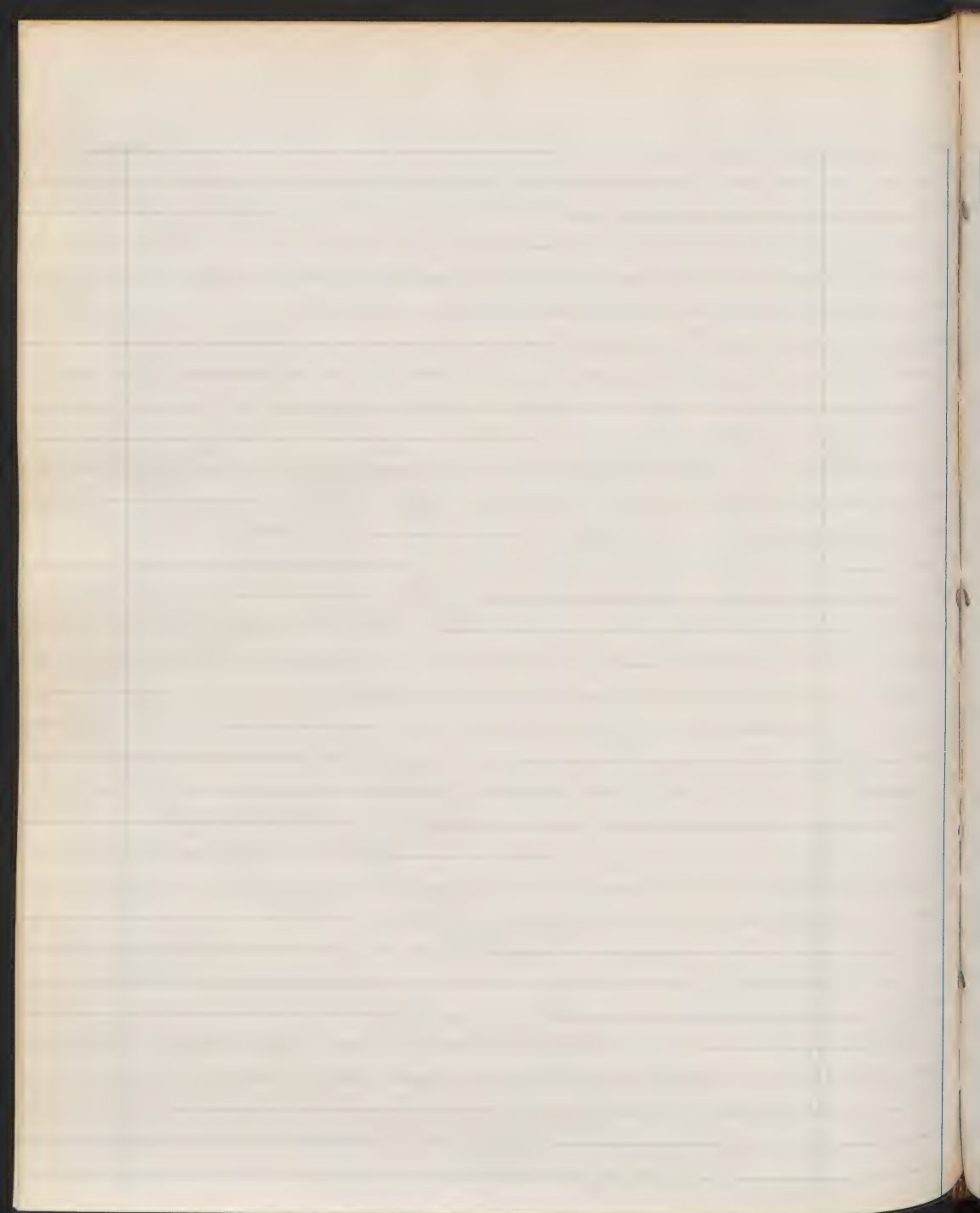
In the woods bordering Sandy Pond a
cock Grouse was standing erect and still
on the side of the road. He permitted me
to get within about 50 yds., then stalked
slowly across the dusty track and into
the brush, flitting his tail and shaking his
ruffs at each step. I saw what was
doubtless the same bird in the same place
April 27 and on several occasions since.

Grouse

On the way to Cambridge I could not
find *Rhus typhina* until well into Waltham.
The only species I can discover in Concord
(except the two poisonous ones), is *R. glabra*
which is abundant everywhere. Chickory, also
wanting in Concord, began at about the
same point in Waltham.

Curiously enough I have heard only one
wheede this season (on July 18). It is surely
time they were flying in the tree tops.

Tree wheede



1886

July 21

A dull cloudy day clearing shortly after 9 P.M.

Up the Assabet in the evening with P. starting at 6.30, going as far as Paw-arch Bridge, and getting back at 9 o'clock.

Evening on
the Assabet

Between Egg Rock and the Hemlocks we heard two Yellow Warblers singing and saw six or eight more flashing in the dark foliage of alders, maples etc. A few Song Sparrows were singing along the river banks, and somewhere in the distance, a Meadow Lark; possibly a Robin or two, also, and certainly one or two Vireos (*V. olivaceus*) and a Maryland Yellow-throat, but that was about all. Wilson's Thrushes, Snow Buntings, Chestnut-sided Warblers and Black & white Creepers have all ceased singing entirely. Several species of grasshoppers and crickets are taking their places. The bull-frog still trumps, however, and the marsh-frog plays his violin string nearly as vigorously as in June. We heard a single *Pipa americana* uttering the harsh rummer trill. I have not noticed this cry before since June.

Birds singing
at sunset.

Frogs.

In the meadow on the right bank just above Birds-nest Island a Henslow's Sparrow was singing steadily as we passed on our way up (about 7.15) and to our great surprise, equally steadily when we returned at 8.30 although the night was then nearly, if not quite, settled down, the sky cloudy, and no light in the west. We stopped and listened to him for several minutes and left him singing. It was so dark at the time that it was difficult to distinguish the river from its banks.

Cot. Henslow's.

At the Lowell R.R. bridge a Woodcock huddled overhead and dropped in a marshy hollow; it had evidently come from some distant cove. We also saw a Night Heron and

Woodcock

1886

July 21 an Owl of the largest size (prob. Bubo virginianus).
The latter was sitting on a dead tree over the river
and flew as we approached, making off in
perfect silence and only dimly visible in the
twilight.

1886

July 22

Cotton, Kansas, 1886.

Clear and still; rather warm at noon (ther 80°)
Down river by boat with E. H. and W. D., starting Down river
at 9.30 and spending the day, returning just
before sunset.

As we passed through Great Meadows the
only birds singing were an occasional Song Sparrow Birds singing
or Grass Finch, a Savanna Sparrow, and a Short-
billed Marsh Wren, the latter in the long meadow grass C. Stelleris
very near where I found a Flicker's and Bobolinks
nests in June. It is strange that I have not heard
him before but possible that he has only just
come into the meadows or begun to sing. While stopping
to listen to him Mr. H. stepped ashore and a few
feet out into the meadow where a Woodcock was
directly underfoot from the tall grass.

In an uncut bed of Canary Grass a Virginia Rail
uttered its quacking song(?) several times as we passed.
at the bend below Ballin's Hill we flushed a
Green Heron and at the swift reach below I saw
two Night Herons flying and heard a Night Hawk
which was evidently flying alto, well out over the
meadow. Below Ball's Hill a Red-tailed Hawk
appeared, soaring at a moderate height, screaming
loudly. Besides these there were Red-wings in
large flocks in the Lizania, Bobolinks in small
companies chirping over the meadow, and a few
Barn, Cliff and White-bellied Swallows skimming about.

Rallus virginianusChordeiles

We landed about a mile below Ball's Hill &
went to the pine woods on the plateau which looked
less remarkable now that I have seen the
Savanna pines. In there I found a mixed flock

Mixed flock

Warblers, Chickadees etc. among which were two
Red-bellied Nuthatches. I shot one of them and
found it to be an adult ♂, mouthing, and in
my ragged plumage. Most of the birds in this flock
were Miniotilta varia chiefly young already in good
fall plumage.

Mixed flock

Sitta canadensis

Returning to the river we landed next at
the wooded slope just below Ball's Hill where
we lunched and spent over two hours. There
are three small beeches here, a rare tree in Concord.
These woods were apparently barren of birds; we
did not hear a song of any description while in
them.

The return up river late in the afternoon
was uneventful. A few Swallows and King-birds
skimming over the water, a Field Sparrow singing
on Dabney's Hill, a Yellow Warbler singing on
the river bank, & great flocks of Red-wings
in the Lizania beds apparently feeding on
the "ice"

Birds singing

Heard a Cicada, the second only thus far.

1886

July 23

Clear and warm.

Spent the day in the house. Late in the afternoon roved down to Great Meadow with P. to get the Marsh Wren (C. Stellaris) heard there yesterday. He was not in the same place but trying far out in the meadow. I heard him sing over and then call and soon found him in an extensive bed of rough fescue-grass. He was very shy and I followed him about for some time before shooting him. Finally I killed him on wing with my 32 cal. pistol.

The meadows unusually attractive at sunset, the different colors of the different beds of grasses being strongly brought out in the soft clear light. Hundreds of Swallows (mostly H. borealis) were skimming about and Potoinks and Red-wings in large flocks scaling overhead. Shot a swift as we came up river.

Drive from Concord to Groton via Lyngsborough.

1886

July 24

Clear and warm. Wind S. W., strong.

With Purdie started from Concord at 11 A.M. and drove to Lyngsborough via Carlisle and Chelmsford, reaching Lyngsborough at 4 P.M.

The day was hot, the roads dusty. We saw but few birds and heard still fewer. A Red-eye or two in the woods (one had a curious wherry voice and was not at first recognized) and now and then a Song Sparrow by the roadside were the only songsters.

At Lyngsborough I saw two Sitta carolinensis both in shade trees in the village.

Leaving our horse at the tavern we hired a fresh one and drove to Parham about three miles out of the town. The country by the way was wild and chiefly in white pine & mixed woods. Parham showed us nothing of much interest. He still finds Saw-whet Owl's nest. Had one with three young last spring (1886) and in 1885 shot March of the same year shot fifteen by calling them at night.

Resuming our journey at 6 P.M. we drove to Groton a distance of fourteen miles. The road was hilly with interesting and occasionally picturesque scenery; very few houses and much woodland, largely pines. At sunset only a few birds sang, a Heron's Sparrow, a Field Sparrow, a Towhee and a Grass Finch or two. No Thrushes of any species although we had confidently expected the Hermit.

Reached Groton at 8 P.M. The same hotel as

(July 24) during my visit in 1875. The latter, a mulatto, told me that black rats were numerous in the stable outnumbering the gray rats. He described them as about half the size of the gray rat & with different habits. They are less destructive and do not gnaw wood at all. They will not eat eggs and cannot climb as well as the gray rat but run much more swiftly on level ground. They live chiefly in a meadow behind the barn. Some twenty or more were caught in post holes dug in this meadow.

He found Rhus copallina sparingly but generally distributed along the roadsides in Gorton.

Black rats

Drive from Groton to Concord, Mass.

1886

July 25

Cloudy and sultry with little breeze up to noon.

Left Groton at 9 A.M. and reached Concord about noon. The distance is said to be eighteen miles. The road is monotonous and uninteresting with scarcely a shaded stretch the entire distance although there are occasional patches of woods a little back of the bordering fences. The country is largely sandy and studded with bound-out fields.

Birds sang fairly well for the first two hours. We heard besides the common species four Hermit Thrushes all singing at the same time within an area of a few acres & within hearing of one another. This was in Littleton about 2 miles west of the village in sandy pitch pine woods.

In this same town we also heard four Yellow-winged Sparrows, two in the same field. The country affords many bound-out fields exactly suited to their habits & they are doubtless common.

Grass Finches and Song Sparrows were the most frequent and conspicuous singers, Field Sparrows less so.



1886

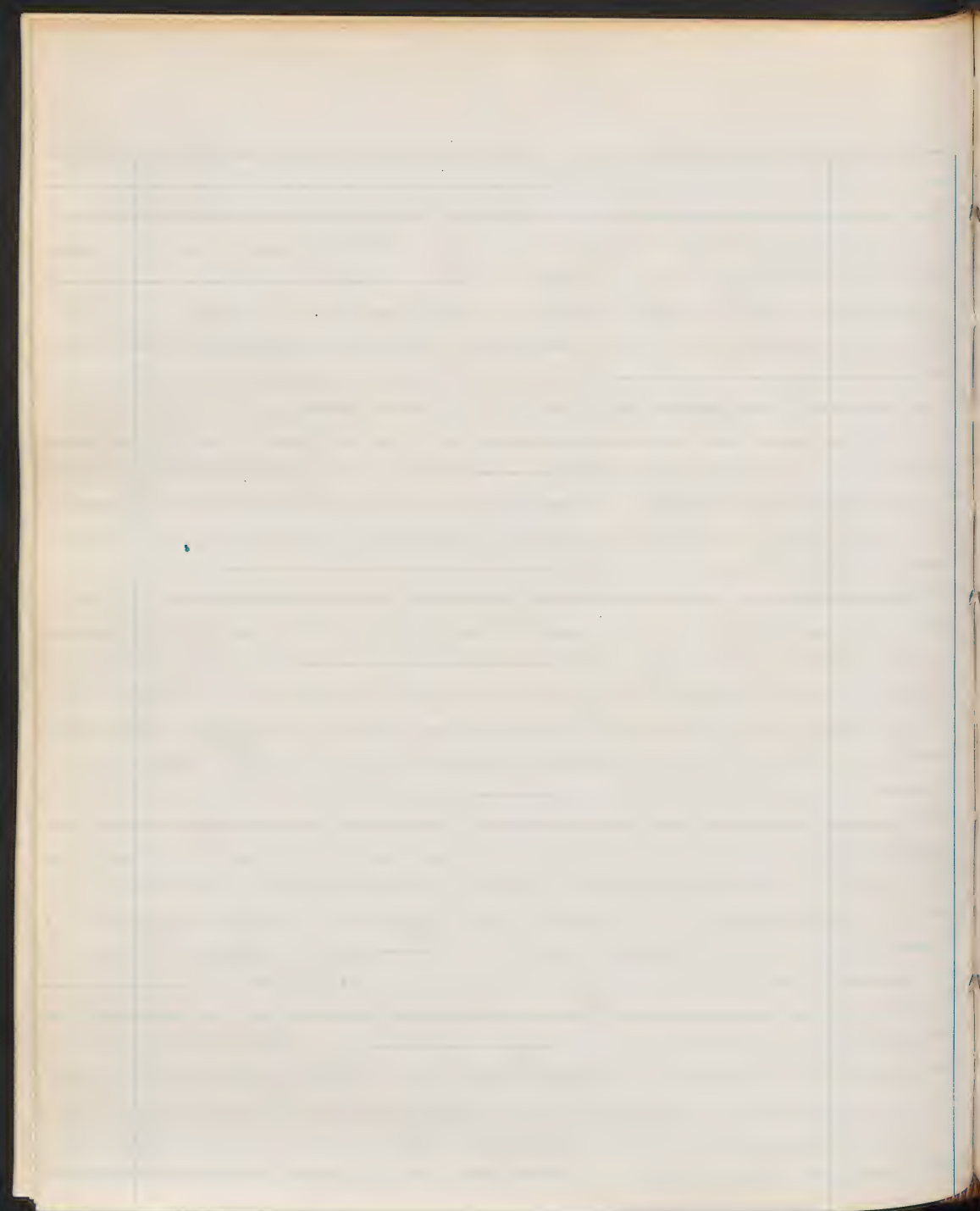
July 25

In the afternoon rowed up river with Purdie as far as Nine Mile Corner bridge and sailed back. The Henslow's Sparrow was singing in the meadow opposite Hubbard's farm.

Swallows were rather numerous along the river and Bobolinks chirking and flying about in small flocks.

Over the hill above the Shell Bank I heard twice and distinctly the note of a Field Plover.

While passing the French's Landing on our way up river a pair of Great Grebes rose from the east bank and flew across the river. I took them for Loons at first and their flight was certainly scarcely swift. The ♂ was whistling as we passed on the way back.



1886

July 28

Clear and hot with light S. E. breeze; evening clear.

Took a drive in the morning with Purdie following the Lexington road to the schoolhouse, crossing thence to the turnpike which we took back to town, then visiting 'Fairyland' and finally Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Heard four Indigo Birds singing and saw a Sharp-shinned cc. fuscus Hawk carrying what was probably a young Kingbird in its talons. In the Cemetery heard a Crossbill in the Crossbill pines on the ridge.

Returning to the Manor at noon we next took a walk down the lane to the river and back over the top of Ripley's Hill where I shot a pair of Cedar Birds Amphisp. the ♀ of which was laying, as I found on dissecting her. laying.

At 4 P.M. we started for Fairhaven Cliffs by river.

In the meadows above the French farm there were many Bobolinks flitting from place to place in small flocks. The Red-wings seem to be leaving; we saw perhaps Agelaius a dozen in all. Swallows were also scarce, a few swaying. Martins, our Bank, and perhaps a dozen Barn Swallows being all that were seen. Yellow Warblers numerous in the willows and bottom bushes along the river. The Henslow's Sparrow in the river meadows silent.

At the Cliffs landing a Virginia Rail was making Virginia Rail a great outcry in a thicket of submerged bottom bushes. with young. Presently she emerged followed by several tiny coal black chicks which she boldly led out into the adjoining open turf pasture. Others remained behind, peeping. I shot two of the young.

From the Cliffs we heard a fine chorus of Hermit Hermit Sparrows, three males singing at the same time in Thrushes the oak barrens below to the eastward. With the

(July 28) early twilight in Owl Bubo virginianus hooted several times in the distance towards Holden and later still a Whippoorwill began in the woods on Martha's Point. Besides this we heard a Lincee and one or two Field Sparrows singing.

Bubo vir.

The sunset was a failure although it had promised well, the sun merely burking into a stately mass of clouds without tinting any of them. The air was also hazy and the distant vines obscured.

At about 8 P. M. we started back sailing before a light but steady S. E. breeze to the Fitchburg R. R. bridge. The night was clear, soft and damp. The only sounds along the river were the plashing of frogs and muskrats and the sharper splash of jumping fishes. The green frog still tray. Heard only one Ball frog.

Frog

Overhead Warblers were migrating in considerable numbers. I heard at least twenty in the course of an hour. They are the first that I have heard this summer and were probably largely D. icterica.

Warblers
migrating

I am very sure that many of the swallows have left within the past week.

Swallows
leaving

1886

July 30

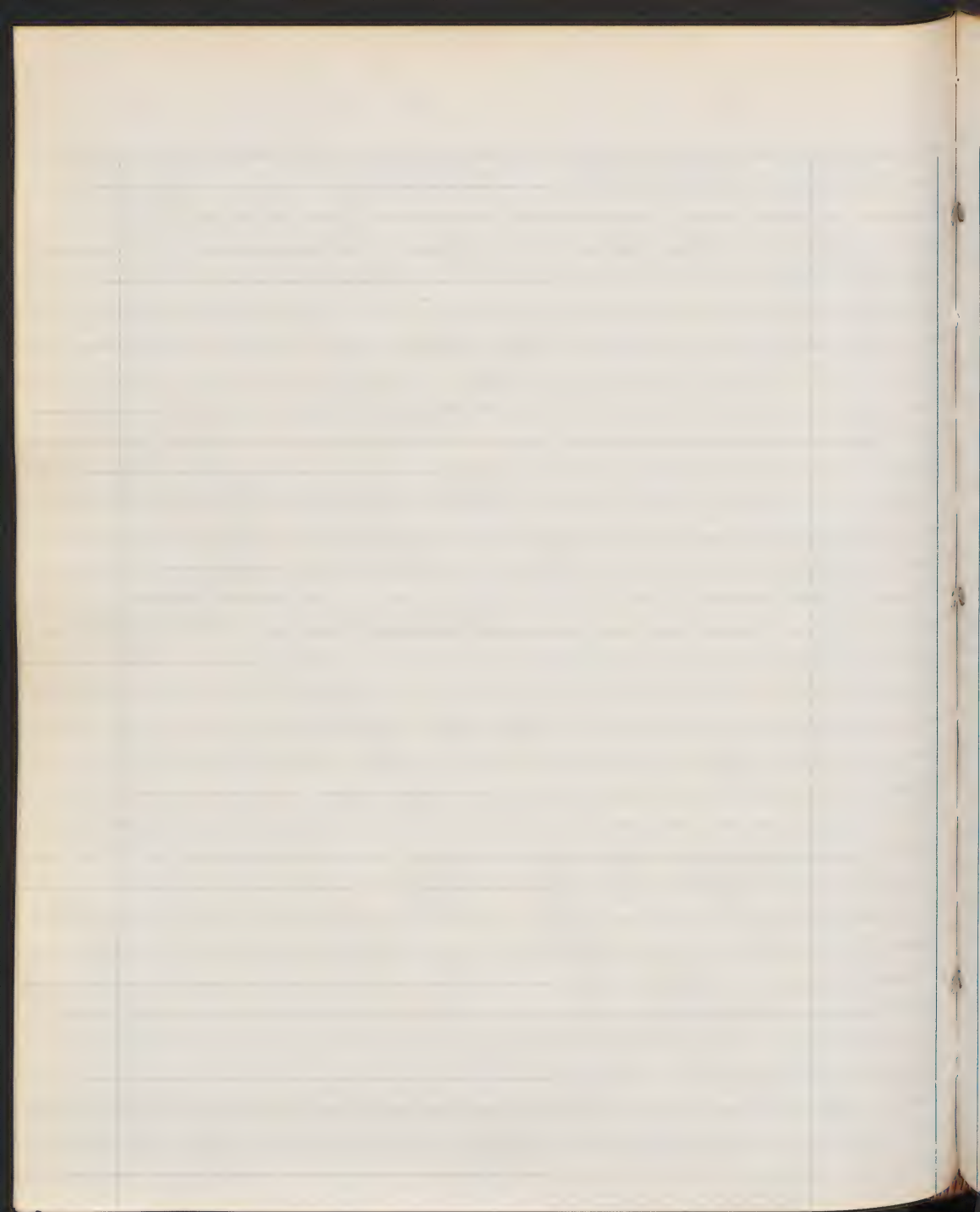
Clear and sunny. Thunder showers hovering about but all passing by. Evening clear and still.

Out in the forenoon paddled down river to Dakin's Hill in search of swallows. Saw only a very few, less than a dozen in all. A Warbling Vireo singing in an understory. Red-wings still ravaging the Lisania which they have nearly stripped of its "rice". Shot a young Cuckoo (Ceryle alcyon) but it was only broken-winged and escaped into a tangle of cornel bushes.

In the afternoon took a drive with Purdie, to Fairland, down by Halden, back by way of Sandy Pond. Very few birds singing except Towhees and Indigo Birds of which we heard three or four each. At Halden saw a Night-hawk scaling about over a low cliff or rocky terrain where it probably had young. In Sandy Pond woods heard two Hooded Thrushes calling in sharp, rattling tones whit whit whit-whit apparently answering one another.

While passing through these woods we also heard the note of a Purple Martin and looking up saw a flock of these birds passing southward at least 500 ft above the trees. They were flying in a compact flock like migrating Robins but not "bunched" like warblers. I counted them twice and made the number 21 each time.

Cicadas heard daily now.



1886

July 31

Cloudy with light rain in morning. P. M. clear and hot. Entire day pretty and still.

In the forenoon paddled up river to above the French farm. I went especially for Swallows and found a large flock of them chattering like bees over the branches of a cluster of willows over the water. Shot four in two shots, all Barn Swallows. The flock was almost entirely of this species with two White-bellies and five or six Bank Swallows. After being driven from the willows they all alighted on a steep gravelly slope where I shot a White-belly, a beautiful young bird, and later another Barn Swallow flying.

Saw a Tringa maculata and a Ring-neck Plover, both flying following the course of the river. A few Martins flying high in air circling about and warbling, Bobolinks chattering as usual. Song Sparrows, Barks, and a Yellow-winged Sparrow singing; also a Quail calling bob-white. Button bush in full bloom.

White water lilies still making a good show but on the decline.

In the afternoon met Bradford Torrey at the Station and drove him to Sudbury. He had never ~~heard~~ ^{seen} Heron's or Yellow-winged Sparrows & we went in search of them. Heard one of the former in the Pastry Brook meadows and two of the latter. Also heard two Cistothorus stellaris which was likewise a stranger to Torrey. Besides these birds heard only a Towhee or two, several Meadow Barks, and a Grass Finch. The singing of birds is about over for this year. The strident notes of grasshoppers are

just taking their places. In the big pines at
Sudbury, heard a large flock of Crossbills.

1886

Aug. 1

Clear and hot, clouding over about 5 P.M. Evening cloudy and threatening rain. Wind S.W. fresh.

At 8 A.M. started up river with Purdie picking up Mr. Hoar by the way. The chief object of the trip was to visit Thoreau's "*Kalmia glauca* swamp". It lies about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile to the west of Nine Acre Corner bridge and is very interesting botanically. There is a small, deep pool of cold water surrounded by a quaking bog of interlaced roots of *Cassandra*, *Kalmia glauca*, *Andromeda polyolia*, *Saxifraga latifolia* and various other interesting northern plants. The bog is in turn bordered on every side by a belt of black spruces of from 15 to 30 ft. in height. The whole affair, pool, bog and belt of spruces covers about the area of an ordinary house and is near the middle of a tangled swamp of ordinary Mass. trees & shrubs, birches, blueberry bushes etc. One might pass within twenty paces of the pond without discovering it. It is like a little bit of the Maine woods embedded in the Mass. ones. The spruces are rather stunted and shaggy like those in the Lytle bog at Umbagog.

Kalmia glauca
Swamp

It was of course too late to look for interesting birds and we saw nothing more remarkable than a Wilson's Thrush, Maryland Yellow-crowned and some Robins the first and last evidently attracted by the numerous ripe blueberries. Martins were circling overhead and four perched on a dead tree top two of them quite adult &c.

Returning to the river we kept on to Fairhaven where I sailed about the bay which Mr. Hoar & P. visited the shipping pier on Deer Cliff. There

was a Marsh Wren (*C. stellatus*) singing at the inlet.

Returning to the Cliffs we climbed them and descended into the woods at the eastern side in hopes of hearing the Hermit Thrushes (the wind was blowing so strong that we could hear nothing from the Cliffs). After walking nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile along a wood path we came out on a huckleberry barren with scattered clumps of scrub oaks and found three Thrushes in full song within an area of a few hundred yards. It was a glorious concert and we enjoyed long listening.

When we reached the river it was very dark with a fresh S.W. wind blowing before which we sailed most of the way to town reaching town at 10 P.M.

At the Cliffs landing two Tree Toads were in full song. I think we heard one of them giving his strings in tune on our last visit.

At sunset hundreds of swallows were passing, all flying up river and hence in a generally southern direction.

At the Cliffs landing we saw a Little Tern, doubtless the same bird observed there on nearly every previous visit.

Mountain holly (*Persea*) abundant in the bog about *Kalmia glauca* swamp.

No Warblers migrating this morning.

1886

Aug. 2

Clear and cool with strong N. W. wind.

In the forenoon drove further to Halden to the site of Thoreau's house. The woods were full of birds, Wood Pewees, Pine Warblers etc. in a large mixed flock. The chattering pipe of Crossbills also heard, apparently a good many of them, flying. I heard them everywhere now.

From Halden crossed through Lincoln to Lees Bridge and back to town by Nine Acre Corner bridge. At Lees Bridge heard a Marsh Wren (*C. flabellifera*) singing in the meadows. Also heard a Tanager and an Indigo both in full song.

Sate in the afternoon drove through Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and heard a Night Hawk there. ~~There were~~ migrating in some numbers in the evening.

Aug. 3

Clear and cold with violent N. W. wind.

Out for only an hour in the afternoon when I sailed down to Great Meadow. Swallows rather numerous along the river.

Aug. 4

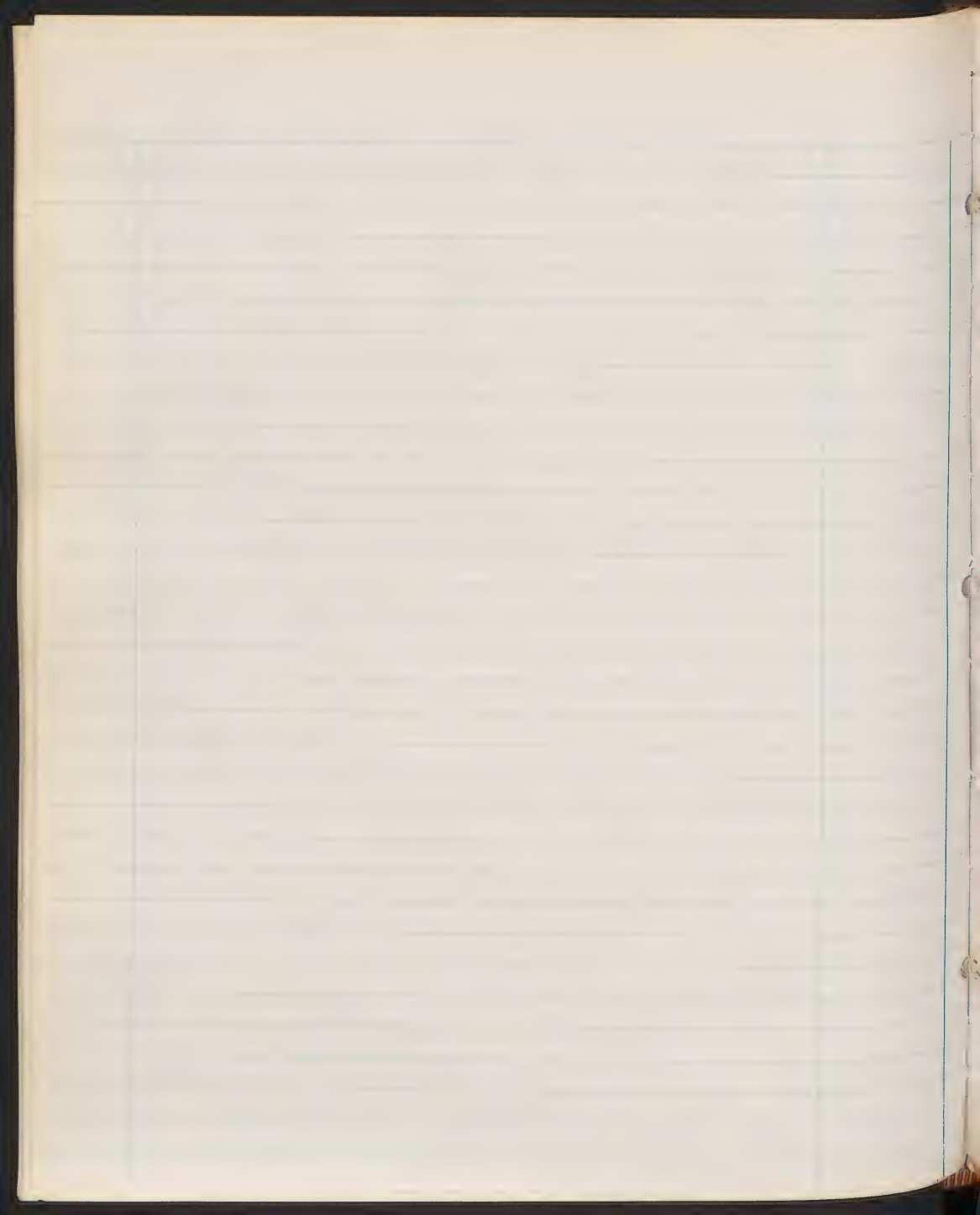
Clear and cool with strong N. W. wind.

Sailed up river as far as the French farm this forenoon meeting D. with Mr. Hoor and Mr. Moore by appointment at Mr. Ho's landing.

A good many Swallows along the river but only one Martin among them. The only birds heard singing were a Meadow Lark, a Yellow Warbler or two, and a Wood Pewee.

Shot a Yellow Warbler and a Water Thrush near my boat house. The Water Thrush was a young bird with rusty-tipped secondaries. Unfortunately I spoiled it.

Water Thrush



1886

Aug 5

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear and cool.

Spent two or three hours of the forenoon along the river bank behind the house and on Ripley's Hill. Water Thrush In the first named locality I found a Water Thrush, two Crowns (Miniotilta), and several Yellow Warblers, one of the latter singing rather freely and quite in its normal spring tones. Another Water Thrush started out from our corn field as I passed.

In Ripley's Hill the pitch pine grove was fairly alive with birds - a large mixed flock among which were a pair of young Red-bellied Nuthatches, a Canada Warbler, several Pine Warblers, Least Flycatchers and Wood Pewees, one Yellow-throated Vireo and a Blue Jay besides numerous Chipping Sparrows among the shrubby outside.

Ripley's Hill

Vireo gilvus
Canada Warbler

In the second-growth on the east side were several Warblers and Red-eyed Vireos, the former feeding on the berries of Cornus alternifolia. In this second-growth I also started a Woodcock probably the same deer by Puckin a week or two ago.

Vireo gilvus
feeding on
Cornel berries

The singing of birds has now almost wholly ceased. I have not heard a single Red-eye or Robin to-day and only one or two Song Sparrows. A Meadow Lark, however, is whistling on the meadow as I write (5.30 P.M.). It would be essentially correct, for this season at least, to say that the singing of birds was at its height through June, gradually declining through July, and ceased with August 1st.

Singing of
birds over

Warblers migrating in some numbers last night. I heard Migration

189-

Migration

them chirping at frequent intervals up to twelve o'clock. From the general appearance of things to-day it is evident that many of our resident local birds have left while the presence of the Canada Warbler and Water Thrushes shows that at least a few ^{new} northern birds have arrived. The truth undoubtedly is that many species (of Warblers at least) have been migrating steadily for the past week, but being mostly species which breed here the fact is not realized by one who depends on domestic observations. Thus such birds as Dendroica aestiva and Minioletta varia have been seen by me daily in not strikingly varying numbers the places of those which have been going probably filled by others from within north.

1886

Aug. 6

Clear, still and cool with a bracing quality in the air like September.

In the forenoon drove to Carlisle by way of Estabrook the Estabrook road returning past the Parker lot. woods. The woods were cool and attractive with few deer flies to trouble the horse although these insects literally swarmed on Aug. 2nd the date of my last drive. There were hardly any birds singing, two or three Red-eyes, a Field Sparrow, a Tanager and two Indigo Birds with a single Towhee being all that we heard. Jays in flocks and already at the autumnal antics, screaming, chattering, whining, and trooping from tree to tree. One party must have comprised at least twenty birds. In the midst of this clamorous company were two Red-shouldered Hawks screaming loudly and incessantly. I supposed at first that the Jays were making the sound until the Hawks flew. A high solitary bird was heard in full song in these woods.

Blue jays

Parus lincolni

In weed-grown fields and old orchards I saw several large mixed flocks of Robins, Bluebirds, and Sparrows (*S. socialis* chiefly) with a stray Kingbird or Phoebe usually adding to the variety.

Clethra in full bloom and very fragrant and pleasing; golden rod and asters just beginning.

Later in the afternoon I paddled down river to Hunt's Pond landing and walking well out into Great Meadows to watch the movements of birds at sunset, returning in the twilight.

On the way down I heard three Yellow Warblers

Saw them on the river.

1886
(Aug. 6)

and one Song Sparrow singing, positively nothing else. Nevertheless I saw more birds than I have ever seen before in one trip on this river. The air was literally filled with them - hundreds in sight at once, thousands seen in all. The great bulk were Red-wings and Bobolinks. Of the former not less than 500 rose in a high flock from the Towhee bed in acid-stream.

There were quite as many more Bobolinks in a high flock on the Great Meadows and small companies of both species were coming and going overhead. Altogether it was a most interesting and pleasing sight.

Besides these two species there were many Swallows and Swifts feeding about over the river or meadows. I also saw a Bittern come in from over the trees and alight in a bed of sedge. There were two Red-tailed Hawks soaring and circling over Caesar's woods.

The meadows are wonderfully beautified in the soft sunset light, the recent portions a rich golden or russet brown, those from which the grass has been removed of a light tender green. The air was very still, no sound but the chattering of the Blackbirds, the metallic chink of the Bobolinks and the soft twittering of Swallows. The frogs have ceased almost wholly within the past few nights.

Pickard weed still in bloom along the river, white water lilies declining fast. Eupatorium, clethra and button bush the prominent flowers along the banks.

1886

Aug. 8

A clear cool day with light S.W. breeze.

In the morning took a drive with C. to Weatherbee's Mills and back by way of the Parker lot.

Song Sparrows and Red eyes singing. Saw two Tanagers in oaks by the roadside both either ♀ or young.

In the P.M. went to Fairhaven by river with C. To Fairhaven
A clear, still afternoon, bird-life abundant along the banks of the great river. In the meadows above the French farm Bobolinks flying about in flocks, one flock scattered along the edge of the river in the tall reeds and button bushes the settling here bringing out the rich yellow of their breasts. A flock of Meadow Larks here also in a portion of the meadow where the grass has been just cut. One of the old males singing as vigorously as in June.

For nearly an hour, from just before sunset well into the twilight, Swallows poured up the valley of the river in astonishing numbers, most of them passing low over the water occasionally dipping down to drink. About 75 per. cent Barn Swallows, 25 per. cent White bellies, the remainder Bank Swallows. They were flying in a generally southern direction but I suspect were bound for some distant west and not migrating. The flight ceased entirely before dark. Heavy flight of Swallows.

Just below Nine-mile Corner bridge a pair of Hood Ducks started from the marsh, a little above three more rose from the river itself. Hood Ducks

We landed at Martha's point & spent an hour. As it began to get dark a Whippoorwill struck up in the oak woods below the cliffs and sang vigorously.

for half-an-hour or more. At sunset we heard
Larks, a Swamp Sparrow, and a few Song
Sparrows. After dark a Black-billed Cuckoo.

Sailed most of the way back to town. The
night was still and clear with a half moon
& light S.W. wind. Warblers were hisping overhead Warblers
almost incessantly; there must have been a migrating
heavy flight of them. Along the river we heard
one or two green frogs and a single bell frog.

The autumnal tree crickets were in full cry
along the slope of Fairhaven Hill; I have heard
only one or two in the town.

I forgot to mention that at noon I
took a walk on Ripleys Hill and flushed a
Woodcock on its east slope. Also saw a Red-bellied
Nuthatch in the pitch pines and several Least
Flycatchers and Phoebe.

1886

Aug. 9

Clear and warm with light S. W. wind.

In the forenoon down through the Virginia road and back by way of the Lexington road. Saw nothing of much interest.

At noon took hammer and went to Ripley's Hill in search of the Woodcock. After beating the cover on the east side in vain I stumbled on him by mere chance as I was returning through the pines but he got off without giving me a shot and I could not find him again. In the swamp back of the hill I shot an adult ♀ D. aestiva and in the pines a young D. pinus.

Late in P. M. sailed down to Hunt's Pond with C. just below the new North bridge a Bittern rose from the bank within ten yards of us. Below the Y-tree the broad stretch of river was swarming with Swallows, chiefly H. borealis. Many were going to roost in the bottom bushes & black willows, others winging their way to some distant point up stream. Overhead flocks of Bobolinks and Red-wings were scurrying in all directions. At the Lissie bed we started about 100 Red-wings. A little below a Cooper's Hawk came sailing past, alighting for a moment in a white maple, then gliding on. At the same time a Red-tail was sitting in an adjoining tree.

Just above Hunt's Pond a Wood Duck passed overhead fluting up stream. The sun had set and twilight was gathering fast. A Song Sparrow and Maryland Yellow-throat were the only birds that we heard singing & there were heard only

ness. As we were taking tea, floating idly in mid stream, a Mottled Owl began whining in the distance on the north shore. We heard another half a mile above this point on our way home.

I was convinced by watching the Red-wings as twilight gathered that a few of them were preparing to spend the night in the large *Zoexia* bed but as we passed it on the way back after dark I ran the boat into the reeds in two places and thrashed them with the oars without starting a single bird. Shortly afterwards I tried one of the thickets where the Swallows were seen settling, with better success, flushing two from the bottom bushes.

There were many green frogs tinging to-night and I heard one bull frog

-1886.

Aug. 10.

Clear and hot with strong S. W. wind.

In the forenoon drove to Pantry Brook meadow in Sudbury, intending to get a Marsh Wren or two if possible. Found two singing near the road but did not attempt to shoot them as several gangs of men were at work in the meadow mowing. They have already cut at least one third of the grass and the Marsh Wren's chances of raising young seem under indeed.

C. Stellans

Returning I crossed Dea's Bridge and beat the meadows on the east side of the river when I heard a Marsh Wren some time ago. He was not singing & I could not find him at first but after I had given up the search and returned to the buggy he began to sing vigorously. I went to the spot and discovered him in a thicket of low bushes almost under my feet. I had to flush him but I killed him with the little .32 cal. pistol as he was skimming off over the tall grass.

Returned to town by way of Walden Pond. During the entire drive heard only one bird singing, a Bluebird.

After dinner took Lanner and beat the cover on Ripley's Hill thoroughly but failed to start the Woodcock seen there yesterday. Shot into a flock of Blackbirds among the pines and killed three, two of them Cow Blackbirds, the third a young Red-wing.

Melospiza

Out on the river with C. in the evening riding down to Dablin's Hill and rowing back in the moonlight. Heard an Hpland Plover

1886
(Aug. 10) whistling in the distance an hour or more after
dark and equally late a Spotted Sandpiper
which I called down from the upper air. It
alighted near the boat its wings rustling audibly
as it passed us.

A few Warblers migrating and one Thrush, I
think T. fuscus. Autumnal (tree) crickets in
full cry everywhere for the first time. Green frogs
still rather noisy; no bull frogs at all this
evening.

1886

Aug 11

Clear and very hot & sultry despite a strong S.W. breeze.

Starting with C. at 9 A.M. drove through the Eastabrook road to Carlisle and home by way of "50 acre Meadows."

Red-eyes were singing rather freely in the woods and I heard no less than four Wood Pewees. Then with a single Field Sparrow and solitary Vireo made up the sum total of singers.

Near the southern edge of the woods a Red-tailed Hawk passed over us, sailing in circles at a great height.

We saw few birds along the roadside in the open country and almost none in the woods.

Clethra past its prime. Golden rods and asters becoming daily more prominent. White water lilies still numerous along the river and pickweed were not yet quite out of bloom.

Insect life now at its fullest. Cicadas flying by day and innumerable grasshoppers and crickets by night.

I saw a ♀ Red-eye feed her young in the nest which was at least 40 ft. above the ground at the extremity of an oak branch.



1886

Aug. 12

Clear and hot, Wind W, strong, Light Thunder Shower about 4 P.M.

After breakfast I had Martin row the Rushton boat to the river. Nine acre bridge where I met him, driving across by land, to Sherman's bridge. Thus saving myself about 4 miles row at the beginning of what promised to be a hard day. Taking the boat at this bridge I sailed to and across Fairhaven and nearly to Lee's bridge. The morning was delightful but I missed the bird boys sadly hearing nothing but a Cuckoo or two and one Field Sparrow, as I crossed Fairhaven. In the meadow at the inlet to the bay a Marsh Wren (*C. stellaris*) was singing and I at once landed there and soon flushed it. It took to the bottom bushes when I shot it but it probably fell wounded for I could not find it.

The Red-tail at Lee's Cliff was soaring high in air screaming incessantly as I passed. At the mouth of Panty Brook another behaved in a precisely similar manner but kept lower down frequently alighting & following me about. Both birds doubtless had young.

On Panty Brook meadow I heard my second Marsh Wren but I could not shoot there as the meadow was covered with men and horses, haying. So after poking the boat up the brook for a quarter of a mile I kept on up river. Just beyond the camp I heard a third *C. stellaris* and landing shot it. Then a shower came up and I barely got to Sherman's bridge in time to escape a wetting.

After the sun came out again I started back. A bird which I fired at a hollow ~~started~~ started up numerous Rails in the reeds along shore and for a moment there were dozens calling on every side.

Oreoscoptes

Marsh Wren

Rail

some showed themselves. In the very place where I shot the Marsh Wren on my way up another was now in full song. I landed ~~shot at~~ and probably missed him as ^{well as} ~~I did~~ two others which bobbed up into the tops of the grass & dropped again where I fired. A fourth I killed & found it to be a young bird in first pl.

Marsh Wren

Returning to the boat I heard a C. palustris piping on the opposite shore where I also noticed several false nests of this species. On shooting the bird I found it a nearly worthless specimen, moulting & ragged.

Opposite the mouth of Panty Brook I shot a third C. stellaris & a ♀ Woodcock in worn breeding plumage.

The sun was setting when I reached Seis Bridge. A Marsh Wren was singing in the meadow to the west but I did not try for him. I however shot a Cliff Swallow, which with several others and many Barn Swallows, was bathing in the river, bird after bird striking the smooth, rose tinted surface in quick succession making innumerable ring like fish rising:

From the bridge to Fairhaven I was interested in watching the great flight of swallows passing over up river. The scattering ones flew low down but the bulk passed in three great flocks or swarms high in air. Nearly all were Barn Swallows.

Evening flight
of swallows (to
west!)

As I crossed the bay in the twilight Hood Povers were singing in the woods, a Wilson's Thrush called a few times, and two Maryland Yellowthroats sang their flight song. Nothing else except Kingbirds twittering. A little later (7.15) a Whippoorwill ~~screeched~~ began and sang for a few minutes. After that as I rowed home I heard only a few green frogs & innumerable cicadas. No Warblers migrating to night.

Birds singing
at sunset.

1886

Aug. 14

Cloudy most of the day with occasional intervals of sunshine and a heavy thunder shower about noon. Hot and pretty. Ther. 85° at noon.

Spent the day on the river starting at 10 a.m. Down river and going as far as the great woods below Ball's Hill.

I sailed most of the way down stopping often and landing several times. Birds were numerous and several species singing rather steadily. I heard as many as three or four Song Sparrows & about the same number of Maryland Yellowthroats. Two or three and one Indigo.

Water Thrushes were abundant for the first time this summer. I saw and heard at least 12 and shot six.

Water Thrushes

Landed at Ball's Hill and took lunch under the oak on the river bank. A small flock of Chickadees with a few Warblers accompanying them came about me. I shot two D. pennsylvanicus and a hirs flavifrons. Some Hood Micees singing on the back side of the hill.

Each report of my pistol brought a perfect chorus of rail voices from the wild rice along the banks. The meadows having been cut the rails are now concentrated along the river.

From Ball's Hill I sailed down to the great woods where I got the Song-cared Oble in June. It is evidently one of the best collecting grounds near Concord for to say it was alive with birds. A mixed flock comprising at least 100 members included two H. chrysoparia (both shot), two D. Black - H. chrysoparia, a Litta canadensis, several D. pennsylvanicus

Large mixed flock

and a host of Chickadees and Red-eyes, besides a number of Warblers that I could not identify.

Most of these birds kept so high in the trees that I could not see them well and as men were haying in the meadow below I did not like to fire often.

Besides these small birds a noisy family of three or four young Cooper's Hawks added interest to the visit. They uttered a loud squeal repeated three or four times in succession in a cracked dry voice. They were quick of sight & hearing & fast shy enough to keep out of gun range. Hawks are actually numerous now. I see several daily.

Cooper's
Hawks.

The paddle up river in the late afternoon was very pleasant, the river perfectly calm, the sunset fine. A few Swallows skimming about - not over 25 or 30 in all; Bobolinks & Red-wings in large flocks; a Plover & a Green Heron flying over the meadows; three Night Hawks carousing about over the river; several Yellow-Throats (*Geothlypis*) singing (in air); King-birds uttering their shrill metallic cries; and Water Thrushes piping sharply in the willows & cornel thickets.

Birds at
sunset along
the river

Just below Ball's Mill I saw what I took to be a half-grown musk-rat crossing the river there about 100 yds. wide. I cut him off and as he passed within a yard of my boat I saw that he was a full grown Norway rat. He dove twice as swiftly as a musk-rat elevating the snuff in the same way but passing less than two yards under water each time.

Norway rat
swimming
& diving

1886

Aug. 15 (Sunday)

Clear and cool with high N. W. wind.

In the afternoon sailed up river to Fairhaven Bay paddling back; leaving the Mauds at 3 o'clock, fishing about the bay for an hour (5 to 6 o'clock), returning at sunset (6 to 7 o'clock).

To Fairhaven

On the way up saw but few birds and heard singing only two Maryland Yellow-Throats. At the bay heard two more Yellow-Throats, two Cuckoos (*Cerythrophthalmus*) and an Oriole, all singing.

Birds singing

A Black Duck, the first of the season, passed low over the bay quacking at intervals.

Black Duck

As I approached the landing at the base of Fairhaven Hill the Little Dove which I have seen and heard there so many times this summer flew from the pines and crossing the river alighted in an apple tree; a moment later it flew down to the river bank and began drinking immersing its bill nearly to the eyes like a turtledove. I paddled to within 20 yds. of it when it raised its head, bobbed it once or twice, then flew its wings whistling loudly. As it stood erect just before starting the setting sun touched its breast giving it a deep warm red.

Little Dove

A few rods below here two Wood Ducks settled among the lily pads. I paddled within 20 yds. of them before they saw me and flew one of them carrying off a good-sized object, apparently a piece of lily root, in its bill. One then uttered the usual Canvas-bill *pee-ee*.

Wood Ducks

There was then the usual tanning bird life along

the river for a half hour or more just before and after sunset; flocks of Redwings & Robins skimming about; swallows flying up river to roost (?) but in less number than during my last trip; and a pair of Red-tailed Hawks flying from tree to tree over the meadows and following the others closely, both very noisy screaming at frequent intervals in shrill tones.

While sailing about the bay I heard a chipmunk chuck-ing in the woods. I mention the fact because it is literally the first and only one that I have either seen or heard during the past two weeks. Yesterday I spent the afternoon in a piece of woods where they swarmed in June but I could not find a single one.

Pickweed weed still in conspicuous bloom. Cardinal flowers flaming in many places along the edge of the river. Yesterday I saw down river a tall plant with a large and very showy pink flower; both plant and flower looked very like the holyhock.

1886

Aug. 16

THE WEATHER. Sunday was one of those cool, calm, sunny days of which but few are vouchsafed during a New England summer. The temperature was very low for the season, - the thermometer marking 63° at sunrise - but bracing and tempting to outdoor exercise. Today, though less sunny, has been, in some degree, a continuation of yesterday. In the early hours the sun shone brightly, but at noon the skies were shadowed and there were indications of the rain predicted by the Weather Bureau. The thermometer at sunrise registered 58°, and the mercury rose but slowly, standing at 70° at noon; wind east.

The appended clipping from this evening's "Transcript" gives an accurate summary of the weather for the past 48 hours.

Made an early start this morning getting off in my canoe at 7 a. m. I had intended to paddle down to the big woods below Ball's Hill without stopping by the way but as usual I was tempted by the sight of birds that I wanted, along the banks, and nearly two hours were consumed in making the trip. I got only three shots on the way, however, killing two adults ♂ D. aestiva and missing a fine ad. Oriole. Heard three or four Water Thrushes a pair of Upland Plover circling high over the meadows; several Song Sparrows and Maryland Yellow throats, besides a Field Sparrow, singing; and saw a Bittern, three Red tailed Hawks, one Marsh Hawk and one Red-shouldered ~~Hawk~~.

At Ball's Hill saw two Turtle Doves flying together. At the Bend below there were about 20 Barn Swallows and four or five Bank Swallows alighting on the willows and skimming about over the river.

Still; but the sun came out and a brisk S. wind started just before I landed opposite the big woods.

On ascending the hill I found the great mixed flock within 100 yards of where I left it on the

June River

(Aug. 16) evening of the 14th. It comprised about as many numbers as on that date with probably some changes. Mixed flock in big woods. The first bird I shot from it was a Nashville Warbler, the next a beautiful young ♂ Golden wing. After this I spent at least an hour without firing again, but very profitably, watching the teeming bird life and keeping a keen lookout for rarities. I soon found that the bulk of the flock was composed of Chickadees & Red eyes. Besides these there were 5 or 6 Minioptila varia, as many were pennsylvanica, three D. virens, one ad. ♂ Setophaga, 3 or 4 Hel. ruficapilla, two Picus pubescens, a juv. ♀ Sitta carolinensis, two Sitta canadensis, two Vireo flavifrons, and several Wood Pewees. There was also certainly one ad. ♂ D. blackburnii for I heard him sing once distinctly. The Redstart also sang freely as well as two ad. ♂ Minioptila varia.

The young Cooper's Hawks were squeaking in the pines on top of the hill but I did not get a sight at them.

After bagging a dozen or more specimens I started for home. The wind had freshened and was blowing heavily, the sky had clouded over and everything betokened a storm (which broke about 8 P.M.). Not expecting to see anything worth firing at I removed the cartridge from my pistol and afterwards forgot that I had done so, a fatal error, for while passing through the narrow reach just above "Hunt's Pond" I came suddenly on a Prothonotary Warbler. It flew from the overhanging bush under the bank and alighted on a dead twig over the water within 6 yards of me. I slowly drew the boat back to about 15 yds. took careful aim and fired trigger; snap! a sickening feeling at the heart—a hurried inspection of a cartridge—too late for the bird which had disappeared down river where I hunted for her two hours in vain. Prothonotary Warbler.

1886

Aug. 17

A cool day with alternating showers and sunshine. After breakfast started down river to look for the Prothonotary Warbler seen yesterday. There was a strong N. E. wind coming in violent gusts, ruffling the water, and tossing the branches about. On this account few birds were to be better seen or heard and the chance of success in any particular quest seemed slender indeed.

Search for
the Prothonotary
Warbler.

Nonetheless I kept on nearly to Ball's Hill, entering every thicket and landing at the more likely places. In the way down I shot a Yellow Warbler and saw almost nothing else except a few sparrows.

At 12.30 I started back under sail having given up all hope. But on reaching the spot where I saw my Warbler yesterday I noticed a *Mniotilta* in the swamp oak on the bank. While watching a curious-looking bird appeared in the branches above me. I shot it and found it to be a *D. striata* in most interesting condition, an adult in the midst of the change from nuptial to autumnal plumage.

Setting the sail again I had reached and was passing the ivy-covered rock opposite the lower end of the great *Loxania* bed when in the trees over this rock I heard several birds chirping and at the same moment caught a glimpse of a Warbler which I felt sure instantly, was my lost Prothonotary. I tore down the sail, paddled in under the drooping maple branches and waited a moment in breathless suspense. The next a Warbler dashed upward after a flying insect & instantly dropped again into the

tangled vines beneath. Again I felt sure it was my
friend Prothonotary. I then clumped once or twice
and waited. Presently there was a flash of wings
and a small bird rose into the maple directly in
front of me. He leaves concealed it for a moment
then it hopped out into full view and the long-
sought prize was before me. I shot and it dashed
off like an arrow then turned and alighted again
till within good range when a second shot killed
it instantly. When I reached the spot where it
fell I found it lying on a rock among the ivy
leaves which formed a fitting setting for the
beautiful golden breast turned upward. It
proved, as I had supposed, a ♀ in full autumnal
plumage. With it, or at least in the same
shot, were two Creepers (Vireos) and
a Maryland Yellow-throat. It was about 20 ft
above the ground when I fired the first
shot.

I saw perhaps 20 Barn Swallows and
a few Kingbirds. At the Loxian bird there
were not over 50 Red-wings. The Water
Thrushes were nearly all gone to-day. In
fact I saw only one and in my search
I unpacked all the thickets thoroughly.

The migrations are now flowing steadily
and strongly. As I write (10 P.M.) I hear the
singing of passing Warblers and very now & then
the trilling call of a Picknell's Thrush (heard
to night for the first time this summer).

Capture of
the second
Mass. Prothono-
tary Warbler

Migration.

1886

Aug. 13

Clear & cool; wind N. E. Ther. 58° at sunrise, 67° at noon.

Spent the morning in the Estabrook woods going over all the ground east of the road.

Estabrook
woods

Found three mixed flocks; the first of about 20 birds mostly Chickadees and Red eyes with one Parula and several Chestnut-sided Warblers; the second of about the same size and composition with, in addition, two Phoebe's & one Least Flycatcher; the third, perhaps the very largest mixed flock that I ever saw in Mass., contained fully 200 birds, of which the greater number were Red-eyes, Chickadees, & Chestnut-sided Warblers, with at least a dozen Nashville Warblers, a few D. virens, a family party of Orioles, a Solitary Vireo and a few Maryland Yellow throats.

This flock kept well together in its movements through the woods despite the fact that I shot a number of birds from it. It was most interesting, watching the movements of its members. The trees were perfectly alive with them, nothing among the leaves, shaking the foliage so perceptibly and generally that it looked as if agitated by a breeze, chasing one another about, darting out after insects, a merry company indeed. Yet with all the bustle and stir there was very little noise, the frequent chirping of little birds busy among the insects (the trees in this particular spot were swarming with Aphididae), the occasional low hiss of a Warbler, the peevish chatter of a Vireo, or the sharp challenge of a Chickadee being the only sounds. Indeed a careless observer might have passed within 50 yds without discovering them.

While following this flock I both heard & saw a

Many Woodpeckers flying overhead. There were also two Downy Woodpeckers, two Tanagers and several M. virens. In the first flock, also, were three Oven birds.

I flushed two broods of Grouse, one containing about 24, the other at least twelve birds, all about $\frac{2}{3}$ grown and already as wild as Mass. Grouse usually are in December.

Shot a ♂ Tanager mouthing & about midway between the scarlet nuptial and green autumnal plumages.

Saw two Black-billed Cuckoos & shot one an adult ♀ in very good nuptial plumage.

Heard a Myiarchus not far from the wood lot where I found one in June.

Robins in large flocks feeding on blueberries.

The birds already beginning to turn & to shed a few yellow leaves.

1886

Aug. 19

Clear, slightly warmer than yesterday (72° at noon).
Spent the forenoon in the covers east of town - what H. and I used to call Hall's.

Hall's.

In the birches north of the turnpike I found a mixed flock consisting of about 10 Chickadees, 3 D. pennsylvanica, 4 H. ruficapilla and a Red-eye or two. I shot several D. pennsylvanica and three H. ruficapilla, one in first plumage with a few patches of fall plumage, one mid-way through the moult, & one in full autumnal dress. I also shot at and missed, or perhaps wounded slightly, a Scarlet Tanager which was apparently in clear red and black plumage. red plumage in red looked very dark and the bird was evidently one of the finest, deepest-colored males. It was a bitter disappointment losing him. He appeared to be in perfect feather, the wings tail etc showing no signs of raggedness or missing feathers.

In the square wood lot of mixed pines, hump oaks etc. was another flock comprising 8 or 10 Chickadees, 1 Nashville, several Red-eyes, an adult ♂ Red-start, a Creeper or two, an Indigo Bird in brown plumage, several Chestnut-sided Warblers, and two or three Creepers (Missillota). I shot only one bird from this flock, a D. pennsylvanica.

With the exception of these flocks I saw only a few scattered G. trichas, H. carolinensis, H. rufes, and a single solitary Oven-bird. In many places the trees and shrublets seemed absolutely devoid of bird-life & silent & deserted.

The birches were literally swarming with green aphidæ, many of them winged. They collected

in under sides of the leaves and as I brushed through the branches dropped one over by the hundreds crawling up my arms & back to my neck where the irritation produced by their presence was exceedingly annoying.

Saw two large black snakes both of which fled at my approach with their usual swiftness.

Only one chipmunk to-day and none yesterday. Where can they be?

No birds singing to-day or at least none in full song. A Field Sparrow trilled in dry feeble tones and a Red-eye trilled faintly, nothing more.

1886

Aug. 20

Clear and cool with light S. E. breeze, the air bracing, almost chilly, like late September.

Down river with D. C. F.

Spent the day down river with D. C. French, talking my pistol but making no effort to get birds and getting none.

We paddled down proceeding leisurely but not landing until we reached our destination, the meadows opposite the old woods below Bull's Hill.

Leaving the boat here we crossed the meadows and ascended the hill where choosing a quiet nook under an old pine we spent several hours talking and watching the birds and beasts.

The large mixed flock, rambling through the tree tops, passed over us twice. Its numbers were reduced nearly one half. It had not changed much in other respects and I recognized most of the species seen in it before besides a Black-billed Cuckoo, a Tanager, and a Hummingbird. It included to-day two Gitta canadensis.

Started on the return late in the afternoon landing once or twice in Great Meadows. At the long straight reach I flushed the Woodcock seen there on the 16th. He crossed the river twice and I put him up three times in all firing one shot at him with my pistol.

The sunset was clear and peaceful, the air still and filled with a soft haze. Birds flying about in all directions; swarms of swifts, more Swallows than I have seen for sometime, several Red-tailed Hawks, a Great Blue Heron and many small flocks of Black-birds (Agelaius). The only

bird sounds were the chirring of Bobolinks (now in small numbers compared with a week ago) the chattering of the Blackbirds, and the occasional low twittering of the Swallows. Not a single bird was heard singing, except a Goldfinch, during our passage through the meadows. In the woods, through the middle of the day, an occasional Red-eye sang rather listlessly and a Redstart, Pine Warbler, and Creeper (Striolitta) were heard once or twice each in the great mixed flock. Practically the singing of birds may be said to be now quite over for this season.

The rose mallow, cupatorium, & iron weed are the most conspicuous flowers along the river now.

The cardinal flower is also to be seen in places glowing among the green cornels or button bushes on the banks but it is not common or found in many places. The button bush is quite out of bloom.

Where the meadows have been mown the grass has already sprung up to a height of six or eight inches and is of the same tender green as in spring. The uncut tracts are various shades of brown, usually a rich russet-brown.

1886

Aug 21

Clear and still; therm. 55° at sunrise, 69° at noon.

Estabrook
woods

Spent the forenoon in the Estabrook woods going over nearly the same ground as during my last visit. Although the day was simply perfect I saw very few birds, - scattering Cat-birds, Towhees, Thrashers, and Sparrows and two small mixed flocks, the first containing about 5 Chickadees, 4 Chestnut-sided Warblers, two Black-throated Green Warblers, a Red-bellied Nuthatch, a King or two, and an Oven-bird.

The other flock included several Chickadees, about 8 Chestnut-sided Warblers, one or two Nashville's, an adult ♂ Redstart, two Creepers (*Miniotilta*) and several Red-eyes.

Jays were numerous and noisy. I also saw three Chipmunks and heard the first fall Hyla.

Late in the afternoon went down river by boat with Purdie (who came up to spend Sunday). Saw about thirty muskrats (the majority *H. house*), of them *I. bicolor* and five *Citellus riparius* and a number of beaver skimming about over the ice.

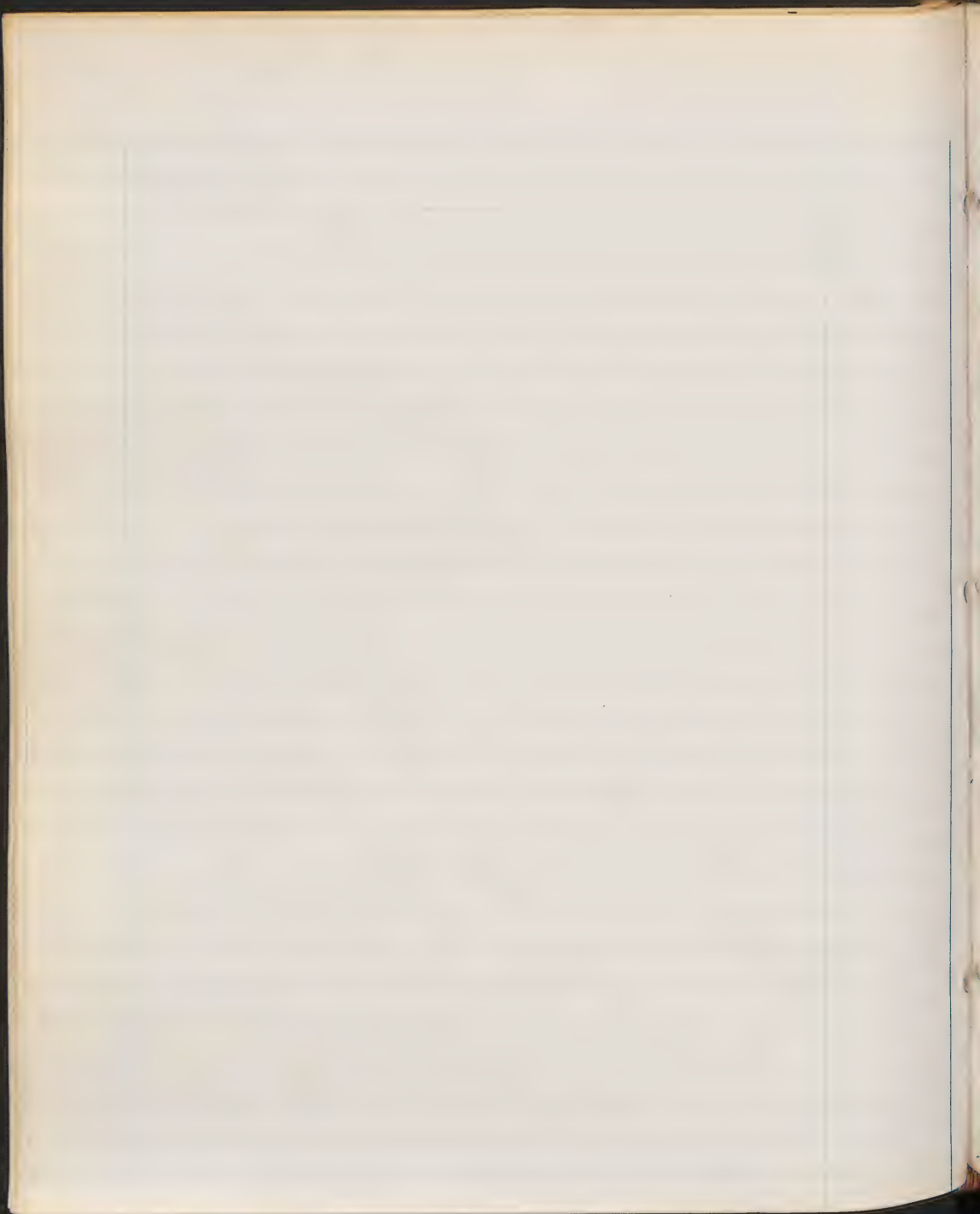
Down river

Passing the Lorraine bed on the way down we started about 100 *Agelaius*, but one returned two Wood Ducks shot past and dropped into the "rice" making a loud plash as they struck the water.

There were several Red-tailed Hawks sailing about, all apparently young birds.

I shot a fine ad ♂ Oriole in full autumnal plumage.

The Woodcock were not so numerous as could be found although I went for them carefully with a gun.



1886

Aug. 22

Clear with strong N.E. wind. Morning and evening cold, almost frosty.

Started down river with Purdie at 11 a.m. overtaking Lombard, Hightman & Mackintosh who were together in another canoe and keeping on with them. Down river to Great woods.

Reaching the meadow landing below Ball's Hill at about 1 P.M. we went ashore and crossed to the hill ascending which and passing through the old woods we came out into the circular clearing beyond where we lunched and spent several hours.

On first entering this clearing we saw two of the young Hawks which I have been calling, Cooper's Hawks, but which to my surprise prove now to be Two Hawks. There was no mistaking the species once I saw them fairly in the open for the ♀ (they were evidently ♂ & ♀) was fully double the size of the largest ♀ Cooper's. They were circling about, playfully chasing one another, occasionally rising in narrow circles, squeaking as usual.

The woods seemed to be almost utterly deserted to-day; we saw in them only a Wood Pewee, a Chickadee, and a Minuteman. Can the great winged flock have left?

Returned up river early in the afternoon, seeing on the way two Ardea herodias flying in company, a Bittern flying down stream, a Least Flycatcher in the alders near the "y tree" and two small flocks of Barn Swallows.

As we got back to the house before sunset we decided to go on up into the Assabet. That river as usual was wonderfully beautiful but silent.

regined in the woods along its banks. Upon landing opposite Bird's-nest Island, however, we startled a little family of Cross Blackbirds from the bushes in the swamp where they had evidently gone to roost for the night.

Returning to the boat we had just started down stream when a bird darted out from the bank and flew swiftly across the river passing within 15 yds. of us. In my utter amazement I recognized it at once as a third Prothonotary Warbler, seeing the golden head (it was evidently a ♂) and breast, white abdomen, and blue rump & wings too distinctly to be mistaken. It plunged into a thicket on the east bank when I followed it. I am not certain that I saw it again but am almost sure I did once and perfectly sure that I heard its characteristic series of sharp chirps twice. P. also thought he saw it fly back across the river while I was on shore.

No birds singing at present. A large number of Warblers migrating from 8 to 11 P.M.

At about 11 P.M. we heard two Great Owls whining in the trees over the Avenue to the North Bridge. Later they came into the Mause orchard, where they called to one another for several minutes making a sound new to me, a short rolling or something like that of a tree trunk.

Prothonotary
Warbler

1886

Aug. 23

Clear and warm; a glorious day with light W. wind.

Started early (8 o'clock) this morning with the determination to find and kill the Prothonotary Warbler seen last evening on the Assabet.

Assabet River

Upon entering the mouth of that river I found it at its loveliest, the calm reaches reflecting the trees that shaded them and the sunshine lighting up the many quiet little nooks along the banks and bathing the black willows and button bushes along the western shore in a flood of light.

There were a few birds chirping and flitting about in the trees over the water, mostly Red-eyes and Wood Peckers, but I saw nothing of any interest for some time. Upon reaching the place where the Prothonotary was observed last evening I paddled slowly and cautiously up one side and down the other, inspecting every tree and thicket and stopping often to watch and listen.

I had completed this circuit and was about to make it again when I heard a small mixed flock coming through the tree tops to the bank on the west shore. Feeling sure that they would cross the river I posted myself in their path and waited. Several Chickadees appeared first, then two Yellow Warblers and some Red-eyes. They crossed the stream and I had begun to fear that all had gone when I saw the foliage shake in a small, dense *Lonicera bicolor*. A bird was evidently moving then working slowly upward but for a long time he would not show himself. I waited patiently with my pistol cocked and leveled.

My friend
Prothonotary
Warbler

at length the leaves moved at the very top of
the tree and ~~out~~ a golden head and breast
glimmered for an instant in the sunlight. The
next the pistol cracked and down came my
prize fluttering noisily through the tangled branches
and grass vines that ~~over~~ interlaced them. When
I reached the spot I found him lying breast
up, perfectly dead, covered with blood and with
a patch of feathers gone from his throat. Careful
cleaning and a hitch at the bare place turned
him into a very good specimen however.

After thus accomplishing the object of my
trip I shot three more birds (two Yellow Warblers &
a Nashville) and returned about noon.

In the afternoon I spent an hour on
Ripley's Hill where I found a small mixed
flock on the eastern slope and killed a fine
adult ♂ Creeper (*Miniotilta*), an ad. ♀ *D. coronata* &
two *D. pennsylvanica*.

There are few birds about the Marsh now all,
or nearly all, the local summer residents having
left while the locality does not seem to attract
migrants. To-day, however, I saw a *D. virens* in
the ash trees over the avenue. Early this morning
a *hio flavifrons* was singing somewhere near the
house. Orioles I neither see nor hear now except
in the woods and occasionally along the river.

The Chimney swifts carrying over the house at
sunset are about all that remain of ~~the~~ spring
and early summer bird neighbors. Our Cat birds
left more than a week ago.

A brilliant aurora this evening. No Warblers seen today.

1886

Aug. 24

Clear and warm (ther. 82° at noon) with strong S. W. wind.

Spent the day down river starting at 10 a.m.

Sailed all the way from the house to the meadow landing below Ball's Hill stopping only once - to shoot an adult ♂ Agelaius just below Flint's Bridge. This bird proved worthless as a specimen its throat being entirely bare.

Three Red-tail Hawks were sailing in company over Ball's Hill breasting the strong wind. At the same moment three Great Blue Herons were also in sight on the opposite side of the river flapping lazily over the meadow.

Upon reaching the great woods I found the mixed flock in the scrub on the gentle slope. Its numbers were reduced fully 75 per cent. In fact besides Chickadees and Red-eyes it contained only two Dendroica pinus, two D. pensylvanica, one Hel. inficapilla, two Sitta canadensis, one Vireo flavifrons, and two Picus pubescens. There was also a Parus in green plumage.

At least one of the Gos. hawk family was at home. I heard him squeaking when I first entered the woods and while I was eating lunch he came up behind me and alighted in a pine not 40 yds. away. Before too I could get a sight at him he flew giving me a very good cross shot but I missed him (I used my 12 p. gun to day).

The return trip up river late in the afternoon was, as usual, very interesting and delightful. I saw about 50 Probolis, nearly a

many Swallows (Barn & Bank), two Night Hawks, and two Great Blue Herons. There were also a few Kingbirds migrating, flying high in parties of four or five.

At Ball's Hill a flock of thirteen birds, which I at first thought be Passenger Pigeons, but finally decided with some doubt to call Carolina Doves, passed overhead at a height of about 300 ft. steering northward.

The thickets and trees along the river were nearly deserted to-day but I saw two Water Herons, two Indigo Birds and a few Sparrows besides two Creepers, Minioptila, and a Phoebe.

Upon reaching the great Tizania bed I found an enormous flock of Blackbirds going to roost there. They congregated in masses in the clusters of pickered weed and made a great noise chattering and gabbling. I was surprised to find that the majority were Cow-birds. I shot two to make sure of this.

While here a pair of Upland Plover passed high overhead whistling at frequent intervals. I reached home about 7.30.

It is evident that the number of Warblers and other migrants in the woods has decreased at least two-thirds within the past week. The large mixed flocks have broken up and there are few single birds. Probably the first great flight has passed. I have heard few birds migrating there last four or five nights although the weather has been fine.

The Rails have all left the Tizania bed near Ball's Hill.

Migration

1886

Aug. 28

Clear and pretty, with no wind. Ther. 67° at noon,
81° at noon.

After spending two days at Cambridge I returned to Concord last night and this morning resumed my field work by spending the forenoon on and behind Ripley's Hill.

Ripley's Hill
and Swamp

Ascending the hill I found a large flock of Bluebirds and Sparrows (among them many Grass Finches) in the apple orchard and with them a single Grosbeak. The flock also extended into the pitch pines where its make-up was somewhat changed by the presence of several Pine Warblers, Phoebe, Wood Pewee, Chickadee and six Flickers the latter amusing themselves by chasing, and being chased by, a young Accipiter fasciatus which they seemed to regard as an agreeable play fellow & who certainly showed no disposition to abuse this strange confidence. This Hawk was very tame flying directly to me and alighting in a low pine directly over my head; I did not try to shoot him.

On the eastern slope of the hill I found only a few Robins and one D. pennsylvanicus. Hearing birds chirping in the swamp below I entered and fully explored it for the first time. It closely resembles the famous Maple Swamp of Cambridge, ^{having} a similarly dense growth of red maples and gray birches with occasional glade-like openings fringed with alders, aspen, Spruce Bush etc. The ground beneath the trees is generally free from weeds or low undergrowth but in

many places there are thickets of large blueberry bushes, alders, Andromeda etc. The soil is damp and thrown with freshly-fallen golden birch leaves beneath which is the usually old leaf-mould wet and sodden. The entire place is densely shaded, damp, and secluded.

I am sorry that I have neglected this swamp hitherto for to-day it proved to be filled with birds not collected into the usual mixed flock but scattered throughout the entire grove, rarely more than two being found together.

I shot only a Golden-winged Warbler and a Water Thrush and a young D. striata but I saw a Canada Flycatcher, a Yellow Warbler, a Nashville, what I am very sure was a Howling Warbler, a Red Start, an Oriole, two Wilson's Thrushes, and the usual number of Song Sparrows, Catbirds & other common species.

At several of them I had good shots but it was one of my "off-days" and I missed so many shots that I finally became disgusted and went home.

The only birds heard singing were two G. trichas both of which sang on wing.

While in this swamp I had a most amusing experience. I was "screeping" in the hope of calling a Canada Flycatcher when I heard some animal galloping through the brush directly towards me and the next moment a fox appeared within six yards of me, ~~and~~ after stopping abruptly, gazed a moment in perfect bewilderment & then disappeared. He was of full size but looked lean & mean.

Calling
fox.

1886

Aug. 29

Cloudless but with a dense haze. Morning warm, afternoon cooler with E. wind.

Late in the afternoon paddled up the Assabet as far as Bird's-nest Id. The sun for an hour before it set looked like a great red ball suspended in the western sky and its rays failed to pierce the dense haze sufficiently to cast a shadow.

Evening on
the Assabet

The Assabet was quiet and beautiful as it always is at sunset, or indeed at any hour. There were a good many birds, two Kingfishers winding their tails, a pair of Night Herons perched on willows over the water, troops of Sparrows in the alders descending the banks to drink or bathe and hurrying back at the least alarm, Water Thrushes chirping in the button bushes, and several small flocks of Warblers among the tree tops. There was also a noisy brood of young Goldfinches just out of the nest and clamoring for food. Gray Squirrels and musk rats were out in force, the former bounding heavily in the foliage of the oaks and biting off catkins acorns or twigs which rustled down incessantly.

With the twilight Warblers began to chirp and Thrushes (probably *T. fuscescens*) to call in all directions. At first they seemed to be stationary and in the tops of the taller trees where I would hear the same bird chirp or call many times in the same place. But when it became fairly dark they were evidently on wing and pouring southward in a steady stream. On the way home and afterwards as I sat in my room with the windows open I heard them incessantly up to eleven o'clock

when I went to bed.

This flight, which largely exceeded any previous flight noted this year, surprises me from the fact that it apparently started when the conditions for a nocturnal migration were highly unfavorable, the night being very dark and the haze so dense that the stars, as well as all distant objects on the earth, were wholly obscured. Probably, however, the haze lay very near the ground or was of local distribution only.

Another feature of equally unusual occurrence as far as my experience goes was that these birds started in large numbers as soon as it became fairly dark. Usually they do not begin to fly before from one to two hours after dark sets in.

1886

Aug. 30

Cloudy and cool with occasional light showers;
wind N. E.

Starting immediately after breakfast I climbed Ripley's Hill and descended to the swamp at its eastern base. On the hill itself I could not find a bird of any kind—the first time that this has happened. In the swamp I heard birds chirping and quickly called out a small mixed flock consisting of 8 Chickadees, 3 Yellow Warblers, 2 Redstarts (both young) and a Wilson's Black-cap. I shot the latter and two of the Yellow Warblers.

Ripley's Hill
and Swamp

Besides this flock there were a few single birds scattered through the swamp, among them a Water Thrush, Black-poll, Parula, and several Wilson's Thrushes, Brown Thrushes, and Catbirds.

After ransacking the place pretty thoroughly and firing a number of shots I was on my way out when entering a small opening I saw something move under a blueberry bush within five yards of me. Looking closely I made out the form of a large Fox who was standing perfectly still, tail towards me, looking back at me over his shoulder. He seemed to be ^{quite} pale and faded in color and thinly furred and was doubtless the same animal seen there on the 28th. After watching him a moment I fired a pinch of dust shot at his rump from my 22 cal. auxiliary; this experiment proved a decided success for I merely wanted to see him run and he can.

A cunning
Fox

Not fifty yards further on I flushed a brood of about eight Hens, all fine large birds.

Having two hours left before dinner time I explored the country to the eastward, skirting a swamp where grew a number of fine cactuses; crossing "Dugan's desert", a perfect desert as far as birds were concerned; finding the blooming star in bloom on the Howell R. R. embankment; and finishing by a tramp across Great Meadow to the river bank where I saw a Lora and a Water Thrush. Except in Ripley's swamp the country seemed to be nearly devoid of birds. This is curious considering their abundance yesterday and the exceptionally heavy flight noted last night.

Within the past week the briches have become thoroughly tinged with yellow and some trees are wholly turned; the ground beneath them is everywhere ^{fallen} sprinkled with golden leaves. A few red maples are also turning.

1886

Aug. 31 Cloudy, lowering morning, heavy thunder shower to be feared at noon, afternoon dull with steady, light rain. A muggy day, close and uncomfortable. woods.

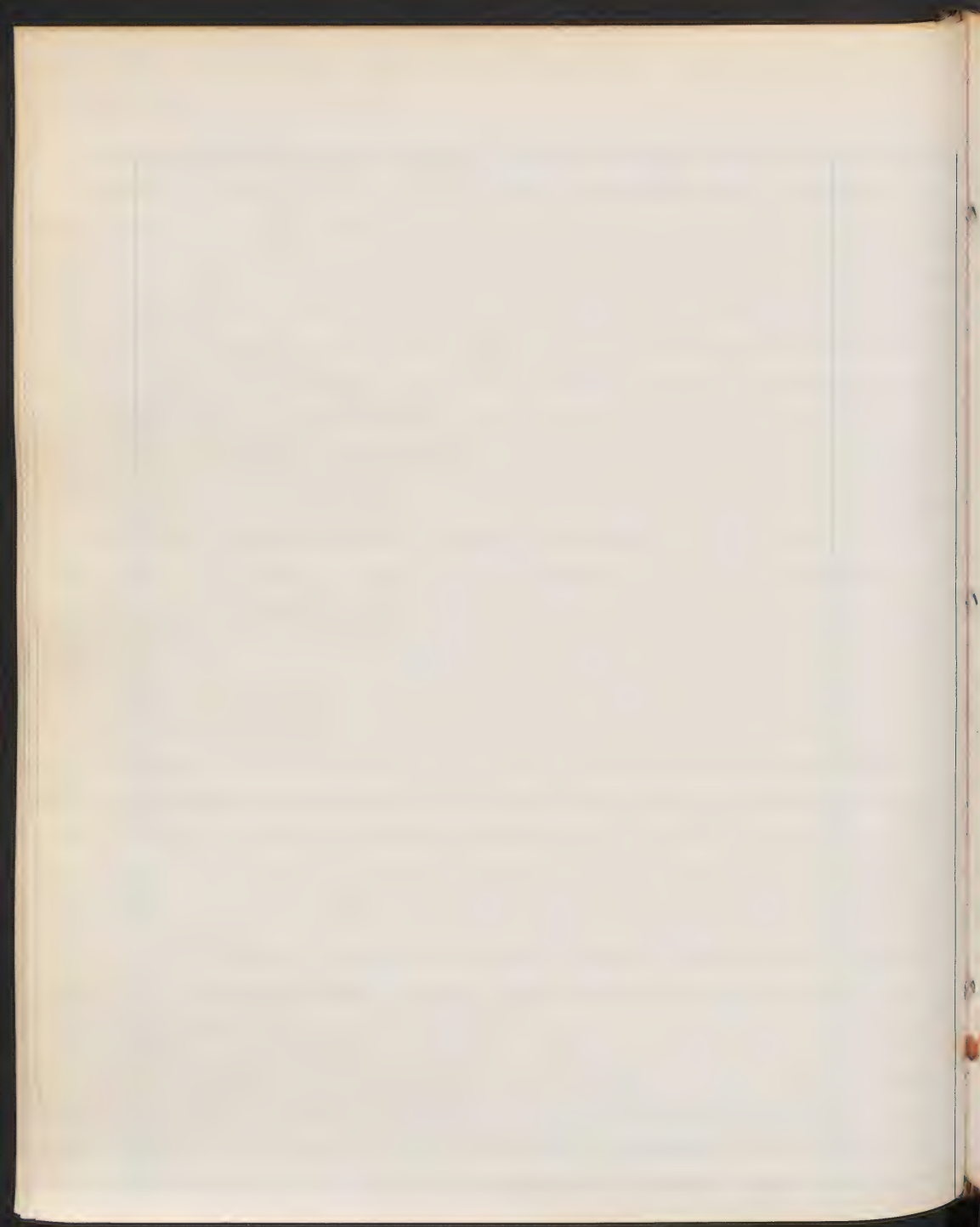
Drove to the ice-pond in A. M. and spent two or three hours in the woods on the east side having the team return for me at noon.

In the pines by the ice-house were a few Hood Pewees, Black-throated Green Warblers, and one *Minioptila* (an adult male) forming a mixed flock of small birds. I found a much larger flock in the woods to the east of the pond, really a large flock for this season comprising ~~thirty~~ about fifty birds among which I identified the following: 8 Chickadees, 2 *Sitta canadensis*, 2 *Picus pubescens*, 2 *D. virens*, 1 *D. pennsylvanicus*, 6 *H. ruficapilla*, 1 *Parula*, 1 *Minioptila*, 2 *Setophaga* (young) and one *Vireo olivaceus*. These birds were in low bushes, feeding on *Aphididae*, where I first struck them but they soon took to the tall pines working rapidly through the woods & keeping so high up that it was difficult to identify them. I had rather bad luck shooting and got only five birds from this flock.

After leaving them I tramped about for some time without seeing anything besides a few Jays and Robins. But finally from a low-lying birch copse apparently deserted of birds I "perched" out a *Connecticut Warbler* and shot it at close range. An unfrozen clitoris, early date for *Engel*.

This ended the day for the shower came up and I got thoroughly wet before the buggy came.

✓
J. J. W. no. 11789,
coll. N. B.



1886
Sept. 1

Clear and cool with high N.W. wind.

To Ripley's Hill and swamp at 9. A. M.
Nothing on the hill but a family of Chickadees.
The swamp, also, was apparently nearly barren
of birds but this may have been owing to
the high wind which tossed the branches about
and made such a noise in the leaves that
it was difficult to see or hear anything.
I however, found a little party of three
Water Thrushes, and also saw a Wilson's
Thrush and a Brown Thrasher.

Disgusted at this sorry showing I returned
over the hill finding two Phoebe's and a
small Warbler, which I took to be a Bushy Warbler,
in the pitch pines.

Taking my chance I next paddled up
the Assabet to Bird's-nest Isd. opposite which
I landed and proceeded to explore the bird
swamp. The wind was less boisterous than
but still it made collecting difficult. I
found a single Redstart & a small mixed flock
consisting of 2 Titmice, 1 ad. ♂ Redstart, 3
Red-eyes, and two ^{and one bird} Black-poll Warblers; I
also saw 5 or 6 Water Thrushes, three of them
together on the ground.

Along the river started two Kingfishers
and saw a single Barn Swallow sailing
about in the wind.

Grasshopper heads in bloom along the
banks; also what I take to be fruited
geranium in bud, not yet open; pale blue.

1886

Sept. 2

Clear and cool, wind E. to S.W. Ther. 52° at sunrise, 64° at noon. Frosts last night in N. N. E.

To Estabrook woods at 9 A.M. spending the entire morning, returning at 1 P.M.

Went over my usual ground but began at the upper end and finished at the lower, coming out at the Pine Knot.

Met two large mixed flocks, the first in oak woods containing about 50 birds, among them about 8 Chickadees, 2 D. pennsylvanica, 2 D. virens, 6 D. striata, 1 D. canuliscus, 1 Catophaga, 2 Nashville Warblers and a Tanager (ad ♂ changing plumage).

The other flock was in the large white pine woods and contained about 10 Robins, 10 Chickadees, 6 Nashville Warbler, 4 Yellow-rumped Warblers, two D. virens, 1 Sitta canadensis and a few Red-eyes. There were also birds scattered about everywhere, singly and in little parties of two to five or six. Evidently a heavy flight of migrants came in from the north last night. The increase in Black-polls was especially marked; they were really numerous to-day for the first time.

I had particularly good luck missing few shots and bagging twelve birds, all fine specimens. The prize of the day was the Tanager above referred to. I also killed one D. flaviventris (not mentioned above).

The morning and indeed the entire day was delightful, the air cool and bracing, the sunshine warm and mellow. The sky a deep

cloudless blue. There was almost no wind and in the woods the rustling of leaves, the fall of acorns, the chirping of birds and the clucking of squirrels, all ^{so} characteristic of early autumn, were distinctly audible at considerable distances.

The leaves are turning fast, especially those of the gray birches. Within the past week, or at most, two weeks, summer has gone and early autumn taken its place. The transition is even shorter and better marked than that from spring to summer. The foliage is getting worn and thin, the leaves and fruits ripening. I am flattered that the change has come so soon.

Last night I heard only one Warbler Migratory chirp, an interesting fact considering their abundance in the woods to-day. To-night they are migrating in force and hardly a minute passes but I hear one or more outside. I think the nights when heavy flights are heard passing hushed, rather than precede, days of exceptional abundance; or, in other words, that we hear the birds leaving us and do not hear them arriving. The case might be reversed if our ears to keep watch during the early morning hours (before daylight).

A Scrub Owl walked over early this morning and another was watching this evening in the twilight.

A Yellow-throat flew in full song three last three mornings. It is the only species singing now.

1886

Sept. 4 Forenoon cloudy, afternoon clear; cool with strong E. wind.

Down river in my canoe at 10 A.M.

Down river

Just below Hunt's Pond I had a fair cross shot at a Kingfisher but missed. At Dalkin's Hill I started another from the maples overhanging the river and killed it as it was flying off down stream. At the report there was a great outcry of Carolina Rails in the reeds below and I next turned my attention to them but although I pushed the canoe back and forth through their retreat I rounded only three two of which I shot, one flying, the other as it was slipping across an opening.

In the birch swamp opposite this point I stumbled on a Woodcock which flitted only a few yards and alighting ran for upwards of fifty yds. until lost to sight behind some brush. The ground was perfectly smooth and free from weeds or other cover and I had a good view of the bird. It ran steadily very much in the manner of, and at about the same speed as, a Piping or Wilson's Plover, and not at all like a gallinaceous bird. I afterwards flushed it again but this time it rose vigorously and flew a long distance, whistling shrilly. The only other bird seen here was a solitary Oven-bird.

I hunched under the oak at Ball's Hill Landing and afterwards sailed down river to Carlisle bridge and most of the way back to town. On my return saw two Grebes, the first of the autumn, both apparently young birds, and both very shy.

I saw only four Swallows (all Barn), two Hawks (*B. borealis*), and no Ducks, or Herons, or Blackbirds. Bobolinks were heard chinking several times but always in the distance. No Warblers along the banks and

but few Sparrows. The trees bordering the river
are still nearly as green as in midsummer.

1886

Sept. 3 Sunday.

A still, rather sultry day, cloudy until late in P.M. when the sky cleared and the sun came out.

In the morning took a long drive with Jeffries, through the Estabrook road to Carlisle, thence to Wetmore's Mills, back to town by the River, and afterwards to and around the little pond in Fairland.

Birds were not numerous and we saw nothing of interest except a flock of about forty Swallows and a Kingbird, perched on a telegraph wire just east of the one-arch bridge over the Assabet. The Swallows were chiefly *H. horreorum* with about ten *Cotile riparia* and a single young *Progne*.

Spent the afternoon up river with Jeffries and Purdie starting at 2.30, and going as far as Fairhaven. We saw few small birds - almost none in fact - but Ducks were almost constantly in sight, the majority Wood Ducks, with a single Teal, and one flock of seven Black Ducks which passed high overhead in the evening twilight as we were passing the town on our way home. Of Wood Ducks we must have seen at least ten but as they were very tame and kept flying about and alighting they seemed to be great many more.

As we were sitting on Martha's Point a short time before sunset a Great Horned Owl began hooting in the woods on Lee's Cliff. A few Swallows also passed high overhead flying up river.

A single Bittern was also seen as well as a Red-wing Blackbird the latter a solitary individual going to roost in the reeds by the river.

were heard singing during this trip but in the morning (as for the last three or four mornings) a Orie's Plain was in full song at the house. It has outlasted all the other singers and has the field wholly to itself in

1886.

Cape Cod, Mass. Sept. 7.

Sept. 7

Clear and very warm with light S. W. wind.

To Tatlabrook woods at 10 A. M. Beginning at the further end I went over my usual route and returned to the Manor by dinner time (1.30). I found a small mixed flock in the oak woods and another in the pines, both very much changed since my last visit. The first flock contained, besides the usual number of Chickadees, about 5 D. striata, 2 D. virens, 1 H. ruficapilla and one V. olivaceus. The flock in the pine woods was larger comprising about 10 D. striata, 2 D. virens, one D. pennsylvanica, and 1 H. ruficapilla.

Tatlabrook
woods

Besides these flocks I saw or heard many D. striata, either scattered about singly or two or three together. They have perhaps reached nearly the height of their abundance.

The most interesting experience was finding a brood of young Cedar Birds just from the nest, their parents feeding them with huckleberries. They were in oak woods and kept in the tops of the trees where they sat erect and still looking in nearly the same tone as the old birds.

Chipmunks were abundant and noisy to-day for the first time this autumn.

Late in the afternoon I paddled down river to the Toronia bed where I pushed my boat into the reeds and sat an hour or more watching the sunset and waiting for a possible shot at Ducks. Two Hood Ducks went over high but no others appeared. A fine adult ♂ Marsh Hawk, however, came sailing

down river
at

or and a little mischievous "screeping" called him directly to me when I shot him.

A little later eight Night Hawks appeared and spent half-an-hour or more raiding among the insects over the river.

Besides these there were Song Sparrows chirping along the banks, Swamp Sparrows in the sedge, and an occasional Warbler singing in the willows or maples. Not a single bird sang.

There were then any Bobolinks chattering over the meadows. I saw two Barn Swallows, however, and three King birds, besides a single Blackbird which looked like a Melothrus, and which went to roost alone in the Tamarica. Where are the hordes of these birds that resorted there last month?

There were a few Carolina Rails in the Tamarica but all were invisible as usual.

As I came up river in the moonlight after twilight had deepened into night an Upland Plover passed overhead calling at regular intervals.

Its silvery whistle is one of the sweetest sounds in nature and decidedly the most musical of all Plover's notes.

An unusually heavy flight of Warblers this evening beginning at twilight and lasting at least until I went to bed (11 P.M.). During this time there was literally not a minute when one or more birds could not be heard. The evening was still, clear, (with a half moon) and very pretty.

For the past four or five nights Warblers have been passing in great numbers. No Parula lately

Migration

1886

Sept. 9

Clear and warm

On the river this evening from sunset to 9 P.M. the night clear and still with a nearly full moon. Warblers migrating in numbers that I have never known equaled in Mass. before. The air was literally full of them. I could often hear four or five at once. There were no Thrushes or other birds calling. I must have heard at least 200 Warblers in two hours. The birds were probably D. Striata but this is only a guess.

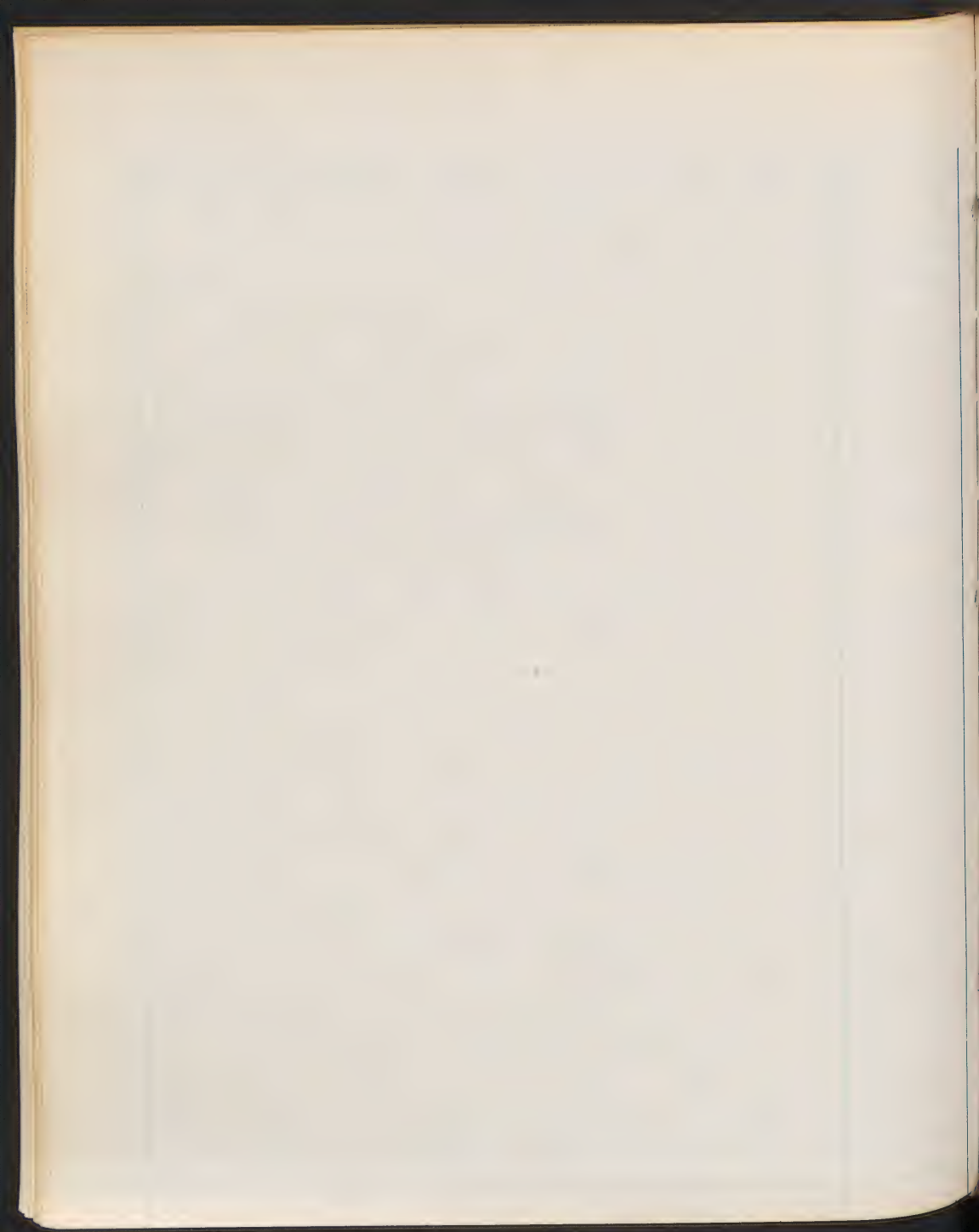
Migrations

Heavy flights
of Warblers

Sept. 12

Morning clear with high wind. P.M. cloudy with light showers.

Drove river to Ball's Hill with Melvin at 3 P.M. Saw three or four Parus borealis, two Circus, a Black Duck, three Wood Ducks, and a Pintail besides a Kingfisher. At Ball's Hill five Chimney Swifts, evidently migrating, passed over at a height of fully 1000 ft. heading directly south.



1886

Sept. 14

Clear and cool, wind S. W. blowing nearly a gale all day. After a week of almost complete inaction as regards field work I took my pistol this morning and spent the entire forenoon in the woods - from 9 to 10 A. M. on Ripley's Hill and in the swamp at its eastern base, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. on the Assabet.

The morning was a wild one the wind fairly howling through the tree tops and driving most other sounds, even in sheltered places. In Ripley's swamp I found two Water Thrushes and a number of *D. striata* scattered about; there was literally nothing else there - I did flush a Grouse - and on my return I saw only three Phoebe's in the lane.

Up the Assabet I fared scarcely better although I landed and ransacked the brick swamp birds reaching the banks closely as I paddled up and down. There were two Phoebe's near the hummocks, a pair of Cedar Birds in the same place, a few scattering Song Sparrows, a Kingfisher, and nothing else except the tiresome Black-polls (*D. striata*) which were of course to be seen or heard in every grove and thicket. I forgot two Water Thrushes also which I saw on the river bank bordering the brick swamp.

Autumn is now fairly established although in its first stage. The leaves are yellowing & falling, the pickered wood has turned brown in places and the swampwort gentian is the conspicuous flower along the river banks. I saw only two white water lilies this morning.

While paddling up river a *Buteo pennsylvanicus* passed over me *Buteo penns.*

reading swiftly before the wind. I saw the white
tail bars distinctly & made sure it was an adult,
and nearly equally sure a ♀.

1886

Sept. 19

Cloudy and cool. Wind blowing a gale all day from S. W.

Boat in the afternoon I paddled up river to Fairhaven, sailing most of the way back after dark. To Fairhaven

Saw very few birds, a Kingfisher or two and at Fairhaven a flock of five Blackbirds, another of two, and a single bird, all, I think, Red-wings.

Sept. 20.

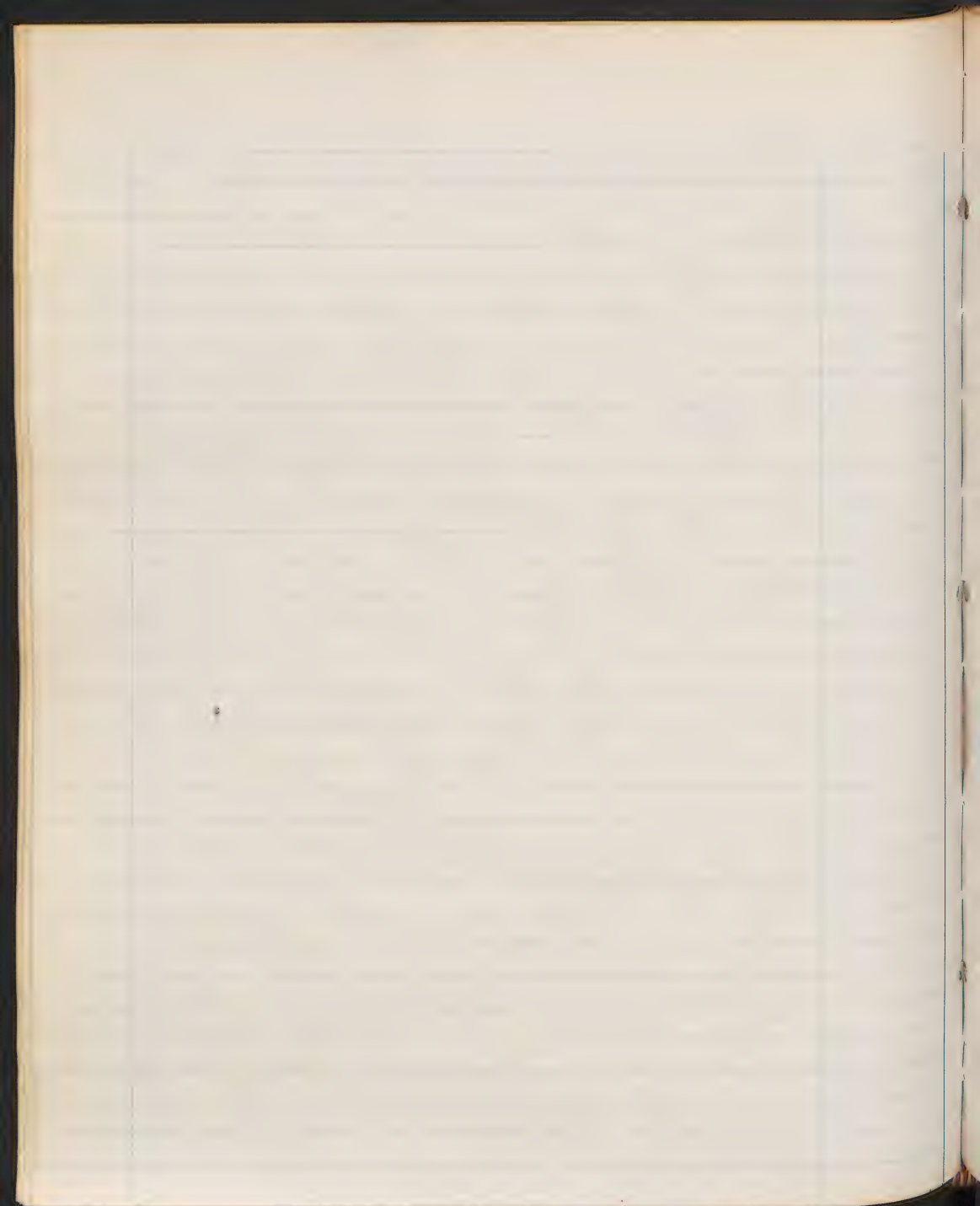
Clear and cold with raging N. W. wind lasting all day but dying at sunset.

Assabet
at sunset.

Boat in the afternoon I paddled up the Assabet to Bird's-crest Island opposite which I landed and searched the bushes for Grackles but failed to find them. The swamp fairly alive with D. striata which were scattered about everywhere, feeding on the green Spizella. I heard a single Water Thrush, I saw two Song Sparrows and a few Robins going to roost. Also flushed a Grouse. On the way up river saw two Phoebe's, and two Kingfishers; on the way down heard a Green Heron distinctly, twice.

The bushes have shed most of their prematurely ripened leaves and only a few maples have begun to turn. Indeed the woods are greener there in the latter part of last month but the foliage looks thin and worn. There are few autumn flowers this year even golden rod and asters being scarce and poor.

For the past two weeks I have seen few birds about the Manor; an occasional little party of D. striata, a Song Sparrow or two, and one Black-throated Green about all.



1886

Sept. 21

A clear frosty morning followed by a sunny day with high N.W. wind. Ther. 46° at sunrise, 63° at noon (Manuscript ref.)

Spent the morning in Catbrook woods going over about Catbrook my usual ground. In spite of the boisterous wind I saw an unusual number of birds, especially D. striata which were literally everywhere singly, in small parties, and in large flocks both with and without other species.

In the oak woods I found a rather large mixed flock including (besides D. striata) five D. virens (2 ad ♂), 1 Parula, one D. carolinensis, a pair of Sitta canadensis, several Titmice and an ad. ♂ Pyraura rubra in full autumn plumage.

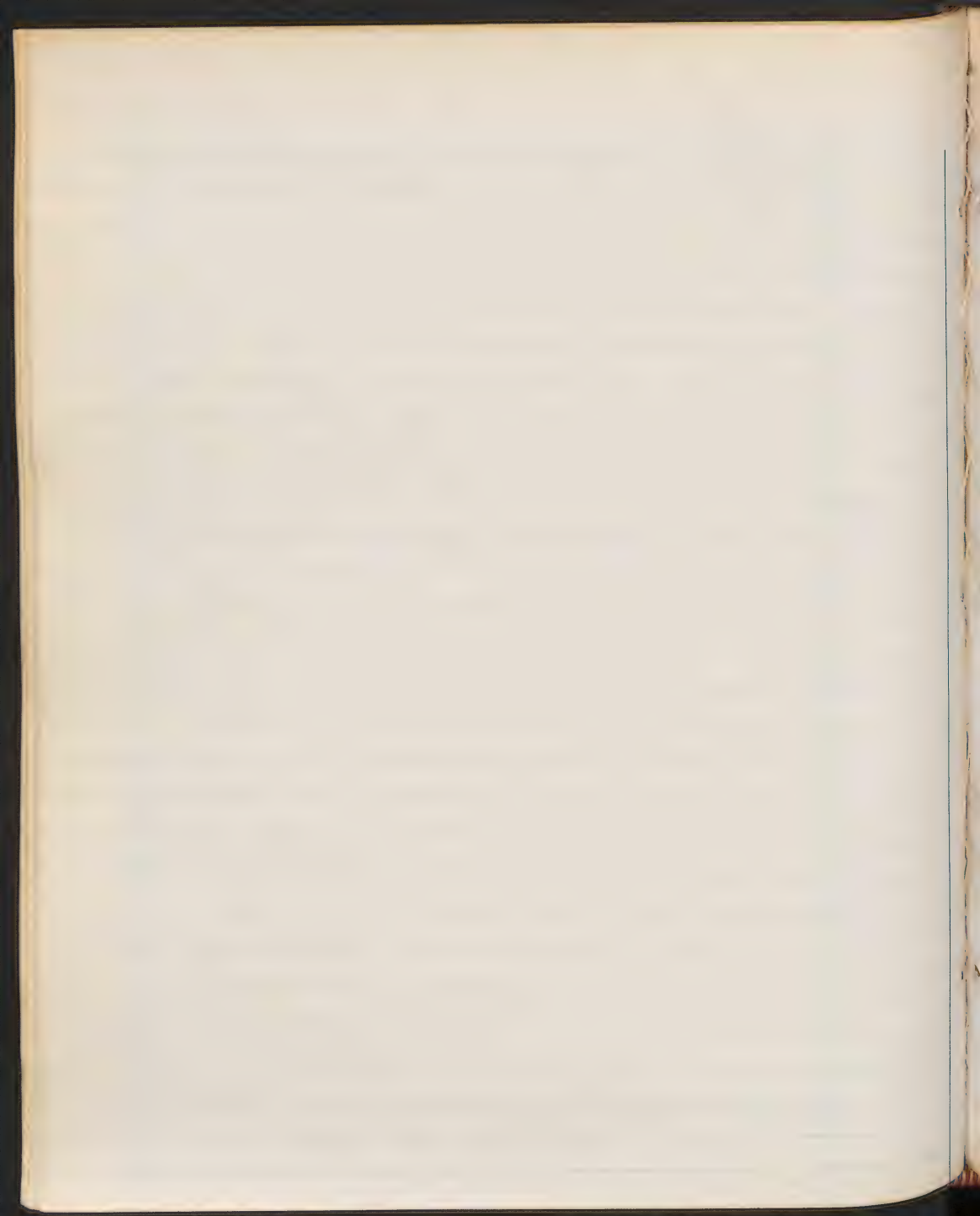
In the heavy white pine woods there was another flock containing (besides D. striata) several D. virens one Sayornis and several Titmice.

I saw two small Thrushes and shot one which proved to be a T. swainsoni.

Besides the above there were many Jays and Robins, a few Flickers, an Accipiter fuscus which glided past me through a birch thicket, and a fine Buteo borealis drifting overhead before the strong wind.

The birches were swarming with Aphididae both with and without wings, the winged ones filling the air in the openings, both stages(?) covering every leaf and twig as well as the ground beneath and annoying me by crawling over my neck and face. The Warblers were feasting on this abundant prey.

At sunset a Chipping Sparrow burst into full song in the orchard behind the house.



Sept. 22

Clear and cool. Wind W., not strong.

Started up river at 10 A.M. spending the day and getting back just before sunset.

Packed about half (the last half) of the way to Fairhaven and rowed all the way back. To make

Just above the French farm saw three Rusty Grackles sitting in the bottom bushes and shot one. At the report of the gun a flock of about thirty rose from a corn field and pitched down into the bottom bushes about 100 yds. below me. I shot two of them at one shot and missed another with the other barrel.

Saw no Ducks until opposite Martha's Point when six rose from a sheltered cove filled with lily pads. Five of them were A. obscura, the sixth very much smaller than the others. Later a single Black Duck flew past going down river and still later two Wood Ducks passed up coming almost within shot.

I made my first landing nearly opposite the Cliffs when I lunched lying, for the first time since May, in the sun. It was very beautiful there, the river with its sitting of green for there is almost no brighter coloring yet. A pair of muskrat rats were playing about just above me diving and chasing one another about. A large Hawk, I think a B. borealis, circled slowly over the river and then sailed away over the woods, numerous pairs of dragon flies, the ♀ dull red, the ♂ brown, bled together were dipping up and down on the water laying their eggs, there were a few frogs

swimming in the distance. It was deliciously warm in the sun, just a bit chilly in the shade.

After finishing lunch and a cigar I took a long tramp through the neighboring thickets and fields. In scattered briches intermingled with low pines I stumbled on a pair of tufted Doves so young that they could hardly fly. They were very tame in the first instance and comparatively so after talking to the trees but I saved my life I could not see them sitting. After some time I made a snap shot at one as it flew from a brich and killed it. An old bird was near at hand but I only heard its wings as it was on my way. I saw another flying over Fairhaven.

Tufted Doves.

In these same briches I shot a D. palmarum, my first Mass. specimen. I was very near losing it as it plunged into some dense scrub oaks when I found it by the merest chance just as it was dying.

D. palmarum

On the way down river I shot a Marsh Hawk just below Vine Hill bridge by running the boat into the grass while it was yet a long way off and creeping as it approached. It came directly to me & only missed when within a few yards.

Marsh Hawk

In the lowest flays below red bridge heard a Marsh Wren (C. palustris) singing in an undertone and pushing in that it easily enough as it was very tame. On Edwin Barrett's lawn there were about 15 Meadow Larks, one singing. Also a Rail in the flays

C. palustris

Saw three Grebes (P. podiceps) and a little before sunset a flock of about thirty Pt. Larks, the first. Also saw a balloon Spider cross the river. Only one white water lily in flower, probably the last. It was half open at 4 P.M.

Grebes

Balloon Spider
White lily

1886

Sept. 24

The most perfect day of the month thus far, cloudless, the sunshine strong and mellow but not uncomfortable, just a faint W. breeze at times, at others dead calm.

Off down river in the canoe at 10 a.m.

Passed a fine adult Buteo lineatus sitting in the T. tree not seeing him until too late to put in heavy shot and hoping to as this out of sight around the turn below and paddle back, but he flew just after I had passed out of range. Afterwards saw another at Ball's Hill, also an adult.

Just opposite Dalvin's Hill saw three Black Ducks slight in a pond-hole in the meadows. Stalked them easily enough for there was a broad fringe of smart grass around the margin but after wading very much of water in vain I decided they must have flown and was just when all three jumped at once from a cluster of pickleweed about 40 yds. off. I missed (or failed to kill) with my first barrel but doubled up the tail bird stone dead with my second. The reports started a flock of seven strange-looking Ducks from the river. They were as large as Black Ducks apparently but of a light gray color. I think they were Mallards, or possibly Pintails although they looked much too large for the latter. They flew out of sight following up the river.

I went back as far as Hunt's Pond in search of them but without finding them. While on shore at the pond I saw a Marsh Hawk soaring about several hundred yards away and crouching behind a stone wall called to by scripping the same

directly towards me turning not the slightest to
either side flapping its wings steadily and evidently
making what haste it could, poor bird! When I was
it was actually within ten feet of my head and
I had to wait until it got the proper distance
before firing. It fell wounded but only threatened
me with its talons making no decided attempt
at striking.

After lunching in my boat at the white maple
bush I paddled down past Ball's Hill nearly
opposite which I spied a Coot feeding among
the lily-pads in shore, nodding its head prettily
at each stroke of the feet. On seeing me it
swam out and for a long distance kept ahead
of me only rising when the boat was within ten
yards. I shot it as it was flying off.

I next killed a Kingfisher that tried to pass
me in shore, then sailed a mile or more down
the long reach and back. This reach was dotted
in many directions with Grebes (*P. podiceps*) although
I had seen only one in the river above.

Returning I landed to beat the Snipe ground
at about 4 P.M. Meadows so green and cool as a
billiard table with silky streamers of balsam(?)
grasses gleaming in the haunting humbeams, Tit-larks
whisking about and piping feebly, & a flock of meadow
larks among their yellow breasts among the tussles
hatted about twelve snipe and shot six, all large
fine birds, making two straight double shots. Also
missed a number of long shots at high birds. Have
scarcely seen snipe so wild as these were at least in these
waters. They often rose several hundred yards away (see notes)

Snipe shooting

1886

Sept. 27

Clear, still and very warm; evening cloudy and cooler with light rain. Yesterday cloudy and warm with high S. W. wind.

To Ripley's Hill and beyond at 10 a. m. In the pines I found only one bird, a D. coronata, but the thickets on the east side, the swamp below, and all the alder, birch, and oak thickets and groves on the sandy plain still further east were literally swarming with small birds. In my past experience I have only a few times seen as many in a similar area. Probably the flight extended over the whole surrounding region. Fully 75 per. cent. of the individuals were D. striata of which I certainly saw three or four hundred in walking a mile. D. coronata was also numerously represented; I saw probably fifty. There were also a good many Sparrows, Song & Swamp in the thickets along the brook, Field in the openings, and one party of about a dozen Z. albicollis and five or six juncos in the birches. During my entire ramble more or less birds were constantly in flight. In fact they formed a continuous flock with breaks only when there were gaps in the woods & thickets.

The Black-polls & Yellow-rumps were especially numerous in the birches, where nearly every tree held one or more. On every side the faint chirping notes, or chattering of bills busy among the branches, were heard. On every side the leaves were rustling when they moved and trembling when they dropped. It was an interesting scene full of life and animation.

It is a problem what caused this exceptional

Ripley's Hill

Heavy flight
of D. striata
& D. coronata

long flight. Yesterday was nearly as warm as to-day and very windy. I heard few Warblers singing last night and to-night (cloudy and raining) almost none.

Migration

Near the base of Ripleys Hill I shot two O. agilis in the upper branches of a wild apple tree where they were skipping about actively in company with O. striata. One of them was uttering the peculiar sharp call-note.

O. agilis

I also heard an Oliv.-backed Thrush in this hillside and afterwards lost at but missed it in the swamp below. It was calling frequently.

T. prorens

In the birches east of the swamp I shot a Scarlet Tanager and two T. albicollis. I also flushed four Grouse there, all large strong-flying birds.

P. rubra

On the edge of the alders bordering the second brook I sat down to rest under a pine where the ground was perfectly smooth and free from weeds or brush. While here I "screeped" a few times hoping to call out something from the swamp. The experiment was a success for I speedily heard a slight rustling in the leaves below and the next moment a fox appeared gliding swiftly but stealthily towards me. He came to the edge of the thicket and then stopped, crouching, and turning his head from side to side, but evidently not seeing me although I was not ten feet from him with scarcely nothing between us. I screaped again very faintly and he crouched still lower. I could see the muscles of his legs work as he prepared to spring but did not see his glance cast at and by me without seeing me. At length he moved

A. mell.-eye

is one and getting very wild at me galloped off. I saw him at this time but saw me at all. He was about 20 paces off and I saw him distinctly not the way of Ripleys Swamp.

1886

Sept. 29

A cloudy morning clearing at noon. Afternoon warm still and perfect in every way.

W. W. Henshaw arrived about noon and shortly after dinner we started down river. As we passed the Y-tree an Osprey settled on it for an instant and then flew off. He saw nothing else before reaching Holt's creek where we landed to beat the Great Meadows.

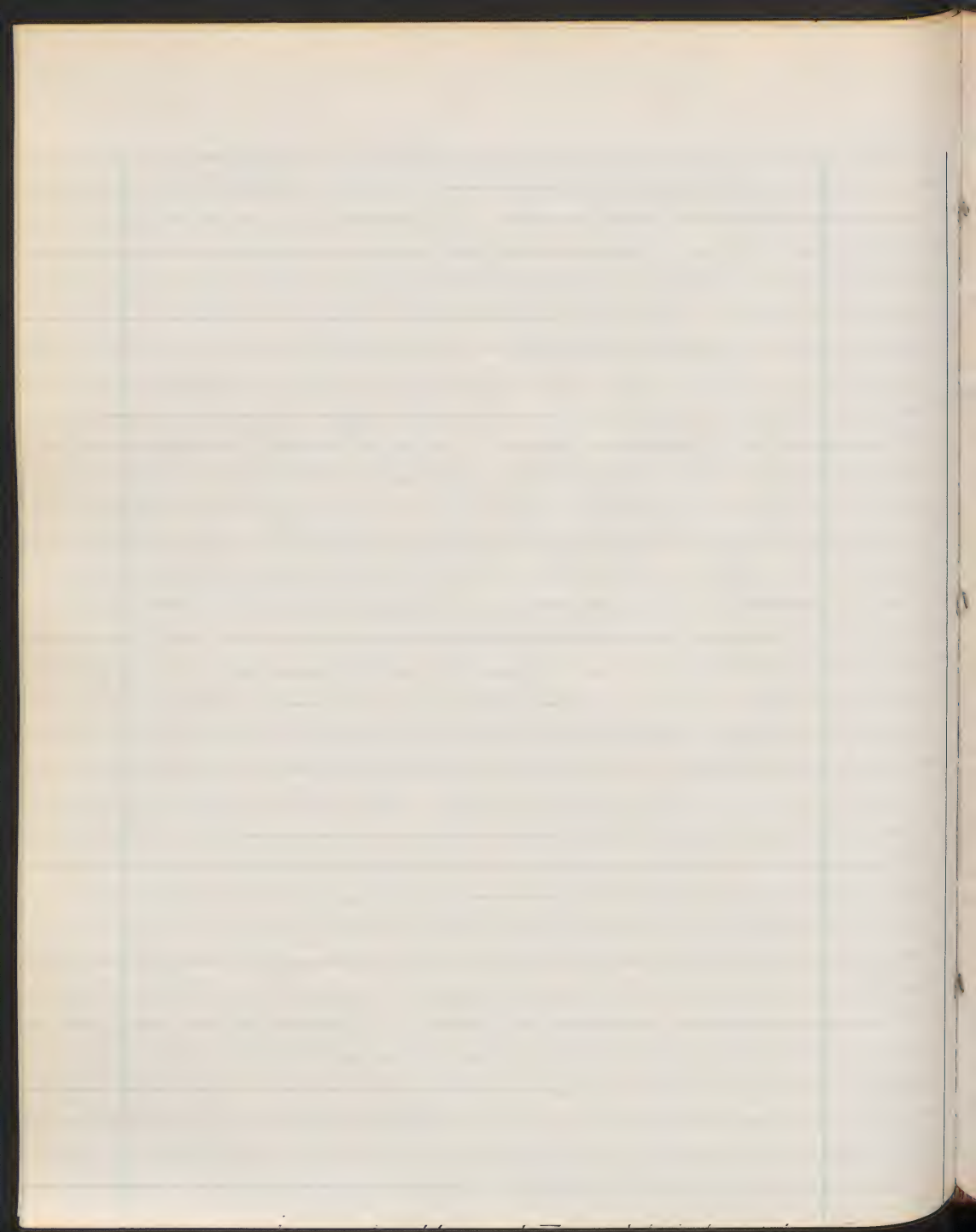
Before we had gone far I flushed a snipe and killed it. It was the only one we could find, a fact easily accounted for by the presence of two other sportsmen who were just leaving the meadow as we entered it.

Littlarks were as numerous as usual and I shot three, all flying. The flock of Meadow Larks also came in to roost at sunset and W. shot one.

On our return up river I killed a Kingfisher and saw another. We also heard a Great calling near the Buttrick's Landing.

The meadow was literally covered with spider webs which glistened in the sun like hoar-frost. They were long, exceedingly delicate strands stretched from one grass stalk to the next. I took them to be the floats of the Balloon Spider.

When the sun came out about noon a solitary vireo began singing in the apple trees in front of the house and continued almost without cessation for at least fifteen minutes.



1886

Sept. 30

Clear and warm with light S. S. wind.

Started with Henshaw about 10 a.m. and moved up river nearly to Panty Brook returning late in the afternoon.

In Dugan Brook meadow saw a pair of Buteo lineatus sitting in the same tree and afterwards sailing about over the woods.

From this point to the meadow above Lee's Bridge we saw literally nothing but a few Rusty Blackbirds and an occasional Blue Jay. We ate lunch nearly opposite the summer camp and then beat the meadow starting nothing but a solitary Titlark which I shot.

Returning to Fairhaven H. landed and concealed himself in a cornfield near the base of Lee's Cliff where he shot six Rusty Blackbirds in a short time. I finally joined him and got two more. They were feeding on the corn.

While here a Black Duck passed us. It was literally the only water fowl seen during the day although H. picked up a Grebe floating belly up and not long dead.

In the button bushes at the outlet to the Bay great numbers of Rusty Blackbirds were sitting to roost at sunset, arriving in flocks of various sizes, from every point of the compass. Among them was a single Red-wing, a fine adult ♂ with flaming shoulders & apparently coal black plumage. I started him three times but failed to get a shot. He sang over - the full spring quon - ker-ee.

Twilight fell before we reached town and it was

fully back where we got to the Manor.

1886

Oct. 1

Clear and cool with strong, gusty N.W. wind.

Down river for the day with French and Henshaw, taking both Rush-ton boats.

We landed first at Hott's creek and beat the snipe ground without starting anything a matter of little surprise for we found that several other sportsmen had anticipated us. One, a cripple hobbling about on crutches and working a pointer, had flushed two snipe and killed one.

We sailed the remainder of the way to the meadow below Ball's Hill where we landed and took to the woods. For nearly an hour we scoured upland and swamp without seeing anything save an occasional Jay. At length as we were sitting on the ground on the edge of some birches a Gos Hawk suddenly appeared nearly over us. He saw us and instantly turned sailing low over the trees and was about to disappear when I fired and brought him to the ground. It was quick work but I happened to have my gun in hand at just the right moment. I also killed a fine Blue Jay near the same place making a snipe shot at it as it crossed an opening. These were the only shots fired in these woods. We saw nothing else except a Carolina Dove in an old field. The Gos Hawk was undoubtedly one of the brood seen last month and in August in these same woods.

We lunched on the edge of the meadow and then started for home. Saw nothing in the river except a Grebe and a Leal. Jones brought down the catfish but it crawled into the weeds and

could not be found. It looked like a Green-wing.

Henshaw and I landed again on the Great Meadow and pursued the Tit larks for an hour or more firing a number of flying shots at them and killing six of which I got four. There were at least one hundred there this evening. They were rather shy as usual.

During the day we saw several Marsh Hawks and four Great Blue Herons. Of small birds we noticed very few indeed; but then the weather was unfavorable for them, windy and cold.

Hill and Jones whom we met started with
Henshaw.

1886

Oct. 3

Clear and still; a fine day but slightly chilly.

In the morning took a long drive with Hershaw, first through Etahabrook woods, thence past Deacon Farrar's and around the creek by Robbins' Mills. Birds very numerous but nothing of especial interest. H. shot two *T. pallosi*. He saw a fine adult ♂ *Circus*.

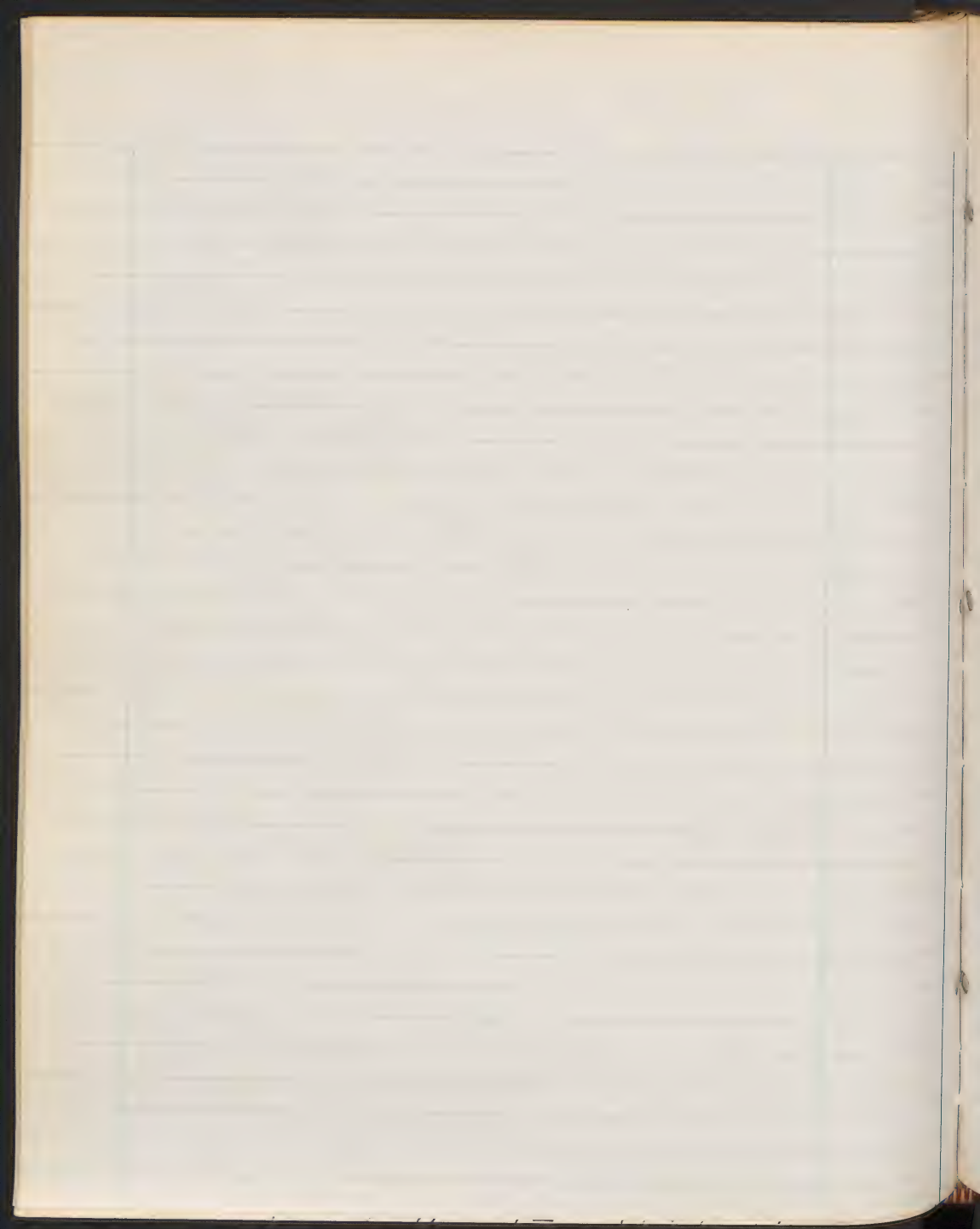
In the afternoon went up Assabet to one arch bridge. Near Bird's Nest Island came on a flock of about fifteen *Larus calus* *amens* scattered about in the bushes on the heavy side of the river.

Hershaw on a Night Heron started from the trees on the bank and some Crows chased a *Buteo lineatus* past us.

Still further up H. shot a *Rhyacophilus* that was feeding on the mud on the edge of the water.

We landed and took a long tramp in the brick swamp but saw nothing except two Geese one of which was drumming.

D. coronata numerous to-day; *D. striata* gone by or nearly so. *T. albobellus* and *juvencus* *virgatus*.



1886

Oct. 4

A fine day, clear, warm, with light S.W. wind.
 To Estabrook woods with Henshaw at 8 A.M.
 Hunt over my usual ground or rather a portion
 of it for birds were so numerous that we did not
 get ahead at all fast. One of the heaviest fleglets
 of the season must have come down from the
 north last night for the country was literally
 swarming with Thrushes (chiefly T. mainstoni with
 a few T. aliciæ, belinelli and pallasi) Yellow-rumps,
 White-throated Sparrows, Towhees, Robins, etc.

In the swampy wood lot where the Megascops was
 found last June were numerous flocks of Cedar birds
 feeding on black alder berries. There were also Thrushes in
 the thickets, many Purple Finches in the wild apple
 trees (the ♂s in full plumage and singing freely but
 in subdued tones), several Downy Woodpeckers, a Catbird
 or two, a Nuthatch (S. carolinensis) and quantities of
 Robins. Altogether the place was fairly teeming with
 bird life.

The oak woods beyond offered little more attractive
 than a small flock of Titmice & Yellow-rumps
 among which I detected and shot a Vitta canadensis
 and a Regulus satrapa. The deep pine forest still
 further on held only a few Thrushes and two more
 Kinglets but in the bushes outside we found a
 rather large mixed flock containing about 20
D. striata, as many more D. coronata, a small
 flock of Pine Siskins and several Purple Finches,
 besides a Winter Wren which I wounded but lost.
 Henshaw also shot an Oporornis agilis here.

Returning to the road I walked back to the

starting point where I found George waiting with the buggy. H. had crossed into some bushes on the west side of the road where he finally emerged after firing several shots in rapid succession at Grouse of which he saw nine and bagged one. As he had also seen small birds, especially Thrushes, in great abundance we decided to return after going back to the house for dinner.

P.M. saw us again on the ground. Henshaw at once started after Grouse leaving me to attend to the smaller fry. I soon discovered the secret of the abundance of birds in this spot viz a large tupelo tree covered with ripe fruit. On this Robins, Cedar Birds and Olive-backed Thrushes were feeding most greedily and the foliage was at times full of them while many were constantly coming and going. I shot ten Thrushes in the course of an hour and might have killed many more but desisted when I became satisfied that all were T. naumanni. H., however, killed a fine T. alicola during his unsuccessful search for Grouse. The Grouse was apparently attracted by the wild apples which covered the ground & on which they had evidently been feeding.

As the sun was sinking in the west we started homeward along the lonely road, very quiet and beautiful in the hush and soft evening light. Sparrows & Juncos were chattering and rustling among the leaves; a silent Thrush occasionally flitted across the path; Jays screamed among the pines. We reached the open country & lost & met the buggy coming for us. There was a red letter day.

1886

Oct. 6

Clear still and warm, one of those perfect October days with mellow sunshine and no wind.

Spent an hour on Ripley's Hill and the swamp to the eastward in the early morning. The woods were alive with birds, chiefly Yellow-rumps with now and then a single D. striata. The latter have evidently gone by and the former taken their place. There were also many Jays, and Rusty Blackbirds in some numbers in the thickets along the brook. I shot a ♀ of the latter species here.

Returning over the hill I called a Marsh Hawk that was passing over the pines and shot it. A pair of Red-tails came soaring over a moment later and I shot at one but missed it.

An hour later while calling on French at the thudis I saw a large flock of Rusty Blackbirds feeding in a corn field and a small party of Titlarks rambling about one ploughed land.

Late in the afternoon I paddled up the Assabet. The air was still as death and the screams of Jays and clucking of chipmunks came from the woods on every side.

Near Birds' nest Island I found the flock of Luscalus senex and surprising them drinking among alders in a brook killed one at close range with the auxiliary. The others made off but a little later returned and pitched into the bird swamp to roost. Waiting until it was nearly dark I landed and standing in under them shot two. There were many Robins roosting with them.

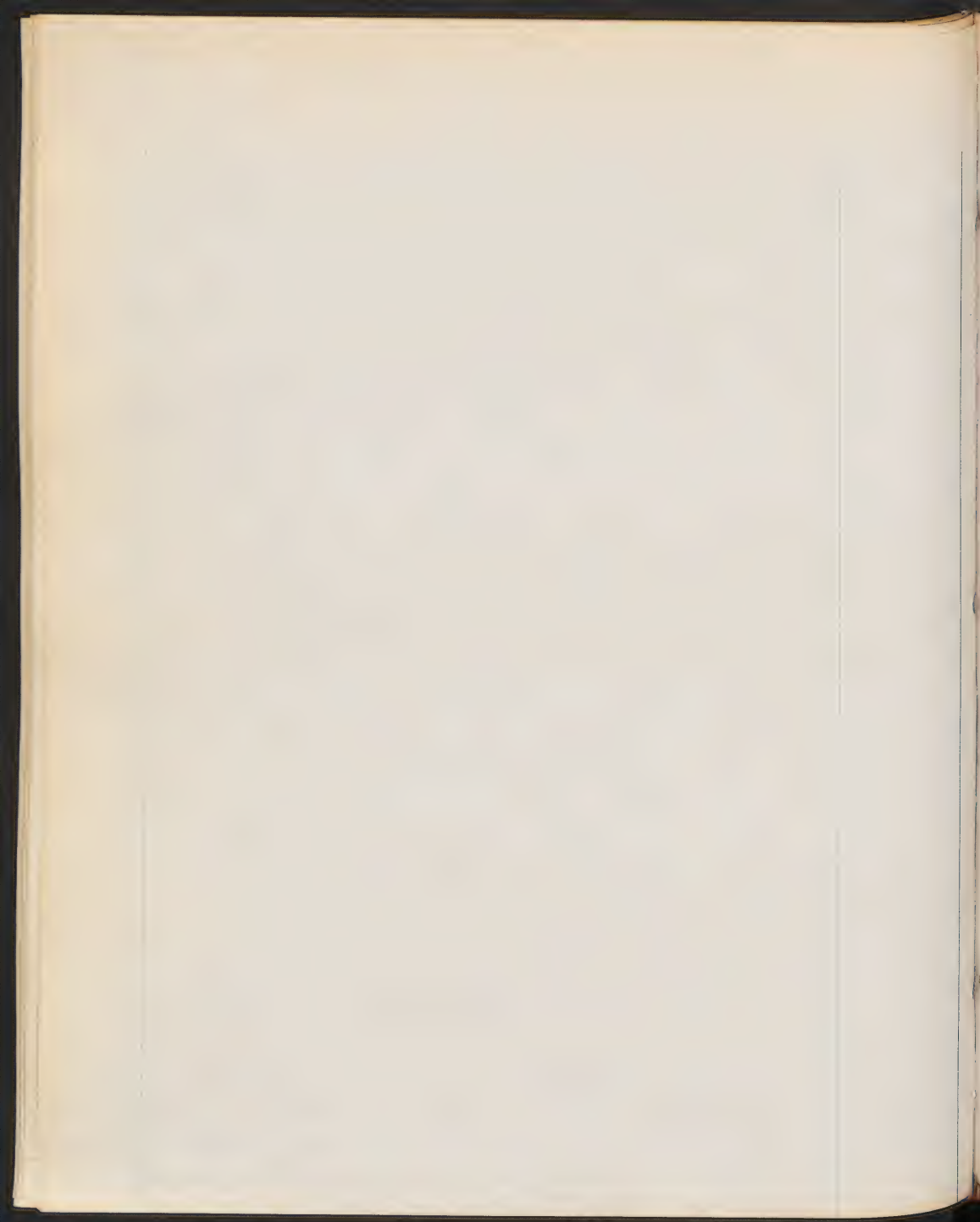
The trees are fast losing their leaves. ~~Autumn~~ birds

For this year the foliage mostly withering and
turning dead ~~brown~~ or yellow. Probably the late
heavy frosts have killed the leaves.

List of Birds that bred in the grounds about the Old Manse in 1886.

1886

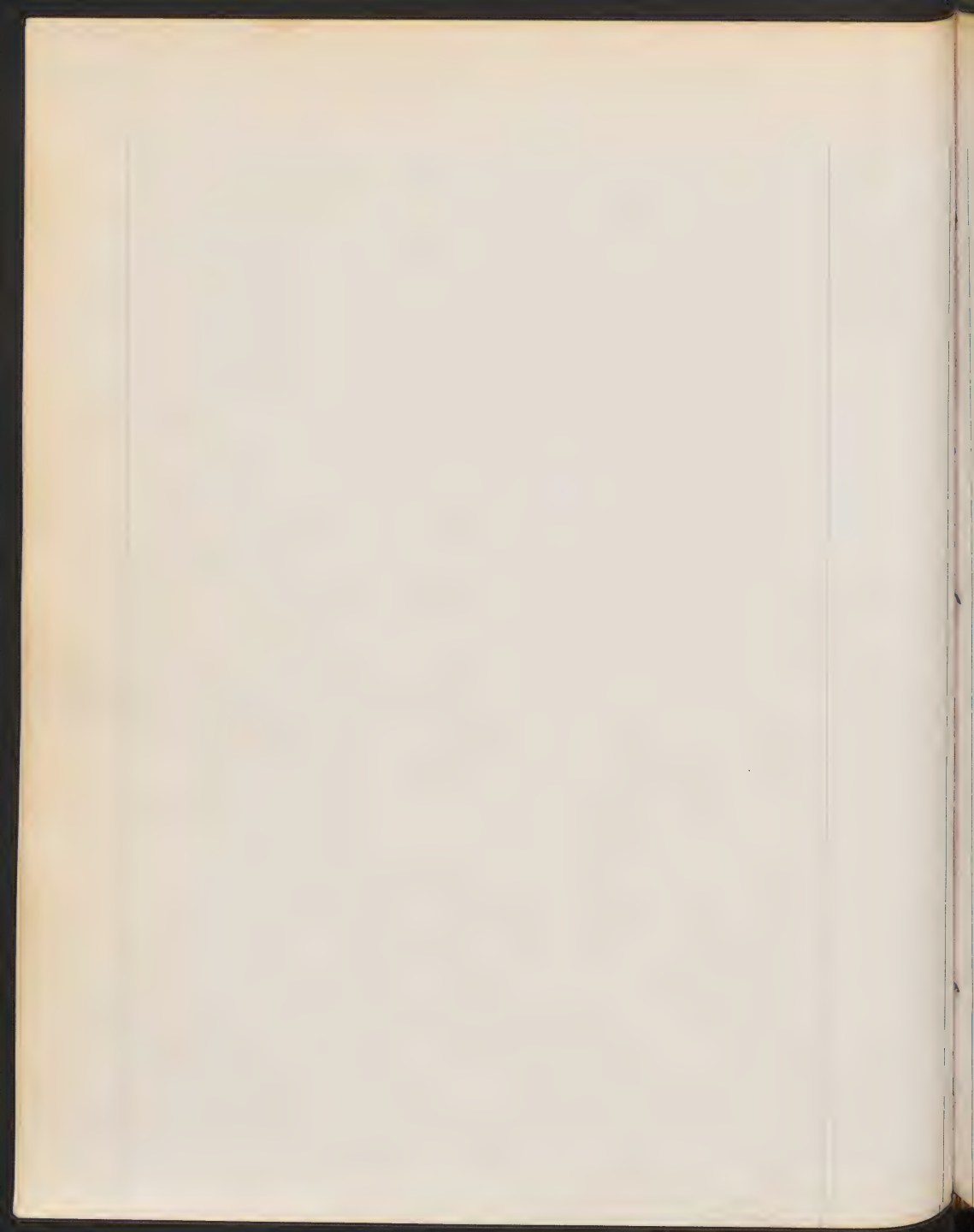
1. Merula migratoria - Three pairs, five nests found
2. Minus carolinensis - One pair, two nests. "
3. Sitta carolinensis - A pair seen April 27
4. Dendroica aestiva - Two pairs
5. " pinus - A ♂ singing in pines on avenue to Mount-man
6. Vireo gilvus - Two pairs.
7. Melospiza melodia - One pair
8. Spizella socialis - Two pairs, two nests found.
9. Scalia scalis - One pair, one nest found.
10. Carpodacus purpureus - One pair, one nest found.
11. Tyrannus carolinensis - One pair
12. Empidonax minimus - " " one nest found
13. Sayornis fusca - One pair, one nest (in boat house).
14. Alnus althire - Two pairs, " " found.
15. Agelaius phoeniceus - Many pairs breeding on meadow.
16. Picus pubescens - One pair, nest in dead elm, river bank.
17. Colaptes auratus - " " " " " ash on avenue
18. Tachycineta bicolor - Two pairs, one nesting in bird house ^{hole in apple tree.} the other in Pickers, ^{a brood of young}
19. Passer domesticus - A frequent visitor which I always shot. One pair heard
20. Contopus virens - One pair, nest not found.
21. Chaetura pelagica - Two pairs nesting in chimney
22. Scotopaga utricularia - A ♂ singing by river; no ♀ or nest seen.
23. Hydenels ludovicianus - One pair their nest probably on the ^{place} Holland's.
24. Vireo flavifrons - One pair their nest not found.
25. " olivaceus " " " " " "
26. Chrysomitris tristis - " " " " " "
27. Geothlypis trichas - A ♂ singing by the river; no ♀ or nest detected



1886

Chance or accidental visitors to the grounds about the Old Manser in summer

1. Turdus mustelinus - May 5 one in bloom; May 12 a 2 singing by the river
2. " fuscescens - One singing by the river one evening.
3. Dendroica coronata - Several during the spring migration.
4. Helminthophila peregrina - 3 May 23 singing in ash trees on Monument St.
5. Pyrauga cytheronides - A 3 singing June 6, another June 28.
6. Oxya virginianus - A 3 singing all the morning of June 10.
7. Nyctardea niva - One flying over, quacking, morning June 11 before light.
8. Chondestes irroratus - 3 seen flying overhead during thunder ^{evening} storm May 10
- Vireosomus vociferus - Heard singing in distance evening May 28 & June 11
- Corvus americanus - Seen flying over daily in May & June
- Zanowitta cristata - Frequent visitors May & June
- Coccyzus americanus - Several late in May
- " erythrophthalmus " " " "
- Sialurus arcticus - One singing all day & evening song at sunset June 15. ^{Another on the same}
- Dendroica striata - In August & September
- Sialurus morioensis - In August.



1895.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Oct. 12

Left Boston yesterday forenoon with Mr. J. C. Melvin and reached Bethel late in the afternoon. Started this morning about 8 o'clock and drove to the lake, reaching the Lake House at 10 o'clock in the afternoon. Melvin walked through the notch and shot a grouse in a tree.

The day was warm and still and clear up to 10 o'clock, after which it was cloudy. It rained late in the afternoon and evening. Small birds were exceedingly numerous. Robins were in large flocks in the fields and Juncos and White-throats were along the fence rows and wood edges. I saw one Hyltonus at Brooks's and two Picus villosus by the roadside.

Oct. 13

A perfect October day, clear and still; the lake perfectly unruffled.

We were off down river at 8.30 o'clock. We landed at the third bend and beat the marsh on the north side, ~~to the~~ ^{to the} ~~our~~ ^{our} Spire. I shot one, but could not find it; and Melvin killed several shots, getting nothing. Off the Stone Dam in the lake we paddled to first Sheldrake. Shot down two and missed two others, one of which I afterwards got. They were M. minor.

Merganser
seriatus

Next out about 2 Point. The lake was alive with life. About eighty Surf Ducks were floating in a long line off Great Island, and a flock of ten greater ducks was near them. Two smaller flocks of undetermined Ducks were not far off, and a few apart mall was flying about chased persistently by a Jaeger. A Taigerson

Loon also
with water-fowl

We paddled first to the Coos. They flew about 100 yards and after circling alighted again. Three Velvet Scotas left them and alighted with the Scap Ducks. We next paddled to getting within about 50 yards. Melvin shot one as they rose. I shot both barrels and one of the Velvet Scotas dropped. After this we chased these ducks for some time, getting several very long shots, but killing nothing. I shot a single heldrake (serrator) as it came flying past down the lake.

White-winged
Scotas

Saw two Shrikes flying together due south over the woods, making a jarring or vibrating sound. I shot a single one on the lake shore. Heard Snow Bunting's twice during the day.

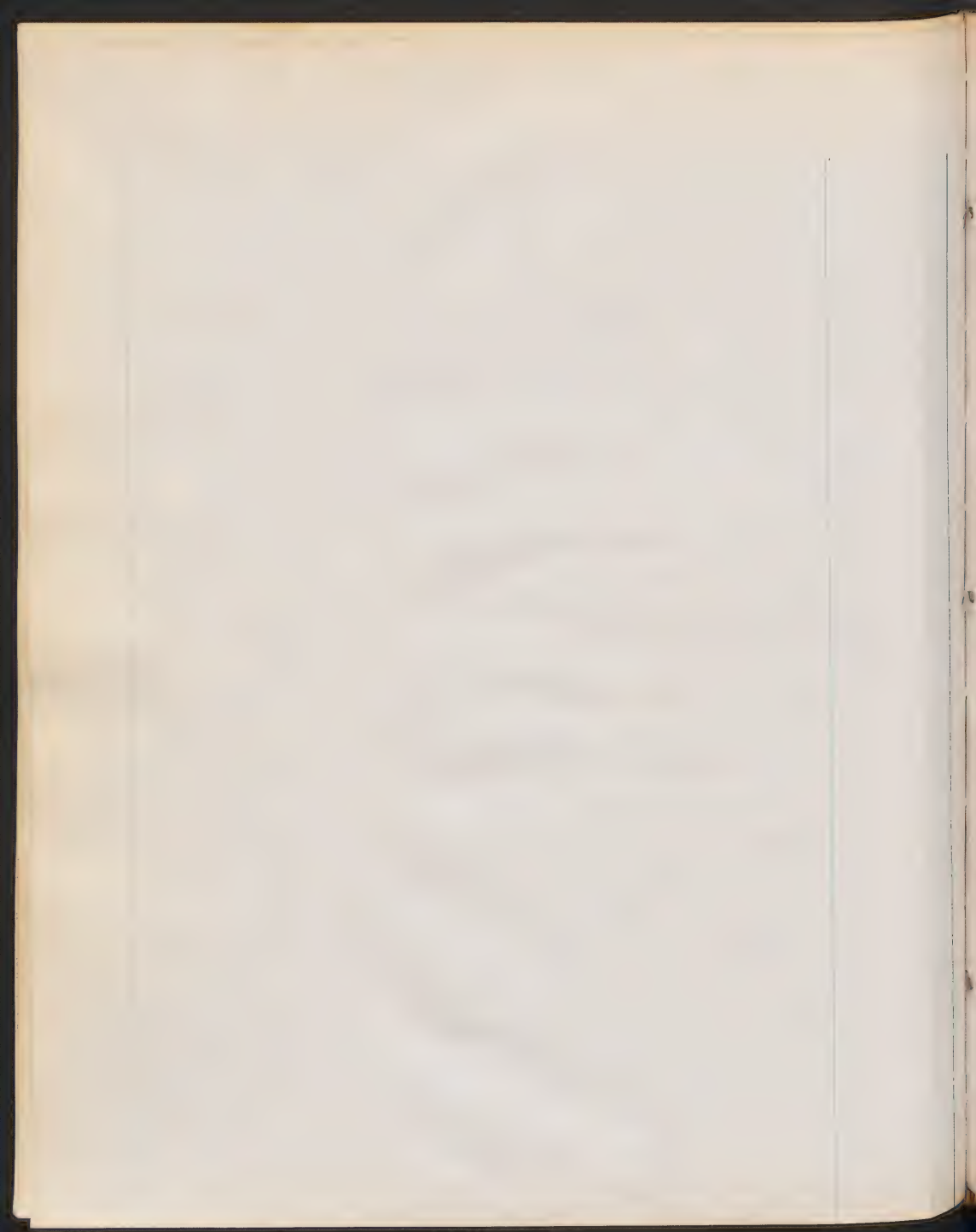
Northern Shrike

The leaves are nearly all down, and in most places the woods are perfectly bare; but there is still bright foliage in spots. At Bethel the hill-sides were gorgeous with gold and crimson.

Many
green

Oct. 14

A chilly cloudy day with a high south-east wind. We started at the usual time and beat closely for Snipe. About the floating island we started them and shot two, Melvin one and I the other. We crossed the river and shot two more, each of us one.



1886.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Oct. 14) Then tried the meadow by the Stone farm and shot a single Snipe the only one seen. Lunched on B Point in a sheltered cove. Saw ^{Moose tracks} an Eagle. Found tracks, about a week old, of a large Moose, on the sand beach. Finished the day with a circuit of Great Island. Saw only a Whistler, two large Ducks (probably Black Ducks) feeding inshore, a Kingfisher, a Great Blue Heron, and several flocks of Robins feeding on the mud-flats.

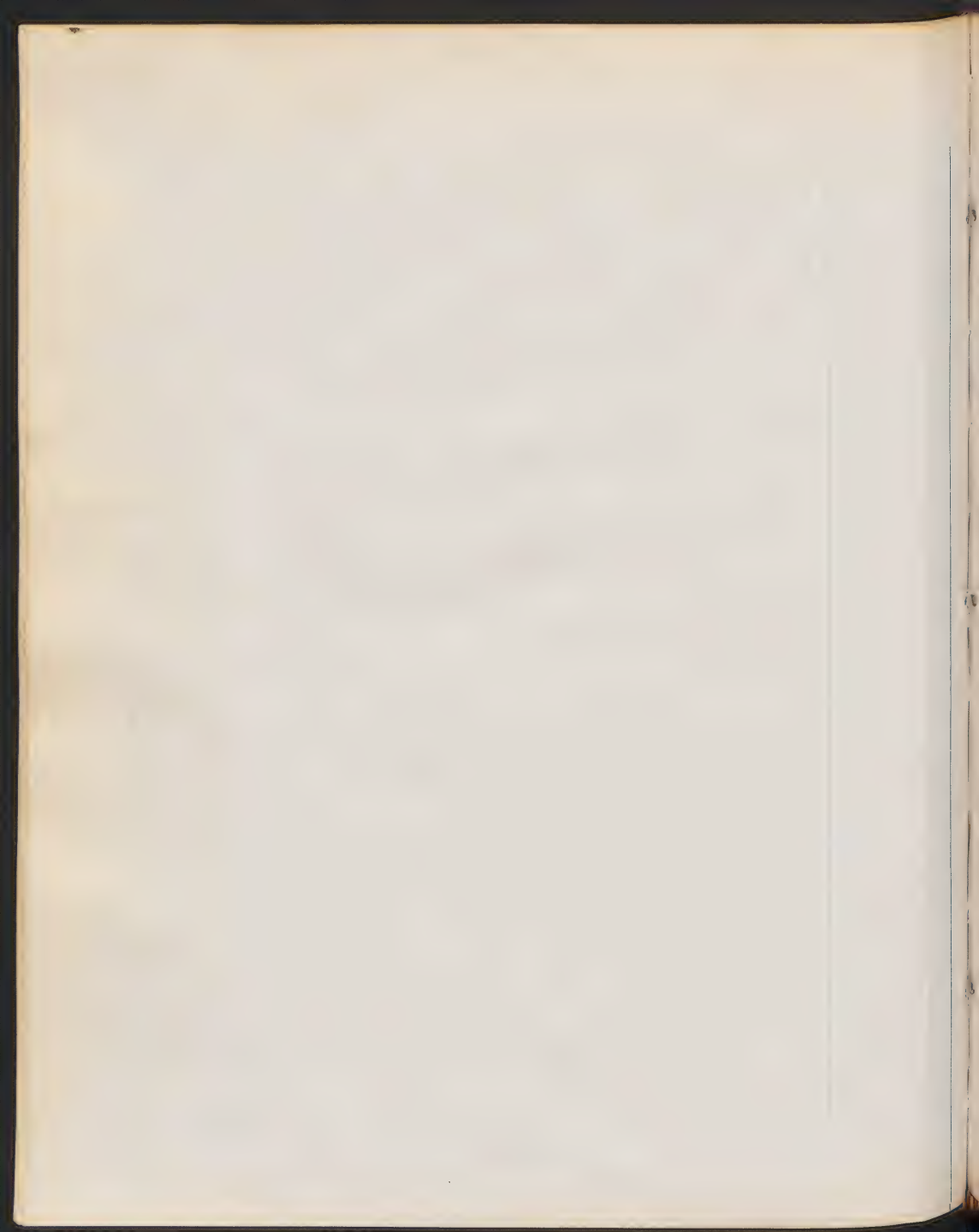
Forgot to mention a short hunt for Woodcock on the hill before the house before starting. Flushed a single very large bird four times. I got only one shot at him and missed.

Oct. 15 Clear with strong north-west winds. Spent the forenoon on Snipe shooting the marsh where we flushed four Snipe, killing them all. After dinner Melvin went up into the pasture and started two Woodcock, killing one. After his return we drove to Horse's on Upton Hill and beat the ground there, flushing six Woodcock along the brook ^{Woodcock} in a strip of alders only about fifty yards long by ten yards wide. We killed five of these birds, but made rather bad shooting, missing several good shots. Next drove to Bragg's on the Andover road and finished there beating the alders about sunset, having seen nothing but one grouse which Melvin killed. Sparrows are very numerous, Robins the same; heard one Flicker.

Oct. 16 Cloudy and cold with almost a gale from the north-west and frequent flurries of snow. We devoted the forenoon to the hill behind the Lake house, beating for Woodcock. Birches blank. Flushed two Cock in spruces by the Lake shore. I shot the first but Melvin and I both missed the second. Melvin saw a mink.

We went down river after dinner. Beat the marsh, but flushed only one Snipe which Melvin shot. Steve Horse came along and reported the Lake full of Ducks. We started out at once, but stopped to stalk two Black Ducks opposite the Stone farm. They swam beyond a slough and Melvin then tried them in a bog, actually paddling within fifty yards without cover and killing one.

Next to B Point. The wind was moderating fast. Two bunches of Scoters off Great Island. Rowed out and around them. They were very shy, but each bunch gave us a long flying shot and we killed two birds from each, the first two O. americana, the last two P. perspicillata. Probably each bunch was homogeneous. All went out at dusk, flying restlessly from place to place, finally rising high in the air. ^{Scoters}



1886.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Oct. 17 The forenoon clear; the afternoon cloudy; the wind south-west chilly at times, and strong.

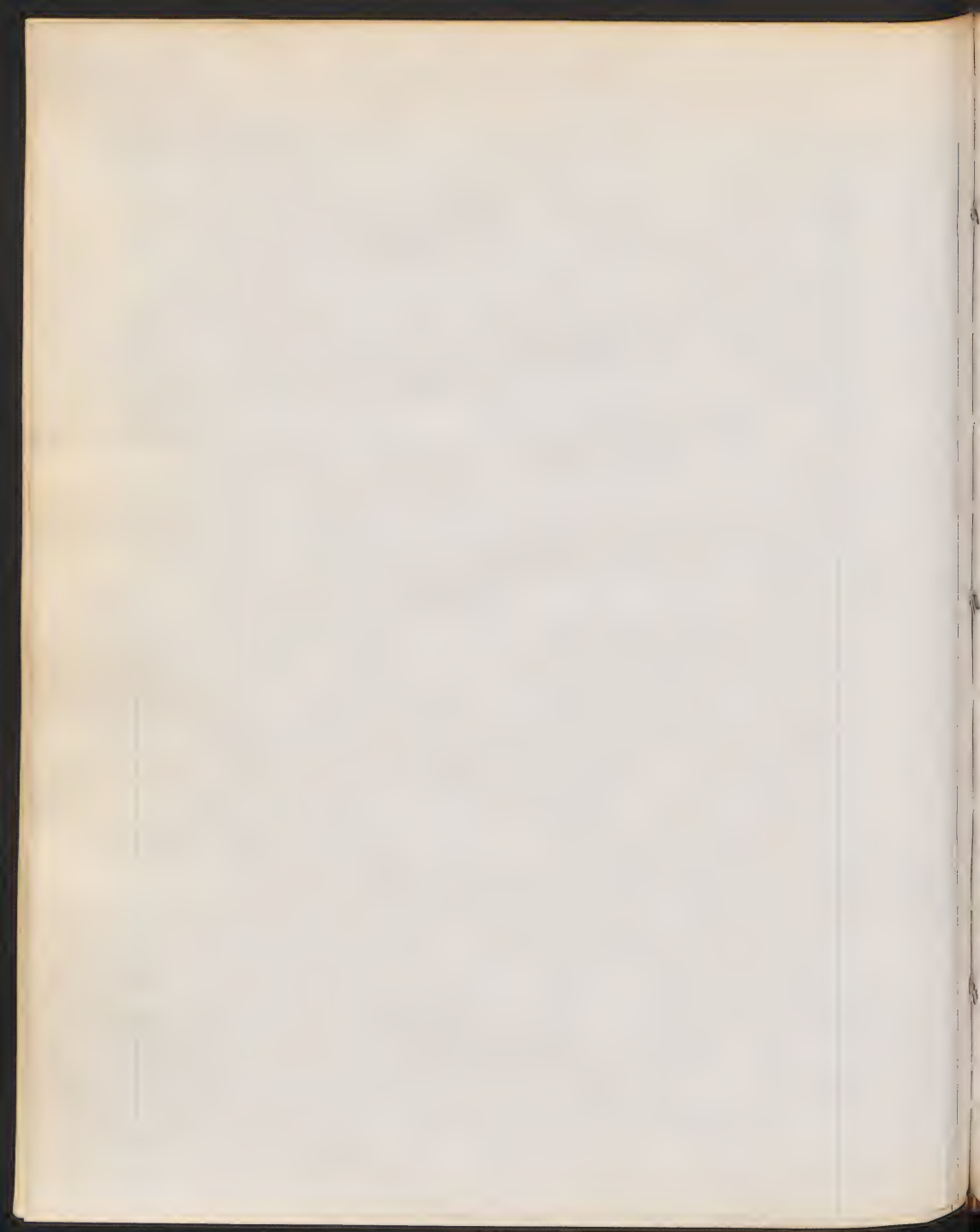
Started down river at eight o' clock in the forenoon. *Ring-neck Duck*
Pease's Brook saw a Duck in the water. It rose and I killed it. It proved a Ring-neck. Except Sheldrakes, nothing more seen until reaching the Narrows where I was paddled to a flock of four Horned Grebes. Spot two sitting, a third as it rose. At the entrance to Black Island Cove saw fifteen Whistlers near shore. Landed. But they flew. Melvin next stalked five Whistlers and four Sheldrakes. He got very near the, but two Black Ducks alighted and he waited for them. Finally getting a fair shot, but missing. Lunched here; thence to the outlet. Four Ring-necked Pheasants and an *Bronze* on the mud bar at the mouth. Shot them all. Thence to Moose Point, seeing nothing. Met two members of the Lakes and Jr. They had a pair of Spruce grouse and a *Say's* in their canoe. *Sandwich*
Spina Gena
Better than P.

Returned by way of Glasgow and a Brook cove. In the former started six Black Ducks. In the latter fired a long shot at a Sheldrake and killed a *Perisoreus*. Melvin called at the point outside. Just before I joined him he discovered a flock of about twenty Old Scaws in the Lake and I had paddled him out to them. We shot down four and got three after shooting them all over again. The flock settled in again near the outlet and Alva paddled me to within thirty yards of them. I shot two sitting, one old male, one missed with my second shot. I got in another shell in time to catch a third bird as it rose. There were four adult males in the flock and we got down all of them, two each. I afterwards shot a Red-necked Grebe at full; seventy-five yards with no shot.

Oct. 18 Clear and cool with a rather strong north-west wind, and rain.

Our trip to-day was in around Great Island. First saw three *Duck*
Whistlers in the pond near the Lake House. Sent Alva in to drive them out and lay concealed near the outlet, I on the south side. They came directly over me, but rather too high up. I shot both barrels and hit my first bird hard. We afterwards found him at the mouth of the river and Melvin shot him as he rose from the water. Next discovered four Scaup Ducks off the north end of Great Island, but they proved excessively shy.

In the gut above the island started five Sheldrakes. In the upper part of the Sweet Cove were six Sheldrakes and as many more Black Ducks. We took stations, sending the pilces up to drive them out. The Sheldrakes flew over Melvin, three Black Ducks over me, all rather too high up. We both failed to bring down any



1886.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

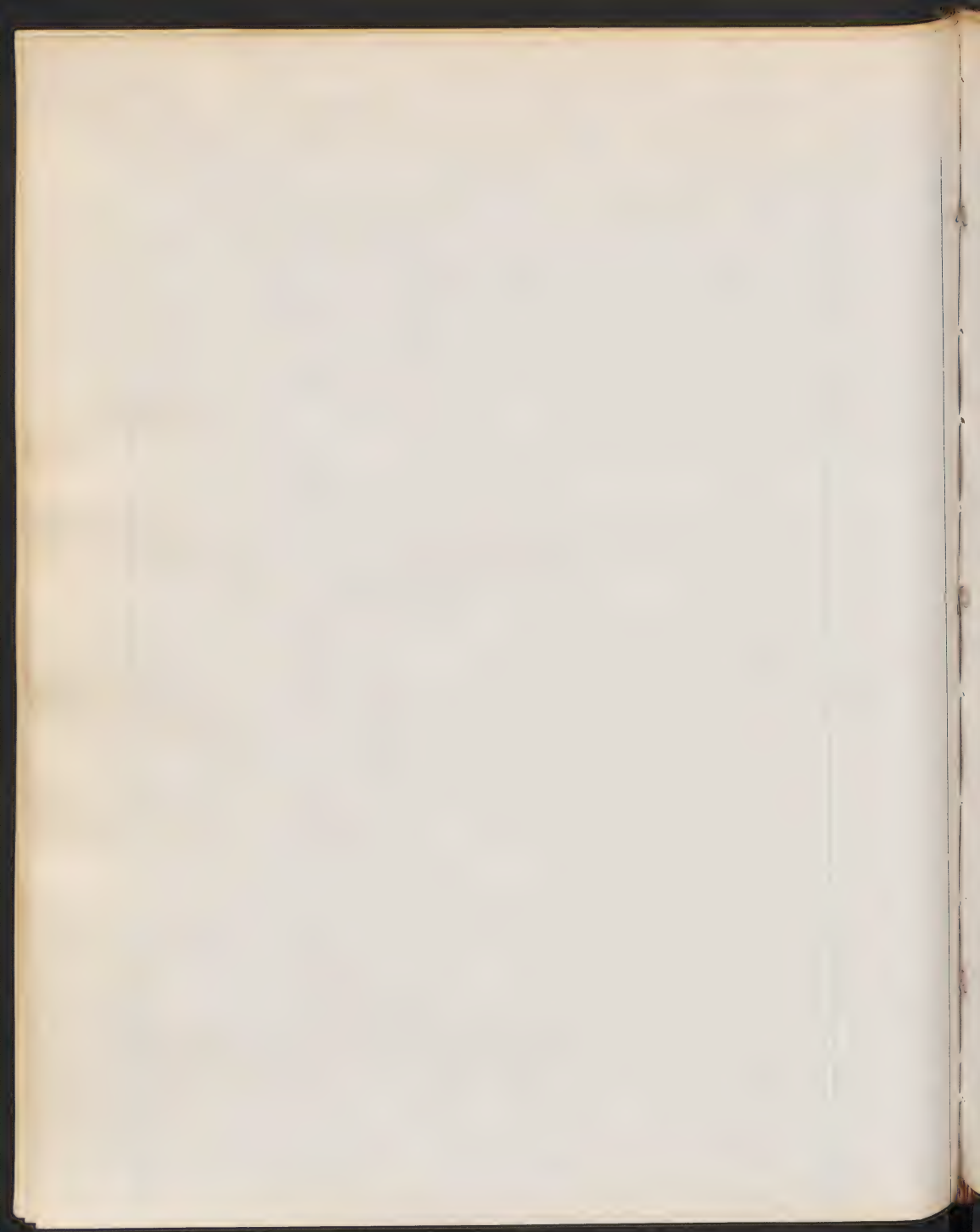
(Oct. 18) of them. While here saw a Marsh Hawk on the mud-flats rising and settling many times like a Gull and picking at something in the mud. It was an adult male.

Lunched here, the guides cooking two Ducks. Deer tracks Deer Tracks very numerous. Saw an Eagle, a flock of Pine Linnets, two Fox Sparrows, and heard a Picordis arcticus. On the way down Melvin shot a Yellow Leg (T. melanaleuca) near the mouth of the Cambridge and also started a Rail on the snipe ground. He said it was the smallest Rail he had ever seen, but he saw no white or wings. Probably a small P. carolina. He shot one and I two musk rats musk-rats. He found no Snipe, but one rose and flew over us in the twilight.

Oct. 19

Clear, frosty at sunrise, the woods and meadows as white as snow with hoar frost. Middle of the day still and warm. Spent the day up the Cambridge. Melvin started first with Alva and Lumen and I spent an hour beating the Snipe ground. Did not start a single Snipe. Heard Shore Larks and one Titlark piping over the mud-flats. A White-bellied Nuthatch calling in the woods. A Bronzed Grackle flying from stub to stub chuckling hoarsely and once calling cr-rais. A Hairy Woodpecker tapping and calling in the distance. No other birds seen or heard. Horned Larks Bronzed Grackles

Started up river at ten o'clock. Just above the first rap or "logan" came upon a Grouse standing erect and still on the bank and shattered his head at close range just as he was beginning to run. During the rest of the paddle up to the forks saw nothing more interesting than three Sitta carolinensis and a few Chickadees and Juncos. Found Melvin waiting at the forks. He had shot nothing and had failed to find a Wood drake seen in the river yesterday by Baker. Alva was off looking for Grouse and soon returned with one. Lunched on the sunny edge of the woods at the forks, cooking two ducks. A pair of Parus hudsonicus came along and I shot one. After lunch Alva started off again and I soon went in pursuit of a Hylocichla which was making a great racket in the swamp. Failed to get a shot, but while listening heard a loud rustling and saw a mouse rustling about in the dry leaves. Shot at it and was searching in the leaves where it had been sitting, when another and louder rustling attracted my attention. The sound approached steadily and presently a very large fine grouse appeared, stalking gracefully through the bushes, nodding his head at each step. After watching him a few moments I shot him. Failed to find the mouse. Up Cambridge River Ruffed Grouse



1886.

(Oct. 19)

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Returning found Alva back with another grouse and a duck. In my absence a flock of nine black ducks had alighted in the river just above the forks, but the cracking of our fire had quickly startled them again. Blue Jays flying back and forth over the meadows. Fox, mink and muskrat, and deer tracks in the mud. No deer tracks.

no deer
tracks seen
along Cambridge
River between
the mill &
B. Meadow

Started for home just before sun-set, Melvin leading our boat by twenty minutes. He shot a Great Blue Heron and saw five musk-rats. We saw literally nothing but a few Junco. It was dark when we reached the landing.

Oct. 20

Clear, still and warm. I spent the day in the house working on birds. Melvin went to the Fox place and walked into C. Pond. He saw eight grouse, about twelve Canada Jays and one Killdeer Woodpecker.

Oct. 21

Cloudy and warm with high wind. A blank day. Drove up to Horse's run after dinner and beat for Woodcock, but failed to find any. Saw five Robins. Returned and walked out on the roller road beyond the bog. Woods silent and deserted. Saw only a few blue Jays.

Oct. 22

Clear and warm. A high gusty west wind. Went down river and out to Bird point in the forenoon. No Ducks in the Lake. Returning saw a Solitary, a Titlark and a Wilson's Snipe near together on a mud-flat. Shot all three. Lunched near Peaslee's Brook. Then went up Cambridge river about half way to the forks. Three grouse together on the bank. Shot all three sitting, one flying up to a bush, the third running at my first shot. Further up shot a female Picoides arcticus and a female Pyropterus. Returning shot a fourth grouse sitting in the top of a leafless alder feeding on berries of Viburnum opulus. All four grouse young females. Saw several Sitta canadensis, Sitta carolinensis and Junco along the banks. Killed with a paddle a tiny shrew that came skipping down the bank and tried to swim across the river looking like a withered leaf. A large water beetle rising high in the air in the twilight and flying off over the woods.

along Cambridge
River

shrew

Oct. 23

Clear and cool with strong north-west wind.

Off at nine o'clock in the forenoon with Baker, Gerrish and Alva, driving down to Thale Brown's where we left our horses and struck into an extensive larch swamp on the east side of the Cambridge. In this swamp we spent the day, searching especially for Spruce grouse. Alva found and shot a fine Cock which

Shrew

1886.

Lake Umbagog, Maine

(Oct. 23) was sitting on the ground on a knoll. He also shot a common Ruffed grouse. I shot a King Fisher and three Canada Jays, one of which escaped after I had almost caught him. I also saw and shot at a Winter Wren. Heard Pine Grosbeaks twice and Redpolls once. Only other birds six Parus Canadensis (four in one flock, two in another). Tree Sparrows along the brook in alders, a mixed flock of Chickadees, Kinglets, (Sarapal) and two Nuthatches (canadensis) and one or two Blue Jays. The swamp was a dense growth of larches, white spruces, and Arctostaphylos, ground open beneath and carpeted with green moss.

Reached the Lake House in the twilight. Went down on the meadow and heard an Owl calling at regular intervals in a sharp, ringing tone almost like a cat. Saw it perched on the top of a stub across the river. It looked as large as a Bubo. It was calling at 11 o'clock P.M. and near daybreak the next morning. (I now know that it was a Bubo virginianus 1889)

Great Horned Owl.

Oct. 24

Sunday. Clear with a chilling east wind. Spent the day in the house. Saw a flock of about a dozen small waders (probably T. bonapartei) circling over the marshes. Gerrish saw a flock of about seventy-five Snow Buntings. In the evening paddled down river in search of the owl, but failed to either see or hear him.

Snow Buntings

Oct. 25

Cloudy with occasional light showers.

Lake calm nearly all day

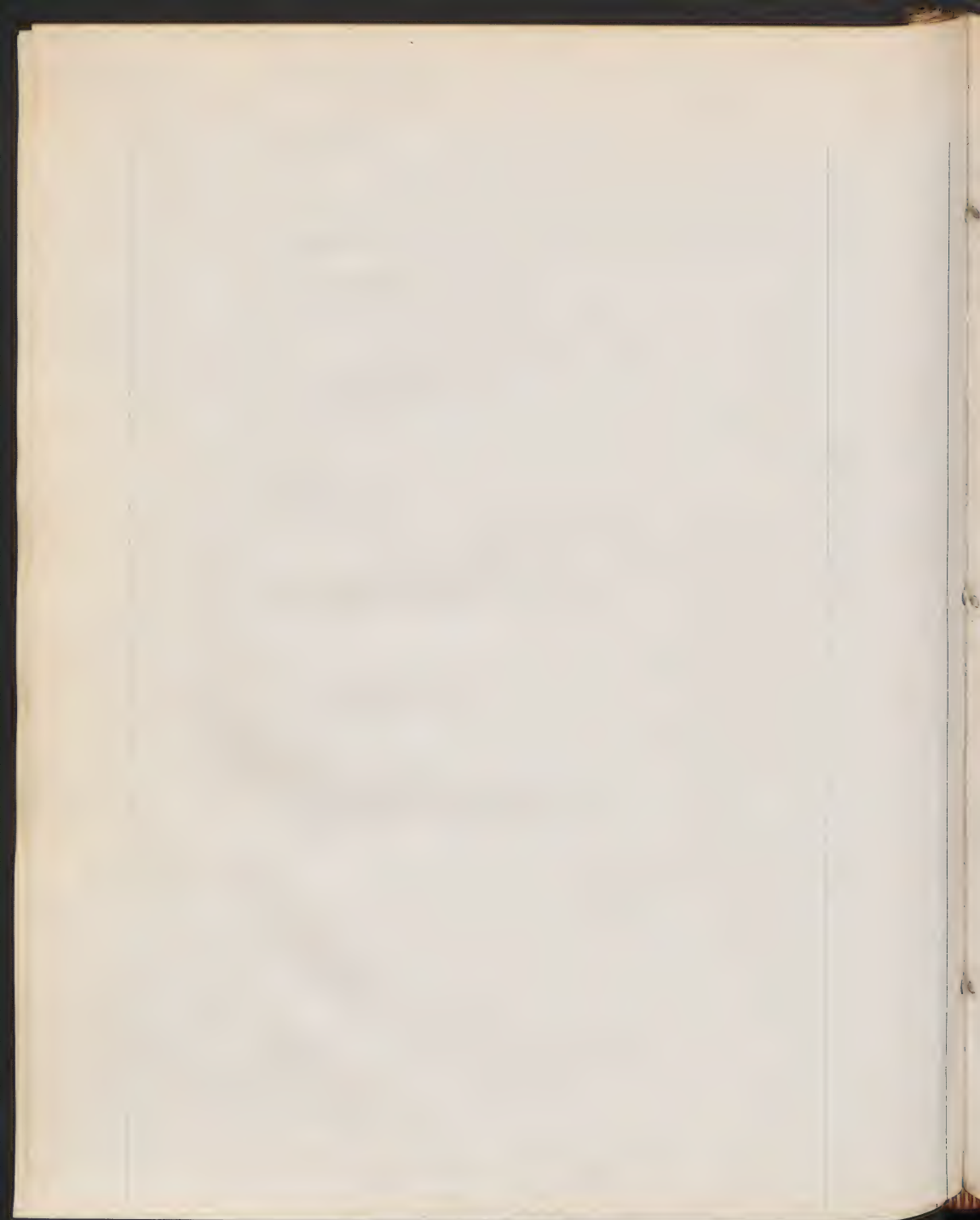
Started at about ten o'clock in the forenoon and spent the day on the Lake, going up to the head of Great Cove. A single Duck off Great Island. It proved to be a wing-broken Coot (Oz. americana). After a long chase and several snap shots we finally captured it. Lunched on the west side of the Cove. I followed a path through to the Murston's clearing where I shot a Blue Jay.

White Cough
Sooty

Oct. 26

Afternoon spent at the head of the Cove. Started nine Sheldrake and twelve Black Ducks, but fired only one long shot at a Sheldrake. Saw a single Great Blue Heron.

Drove to Bethel in the afternoon and returned to Cambridge the next day



Belmont, Massachusetts.

1886

Nov. 8.

Clear and cold with a blustering N. W. wind all day. The ground frozen stiff at sunrise.

To Prospect St., Belmont, with Chadbourne at 9 A. M., Prospect St. taking my man along to hold the horse. He had planned an extended trip but the dense evergreen woods at this our first stopping place proved so productive that we spent the entire day there.

There were birds in abundance everywhere; mixed flocks of Chickadees, Kinglets, Red-bellied Nuthatches and Creeper among the pines and cedars; Goldfinches and Red Crossbills whirling about in large flocks; Tree Sparrows and Juncos (only a few of the latter along the edges of thickets bordering fields; and the usual number of Jays, Crows etc. Chadbourne also shot a Pine Siskin from a flock of 8 or 10 and I killed three Bluebirds from a company of about a dozen. Besides these we heard a few Purple Finches and flushed a pair of Geese on the edge of a swamp. Curiously enough no Robins or Song Sparrows were seen.

Red Crossbills were more abundant than I have ever seen them in Mass. before. They were restless and elusive as usual alighting in the yellow pines for a moment, then next dashing off and disappearing over the trees. We must have seen at least 100, the flocks varying in number of individuals from 10 to 30 birds each.

Six Nuthatches (*S. canadensis*), were seen, four in one flock, two in another, in both cases in company with Chickadees.

Visiting the owl tree in the old orchard on the hill we found in it a fine *Scops asio*, one of those

3.

Mixed birds

Pine Siskin

Crossbills

Sitta Canadensis

Scops asio

1886

(Nov. 8)

interesting specimens intermediate between the gray and red phases. Chaboussier took and killed him after we had photographed him sitting in the entrance of a hole. He was stupid and lethargic as usual.

The fields are still green but the woods are almost perfectly bare of leaves.

We saw only one Hawk, a Buteo borealis sailing high in air over the woods.

Ipswich, Massachusetts.

1886.

Nov. 10.

Cloudy with heavy showers in P.M.; rather warm
To Ipswich, alone, by 9 A.M. train. At the
landing hired a man to take me down river. He
started under sail in a dory at 10 A.M. and ran
quickly down with the ebb tide. Nothing seen on the
way but a few Crows. At the river's mouth we
spied a Boon outside and sailed after him but
he eluded us successfully and finally flew. He was
apparently a C. septentrionalis.

To Ipswich

Returning we landed at the usual place and I
beat the sand-hills with some care. Near the middle
of the belt of beach grass started four Ipswich Sparrows
and shot two, one of them flying. As I was wrapping
the second one a Short-eared Owl started from the
crest of a sand-hill within 40 yds. and made off
along the shore flying very like a Marsh Hawk and
evidently quite at ease in the daylight. I lost sight
of him near the top of the large hill to the S.E. but
supposed that he passed it. Afterwards, however, my
boatman flushed him a second time from a gully
on the east slope. I shot at him the first time but
missed.

I got a single Horned Lark from a flock passing
over the sand-hills and seeing several flocks pass
on towards the great pasture hill to the S.E. followed
them. Arriving at the summit found several
small flocks of Horned Larks feeding on the green
turf and quickly shot five. While on this hill as
well as afterwards I saw many flocks of Horned
Larks flying over or past and also a very few
Snow Buntings but no Songspurs. As the Larks were

greatly in excess of the Snow Buntings at (least 20 to 1) I suspect that it is not late enough for the house-puns.

While on this hill looking off over the sea I made out many Ducks, the majority flying well out beyond the bar, looking like weather of smoke in the distance. Immediately below in the smooth water within a few yards of shore three Oldsquaws were fishing within fifty yards of a gang of men at work making a road. I descended and by running when the Ducks were under and stopping when they rose, got within about 40 yds. and shot both barrels at them. All three dove and coming up well out over soon whirled out to sea by the tide. One of them died before he got out of sight but the other two were apparently unhurt. There were also two Horned Grebes sailing along near shore. From the hill I could distinctly see the Oldsquaws for several yards under water when they dove. They went down very swiftly and at an angle, not vertically.

Returning to the boat we crossed the river and sought shelter from the rain, which had begun to fall heavily, in a small shanty. After waiting awhile we decided to push on up river which we did in the teeth of a mighty storm, the rain falling incessantly until we had nearly reached town. We passed several large flocks of Herring Gulls which seemed to reckon that I had packed my gun away in its case for they allowed us to get within 40 yds. before flying. They presented a beautiful sight sitting in dense masses on the mud flats. There were hundreds of Crows, also, flying high overhead towards Rowley where they are said to have a roost.

Great Island, Hyannis, Mass.

1886

Nov. 21.

Clear and warm for the season with light W. wind.

Left Boston yesterday P.M. at 4.15 with C. B. Cory for Great Island, Hyannis, where I was invited to spend three days. It was seven o'clock when we reached Hyannis and the drive to the "Island" was a slow, groping journey, most of the way lying through pine woods and our numerous salt marshes and sand-hills dimly visible at the best, and often nearly obscured by the mist and darkness of a cloudy November evening.

Rising early this morning we found the sky clear and the sun shining over the wide stretch of rolling pasture and sand-hills that surrounded the house and lighting up the dark sea beyond. Immediately after breakfast we started for the deer park, a preserve of about two hundred acres surrounded by a high fence. C. was armed with a Winchester rifle, I with a Ballard which he furnished. Our object was to kill a buck and I was to have the first shot.

The enclosure is supposed to contain, at present, about one hundred deer, probably not an overestimate although we saw only a dozen during the forenoon. All of them were does except one at which C. had a fair shot which he refused, waiting for me. A few of the does were rather tame but the majority would start at the slightest alarm & instantly disappear in the dense cover. This cover was of scrubby oaks (*Q. alba*, *Q. coccinea*, *Q. ilicifolia* & *Q. tinctoria*) and pines (*P. rigida*). It was everywhere difficult and when overrun with greenbriar often fairly impenetrable. Yet the deer traversed it with apparent ease, sometimes sneaking along its obscure paths as silently as shadows, at others when fairly alarmed dashing through the thickest places

at full speed, their long white "flaps" held erect and flashing in the sunlight or gleaming in the darker places. Often this white gleam was the only thing seen for the general coloring of the animal harmonized wonderfully with the russet oak leaves and soft gray trunks and twigs. These deer were wonderfully graceful animals when in motion. Nevertheless they reminded me most of gigantic rabbits, or rather, hares, with their long ears, and timid ways, and irregular bounding action.

Besides the deer we saw only pigeons, of which there were hundreds inhabiting dove-cotes erected in the woods on poles, and small birds in great numbers. Of the latter Nuthatches (*S. canadensis*) were literally swarming (I saw not less than thirty, and Crossbills (*L. americana*), Pine Siskins, Goldfinches, Kinglets (*R. satrapa*), Brown Creepers, Chickadees and Fox Sparrows numerous.

Of small mammals we saw one musk rat and several red squirrels. Not a shrew was found.

After dinner I was driven to a duck stand on one of the creeks in the marsh where I lay for several hours without seeing a Duck, although we started about thirty *A. obscura* when we approached the place. Herring Gulls were flying about over the creeks, a Bittern passed me about sunset, and a Short-eared Owl was seen hovering over the sand-hills in the distance. There was also a great flock of Meadow Larks which apparently assembled to roost in the beach grass bordering the marsh. I fired two shots at them and killed one but could not find it. I also shot a *Par. princeps* on the sand hills and at twilight saw another which came from the sand-hills and alighted far out in the marsh.

Great Island, Hyannis, Mass.

1886

Nov. 22

Clear, slightly colder than yesterday; wind N.

To the deer park immediately after breakfast armed with rifles as before. On approaching the pigeon cotes where corn is placed daily and peeping over a knoll I saw a Virginia Deer fine young buck standing under the trees but he was out of sight in an instant before I could raise my rifle.

A ♀ Pheasant (*P. colchicus*) was also sitting erect in the path but she too disappeared like a flash, running into the brush.

Concealing ourselves we awaited the return of the deer. In a few minutes he appeared skulking through the trees and finally halting within fair range. I could have shot him easily but C. wanted to count three and fire with me; result a misunderstanding, neither fired, and the buck vanished. Several does afterwards came, and one approaching us from behind stole up within ten yards, then with a thump of the fore foot and several hoofs bounded away leaping ridiculously high in air as if clearing imaginary obstacles although the ground was then smooth and open.

We afterwards tramped over the entire park being about a dozen deer in all, mostly does. They were excessively shy. I shot twice, once at a field mouse sitting on the edge of a pond, the second time at a red squirrel on a tree, killing both. C. shot a hare (*Lepus americanus*) which was in nearly pure white pelage.

After dinner went out on the sand hills behind the house with shot guns and killed four pigeons, two each. These birds fly regularly between the woods and the beaches at low tide.

Late in the afternoon returned to the park taking the rifles. Saw nothing in the woods but on reaching

The large opening on the north side discovered four deer feeding well out from the trees. This opening comprises about twenty acres over which are scattered boulders and occasional isolated pines. By making use of these as well as stealing part of the way through the woods we approached the deer unseen and finally stopped within about 100 yds. of the largest, a fine old buck with large antlers. He was feeding, occasionally raising his head to look around. Another and smaller buck was a little to the right and beyond were two does. It was a pretty picture and I felt little inclination to disturb it but I had made up my mind to shoot a deer so, taking a careful steady aim at the buck's heart, I pressed the trigger. C. had prepared to fire also, wishing to make sure, and his rifle cracked almost with mine. The smoke blinded us but C. saw the deer spring high into the air and pitch headlong. As he lay struggling C. fired again. Meanwhile I came very near shooting at the other buck which stopped on the edge of the woods & which I imagined to be the one we had shot at, but stepping out to get a better sight at him I discovered our victim prostrate and kicking his legs about in every direction. Scarcely had we started towards him, however, than he struggled to his feet and made off at a feeble trot, his "flag" lowered. We both shot at him again but he plunged into the bushes and disappeared. Pursuit in such a tangle was useless and after following a few rods we gave it up.

During this stalk a Pheasant was calling in the woods, its deep oogh-oooh sounding like the bay of a hound. Saw several white hares to-day.

Great Island, Hyannis, Mass.

1886

Nov. 23

Cloudy with heavy rain all day; wind E., strong.

We had planned to shoot Quail in the park this morning and as it was the last chance we donned waterproof suits and started in the pouring rain at about 8 a.m. C's dog, an old black setter, worked beautifully but for some time in vain. Finally we flushed a small covey of Quail and following them the dog found and pointed them. They rose wild, however, and we failed to get a shot.

The dog next drew and pointed on the track of a Pheasant which finally rose among some pines and mounting high above the trees passed us out of range making a loud outcry. It flew nearly as fast as a Grouse and in a similar manner. Its long tail streaming out behind gave it a curious appearance. I could see that it was a fine ♂ bird. Eng. Pheasant

After this we hunted for nearly an hour without seeing anything save a white hare, three dogs, and a large Hawk. One of the deer was started by the dog and came by us at full speed taking surprisingly high leaps but apparently not going ahead very fast, certainly not nearly as fast as a horse can run.

Returning past the dove-cotes we saw a covey of about eight Quail in the wood road. They ran into the brush when the setter stood them handsomely but they kept on running and would not lie. At length they rose and we both fired but failed to kill any of them. He afterwards Quail

flushed two or three of them singly and fired two more shots in vain. They acted strangely, whistling almost as soon as they alighted, running on before the dog, and rising nearly out of range.

It had now begun to rain like a shower and we returned to the house, starting for Boston immediately after lunch.

Thus ended a delightful but curious experience; three days spent in a small area teeming with game, yet practically without bringing a single bird or animal to bag. I felt well paid for the journey, however.

In the swamps of the park I saw for the first time in Mass. the inkberry (I. glabra). It was abundant and presented an attractive appearance with its rich green foliage and shining black berries.

In addition to the birds already mentioned I noted Horned Larks (abundant over the mud-hills and marshes), Snow Buntings (a very few flying about with the Horned Larks), Song Sparrows (several in the swamps) and a single Buteo lineatus lurking about the down-cotes.

In the bay behind the house were Gulls and two or three Oldsquaws.

Off the extreme end of the point some outlying rocks were literally covered with seals which C. does not allow to be disturbed.

Belmont, Massachusetts.

1887
April 6

Clear and cold with a high N.W. wind roaring through the woods all day.

Off with Chadbourne in the morning driving to Prospect St. and going over the usual ground there with some additional territory not often included. In the large cedar & yellow pine grove near the fork of the road found Fox Sparrows, Juncos, and a flock of Chickadees with a single *Sitta canadensis* accompanying the latter. Flushed a Grouse near the stone wall on the north side.

Crossing the road and penetrating through the cedars on the south side we visited the orchard to look in the Owl-hole which proved empty. As we leaped over the wall two Grouse rose together at the foot of an apple tree, giving us, had it been open season, a fine double shot in the open.

To the eastward of these cedars we came upon an old field which was alive with birds. There must have been at least fifty juncos, nearly as many Red-wings and Cow Birds, several Bluebirds, and some Robins.

In a swamp below were several Fox Sparrows and here I heard a male sing repeatedly. He was not at his best however.

Returning to the fork of the roads C. saw four Black Ducks circle over the woods and apparently drop into a small rain-water pond to the north. He went in search of them but did not find them. I, however, flushed a Woodcock from some wild rose bushes in the middle

of a springy run. It was a small bird, doubtless
a ♂, and rose very wildly.

There was much snow in the woods and
the ^{open} country, though bare, was brown and
dreary-looking enough.

On the drive homeward we saw a
fine Osprey which passed overhead almost
within shot as we were opposite Fresh Pond.

Concord, Massachusetts

1887

April 7

With Spelman took an early train to Concord and spent the day on the river. It was a fine day, cloudless, frosty in the early morning, rather windy and bright after nine o'clock, but still not too cold for vigorous exercise and with plenty of sunshine in the sheltered coves & southern exposures.

As we walked up the avenue to the House a Purple Finch was singing in the ash trees and a Nuthatch (S. carolinensis), doubtless the same bird that spent last summer there, trawking and calling. Down by the river in the old orchard were more Purple Finches, some Juncos, a few Robins, and a Downy Woodpecker. Song Sparrows were singing on every side.

Getting my Ruston boat from the barn we were soon afloat and on our way down river. By this time the wind had risen and soon after passing Hunt's bridge we hoisted our sail and sailed almost uninterruptedly as far as Ball's Hill. The river was over its banks and the meadows everywhere flooded. At the "cut" we left the channel and took to the meadow laying a straight course for Ball's Hill. The water, most of the way, was about four feet deep.

After passing Ball's Hill we had a head wind against which we made rather slow progress with the paddles and about two miles below landed on the west bank near my favorite haunt of last summer.

It proved to be little changed although a few pines have been cut down where I found the young Dots, among them the tree in which the nest was placed.

In these pine woods we found nothing but two Chickadees but in the open country beyond we had better success. Attracted by the jingling clamor of some Rusty Blackbirds we crossed a field and found a swampy copse bordering a brook on the western side of the field literally alive with birds. Besides the Blackbirds there were Juncos, Song Sparrows, Fox Sparrows and a single Field Sparrow, all singing together. A shot fired by S. at one of the Blackbirds scattered this assembly but a little further on we found twice as many more Juncos and Song Sparrows with many Grass Finches, Robins and Bluebirds and a pair of Carolina Doves, all feeding in an old field choked with weeds. The Doves were very shy flying to the edge of the woods when they alighted in an oak but would not let me get near them. After a second flight they settled in the field again & I was creeping towards them under cover of a wall when a ♀ Marsh Hawk suddenly appeared nearly overhead. A charge of #11 from the Little 20's of Spelman's that I had with me brought it down broken winged and otherwise injured. It was bold and defiant as

Concord, Massachusetts.

1887

(April 7)

usual erecting its crest and threatening with its claws.

After killing it I continued on towards the spot where the Doves had settled but supposing that they had probably been startled away by the report of the gun took little pains to stalk them & finally after reaching the wall and looking for them a moment through it, was about to pass on when both birds rose from the weeds where I had overlooked them and flew to the woods.

We lunched on the sunny side of a thicket and soon afterwards retraced our steps to the boat. On the way we found an Owl hole in an old apple tree but Scops was not at home although the pellets under (one in) the hole looked fresh. Near the boat was a very fresh track of a Raccoon in the snow. He had passed from the base of one oak to that of the next jumping very like a gray squirrel, the tracks being similarly arranged in pairs. ⁰⁰ the claws had left their distinct imprints in places.

Sailing back to Ball's Hill we again took the paddles and entering a cove forced the boat through some brush and came out on the meadows behind the hill just west of Ball's completely encircling it. As we were passing out into the river again a

Pigeon Hawk darted past in pursuit of a Robin & missing its prey alighted in the very middle of one of the white maples. It started out just as we got within good range giving Spelman a fair cross shot but the tail was in his way and he made a clean miss.

We next landed at Dalkin's Hill and I spent an hour or more basking in the sun under the lee of the pines while Spelman took a long tramp inland. I shot a Pine Warbler and a Bluebird. I came back with a Tree Sparrow. He saw a fox and flushed a covey of about eighteen Quail in a stubble. We found the fox's "earth" with fresh tracks leading out but none returning.

Our next stage by boat was the final one and we reached the Manor before sunset. After hoisting the boat we rambled up over Ripley's Hill flushing a Grouse on the east slope and getting a fine view of the flooded meadows.

Returning there was still a short space of time before the sun set. Birds were singing on every side, a Robin in the orchard, Redwings in the oaks by the river, Song Sparrows in various directions, and a Meadow Lark somewhere in the distance. The wind had died away and the water was so smooth that the furrows of a muskrat crossing the channel just below the Red bridge was distinctly marked.

Grouse have roosted regularly all winter long in the pines at the north end of the

1887

(April 7) Mice to judge by the marks they have left there, including several gnawed & droppings scattered about, most thickly on the platform we had made last spring.

We saw in all to-day first 29 species of birds as follows: Robins, Chickadees, Nuthatches (*S. carolinensis*), Bluebirds, Pine Warblers, Juncos, Song Sparrows, Fox Sparrows, Grass Finches, Field Sparrow, Purple Finches, Goldfinches, Red-wings, Rusty Blackbirds, Meadow Lark, Crows, Ospreys, Red-tailed Hawk, Marsh Hawk, Pigeon Hawk, White-bellied Swallows (only two), Hurtle Doves, Quail Grouse, Great Blue Heron, Black Ducks, Gooseanders and a Downy Woodpecker. Curiously we neither heard nor saw either Phoebe or Flicker.


Most interesting were the birds of prey and water-fowl. It was a good day for Hawks and they were almost constantly in sight, especially Marsh Hawks and Ospreys, soaring high in air or skimming close over the woods and fields. Of Ducks we saw a great many, probably not less than fifty Black Ducks and nearly as many Wild geese or Gooseanders. The latter were mostly in pairs the drakes very conspicuous on the dark blue water as well as when flying, at a distance they looked like cakes of snow floating before the wind or with the current. Flying their green-black heads were easily seen at a considerable distance. They were very noisy rising often times nearly a mile

away, but a pair came within long gunshot of us on their way up river and I fired at them.

The Great Blue Heron was struggling northward against the strong wind & passed low down over some pine woods near us.

We saw only two White-bellied Swallows, both together, flying over the water.

The maples are thick with blossoms, the poplars with catkins. In a few springy places the grass is beginning to show a little green but the fields are still cere and brown. In the woods the snow is a foot or more deep in spots and there is little bare ground there.

Yet on the edge of a sandy field we found a number of cicindellas which were as alert and active as in summer. Besides them I saw a honey bee, numbers of spiders, a few wingless grasshoppers, and a small brown butterfly about as large as .

Concord, Massachusetts

1887

April 12

To Concord with Chadbourne by 8 A. M. train.

Taking my Rustron we were soon on our way down river. Morning perfect, cloudless, dead calm, with now & then a puff of east wind to temper the warm sunshine. Hoavours playing about the Martin ~~Cox~~ at the House and a pair around the white maples on the meadows. Lutes (only a few, all picta) showing their heads & one basking on a floating board. The morning cry of Rana halsina coming up from the meadows. Red-wings singing on the maple tops now thick with blossoms, Song Sparrows chanting in the thickets, Grass Finches and Field Sparrows singing in the distance. Near Ball's Hill shot five Red-wings, two Phoebe & a Thricket (R. calendula), shot at a Kingfisher in the oak at the Landing and missed but afterwards killed him (or her) at the next hill below.

Still further down heard a curious cry repeated at frequent intervals, a low yet penetrating cuck or cuck-cuck uttered in a purring tone. At first I took it for the call of a muskrat which it resembled closely but shortly afterwards we saw a small Hawk fly from an oak and alight in the top of a pine on the hill where I saw the Gos-hawks last summer. It was evidently the author of the cry which it repeated a few times before sailing off over the woods.

Paddling noisily inshore we entered a narrow channel and came out into a sheltered lagoon separated from the river by a small island. We were skirting the margin next the mainland where in an oak on the hillside above I spied a Cooper's Hawk sitting erect & still on a dead prong. The next moment I fired bringing it down with a broken

wing. It made off at a wonderful pace by a succession of long leaps but finally "stood at bay" as we landed & approached it. It proved a ♀ in ragged, dull plumage. Its mate which we afterwards saw again was probably the author of the cackling cry.

On the island opposite a Regulus calendula was singing superbly as we were passing. We also found five or six R. satrapa in the pines on the hill.

Landings we went over nearly the same ground as that covered last week. Shot a D. pubescens and saw many common birds including a Certhia. Dunched under the shelter of some pines. The sky had clouded over & a chill east wind was now blowing.

As we left the shore again in our boat a pair of Black Ducks passed flying up river. Hell out from land a musk-rat floated showing his full length, tail & all; a huge yellow grown wary too by long experience.

Made our last landing at the hill below Ball's & after a short tramp lay down on the west side of a slope covered with pines. Sun out again clear & warm. Bluebirds & juncos warbling in an orchard, Grass finches singing, Flickers laughing, a Pine Warbler or two twittering. A Marsh Hawk (♂) passed & I "squeaked" him within good range but missed.

Two boys in a boat above Ball's Hill fired several shots in quick succession & soon fifteen Goosander passed high overhead, seven in one flock eight in another, only one drake among them all. (A fine ♂ in the window of a provision store in Concord evidently a victim of fast-day gunners).

Sailed part way home & rowed the remainder. Redwings on all sides singing merrily. About fifteen Swallows (L. brevis) over the water. Robins singing everywhere.

The water lower than last week but still well over the meadows.

1887

May 6

W. moved into Concord on the 4th and I followed him driving up from Cambridge late in the afternoon. It was cloudy with a chill east wind and birds as a rule were silent and close hid. I saw a pair of Orioles in the road and heard another, singing in an orchard. Also saw several Catbirds, Robins, Chipping Squirrels, and many songbirds. I went to the house of my friend, Mr. H. in the morning and saw the bottom of the pond. Wood thrushes were singing and I heard another in the sandy "bird woods" near a rabbit in the road.

" 7

To Boston for the entire day. It day began with a Cat-bird, doubtless one old friend, singing in the cedar at the Museum. Miss Emerson saw Orioles on the 4th.

" 8

Sunday. The early morning cloudy and cool with E. wind. The sun came out at about 11 A.M. and the rest of the day was warmer and blid.

With the morning the birds began singing in the orchard and I quickly found that most of the summer species are already here. Orioles, Robins, Yellow-throats, and Chipping Squirrels were heard in every direction from an window, with the exception of a mud wall on Ripleys Hill, I had to spend most of the day in doors writing letters.

Both in the afternoon, however, I drove in the woods and taking the western coast road up the road to above Bird-kill Island, and the meadows and woods along the bank and my highest views.

1887

May 8

The woods generally being as bare as in winter, in fact the vegetation is remarkable backward while the birds seem to be ahead of their usual time.

One or two Bobolinks were singing on the Mill meadow, Kingbirds were chattering about the mill, and Red-wings calling on every side. The white corn was in full flower and this delicate lacework was so noticeable in the field. We were also in the woods,

birds and vines and even clusters of them was to have a Yellow Warbler or two, singing of course.

In the woods I heard Over birds, a Wilson's Thrush, Black and white Cuckers, a Maryland Yellow and several Robins and Thrashers. Pickering's were in full chorus at sunset; I also heard a few Cra. americana, several morio frogs (R. halimna), a R. sylvatica, and a single Rana pipiens. The latter calling lustily. There was a mass of turtles, among them a wood tortoise on a rock in the middle of the river, and only two musk rats, one perched on the branch of a willow and the other above the water. C. americana was in bloom; dead bush on the point of flowering but were actually out. Cherry blossoms open on the 5th. Lily pads floating on the surface in a sheltered cove their leaves perfect in outline and of the color of a purple beetle.

Returning after sunset I hurried to the top of Ripleys Hill. In maple swamp below without the faintest tinge of green but the tips of the branches pink on a smoky gray base of leaves. A perfect melody of bird voices in this swamp chiefly of Brown Thrashers & Robins with a Maryland Yellowthroat & Wilson's Thrush. Two Pittsburgs booming in the meadows beyond, alternating as if answering one another. All these birds sang until it became nearly dark.

1887

Concord

May 9

Cloudless, warm in the morning, chilly with east wind in the afternoon.

Drive to
Cambridge

Starting at 8 A.M. I drove to Cambridge over the usual road, via Sandy Pond and Briscoe. As I entered the Sandy Pond woods I noticed that the leaves had started since yesterday the birches, hawthorns, and poplars showing a thin, gauzy veil of green. The shrub bush was in full blossom, the maples still crimson with flowers.

Birds were abundant and in full song. A Wood Thrush, Grosbeak, several Chestnut-sided and Nashville Warblers were heard in various directions almost simultaneously. Next I saw a Tanager shortly another, both ♂s of course and very conspicuous in the leafless oaks in which they were flitting about; One sang as I was passing. I also heard a solitary Oriole singing superbly near the middle of these woods. G. virens

Nothing more of special interest during the remainder of the drive. Orioles were surprisingly numerous; I must have seen and heard at least 25 ♂♂ besides a single ♀. Warbling Vireos were also common. I did see, or rather hear, one very interesting bird at the cross roads near the Frying Place in Watertown, nothing less in fact than a House Wren now an uncommon if not rare species in this country. I did see

Returned late in the afternoon by the same road. Compensating few birds seen but Titmice, Starlings and Robins singing freely. Also heard three Wood Thrushes (two in Sandy Pond woods and saw a fine ♂ Grosbeak. In the willows

(May 9) on the causeway over Capt. Moore's brook saw
three Quail in the road. They were very tame
merely skulking into the bushes as I passed.

1887

May 10

Clear and hot; wind S. W.

At 9 a. m. started on Repley's Hill and spending the morning in the country to the eastward.

On the top of the hill I found a few birds, a Pine Warbler, three Cow Buntings, and some Chipping Sparrows besides a pair of blue flavifrons of which I shot the ♀.

The maple swamp was too wet to be comfortably traversed so I passed it by and took the path towards Caesar's woods. Finding nothing in the first oaks but a Robin's nest with one egg I next tried the birches to the south. There I roved along with Cat Birds, Thrashers, and Field Sparrows but nothing more attractive.

Crossing the Lowell R. R. I entered a an extensive mixed woods of oak, pine, and birch. Hardly had I begun to thread my way among the trees when a ♀ House Wren flushed by her nest over my head and alighted on a branch, flitting her body to the ground & whining as if with pain. The nest held two eggs which looked perfectly fresh. I was struck with their close resemblance in color to the surrounding bleached oak leaves. Being an hour later I had to search a long time before finding the nest again, at length I saw the head and neck of the sitting bird rise above the leaves.

These woods were only a few common birds such as Blue jays, Black-throated Green & Pine Warblers, Brown Thrashers etc.

In a sandy field I found a little too

(May 10) Yellow-winged sparrows were singing. I think
I have never seen them as early before.

Shad bush in full bloom to-day.

In the evening there was a deafening
chorus of toads and hylas in the flooded
meadows behind the Mann; also the occasional
trump of a bull frog.

The rain is falling fast and the grass
springing up above the water on the flooded
meadows.

I heard straws calling in the
air at 10 P. M.

1887

May 11

Concord, Massachusetts

Much cooler this morning, with high N. W. wind.
Off at 9.30 driving to the Estabrook woods and
having George return for me at 1 P. M.

A solitary bird singing near the entrance to
the woods. Afterwards saw three more, two of them
a mated pair.

Visiting the Hairy Woodpecker's nest found
it deserted & no new hole in the tree.

A Phoebe singing near probably had a nest
in one of the old lime quaries but I reached
them early & without finding it.

A pair of Sawagers in these woods, the ♂
abundantly conspicuous in the leafless trees. I saw
him nearly 100 yards away.

Crossing the road to the east side I tramped
through woods and pastures without seeing much
of interest. In a corner among ground juniper
I flushed a pair of Olive-backed Thrushes and
shot them both. They were silent and rather
shy. In the same spot I also saw a little
company of Zonotrichia albicollis.

Only a very few birds were singing among
them Minioptila, D. virens, D. pennsylvanica,
and an occasional Thrasher or Cat Bird. The
high wind roared through the trees but the
day was otherwise bright, warm, and pleasant.

Before starting in the morning I saw a
Sparrow pitch into the lilacs at the N. E. corner
of the Manor. Approaching I found him hopping
about among the stems, chucking behind them
in a way that led me at once to suspect
what he would be when a moment later

A. Lincoln

(May 11) I shot him (or rather her for it was a ♀) and found I had a *Sinusius Finch*. She was not at all shy and silent as usual.

There were a few apple blossoms open to-day, but only a few. Pear trees are in full bloom, cherry blossoms falling. The trees in the woods are only green in places where birches or poplars abound; the oaks and chestnuts are still perfectly naked or foliage.

In a thicket of wild apple trees I saw an ~~american~~ woodchuck ~~lying~~ ^{lying} on grass in an opening. He was very suspicious of danger pausing every minute or two and rising erect to listen and look around. Finally he either saw or winded me and galloped off.

1887

Mar 12

Concord, Mass. Aug 12.

A repetition of yesterday, clear, cool, with a roaring N.W. wind.

Off at 9.30 to Sandy Pond woods in pursuit especially of Wood Thrushes, tramped several miles through swamps, wood roads etc. in all directions to the turnpike. Saw almost nothing except a few common birds. Killed only one shot, at a tree toxotarsus which I killed. Heard a D. maculosa and a Hel. chrysopetra, the latter in Hall's beeches. The woods at times were perfectly silent and seemed deserted but of course it was owing wholly to the weather which was the worst possible for collecting. I heard singing a few D. pennsylvanica, D. virens, hirs. aureicapillus, Miniothra varia, Thrushes, Catbirds, and one Panda. Utopia in trip. Grooved a total failure for I neither saw nor heard a Wood Thrush.

Up Abbott in the canoe late in P.M. Nearly dead since then & few birds here. Tasted two spotted Sandpipers and one solitary. The latter perching awkwardly on the top of a submerged button bush.

In the Sandy Pond woods this morning watched a pair of Car. canadensis digging a hole in a poplar stump. Both came and went bringing out shreds of dead wood, flying a few rods and dropping them after alighting.

No marked change in the vegetation. Chestnut leaves opening and many oaks showing small light purple leaves.

MAY 13 1887

1887

Concord, Massachusetts.

May 13

Clear with a chill east wind.

Spent the morning in my canoe going down river to Ball's Hill. The day was windy and cold with almost no birds singing at all freely. I paddled down and sailed the entire distance back.

Solitary Sandpipers were unusually numerous. I must have seen at least a dozen of which I shot four, killing them with my 32 cal. pistol. They were scattered along from the Minute Man nearly to Ball's Hill, rarely more than one in a place. Part of them (perhaps half) were in thickets of button bushes or river maples from which they would start with a great outcry often after I had passed without seeing them.

There were few Red-wings along the banks, in fact few birds of any kind. I heard a Water Thrush singing and a Bittern booming. Swallows were especially scarce; I saw less than thirty in all, chiefly Barn Swallows.

At Ball's Hill I found a number of Warblers in the oaks on the sheltered side. They were mostly Yellow-rumps and Creepers (*Myiozetetes*) with a single adult ♂ *D. striata*. There was also a pair of Pine Warblers of which I shot the ♀ an exceptionally bright specimen. To my surprise, I found on dissecting her that she had laid all her eggs and was incubating. There was a single Towhee, also, in these oaks.

On the way home I sailed to within about 25 yds of a Green Heron sitting on a tussock and by great good luck killed it with my little 32 cal. pistol. It

proved to be a ♀ and had an egg in the
oviduct of full size and enclosed in a thin,
soft shell.

1887
May 15

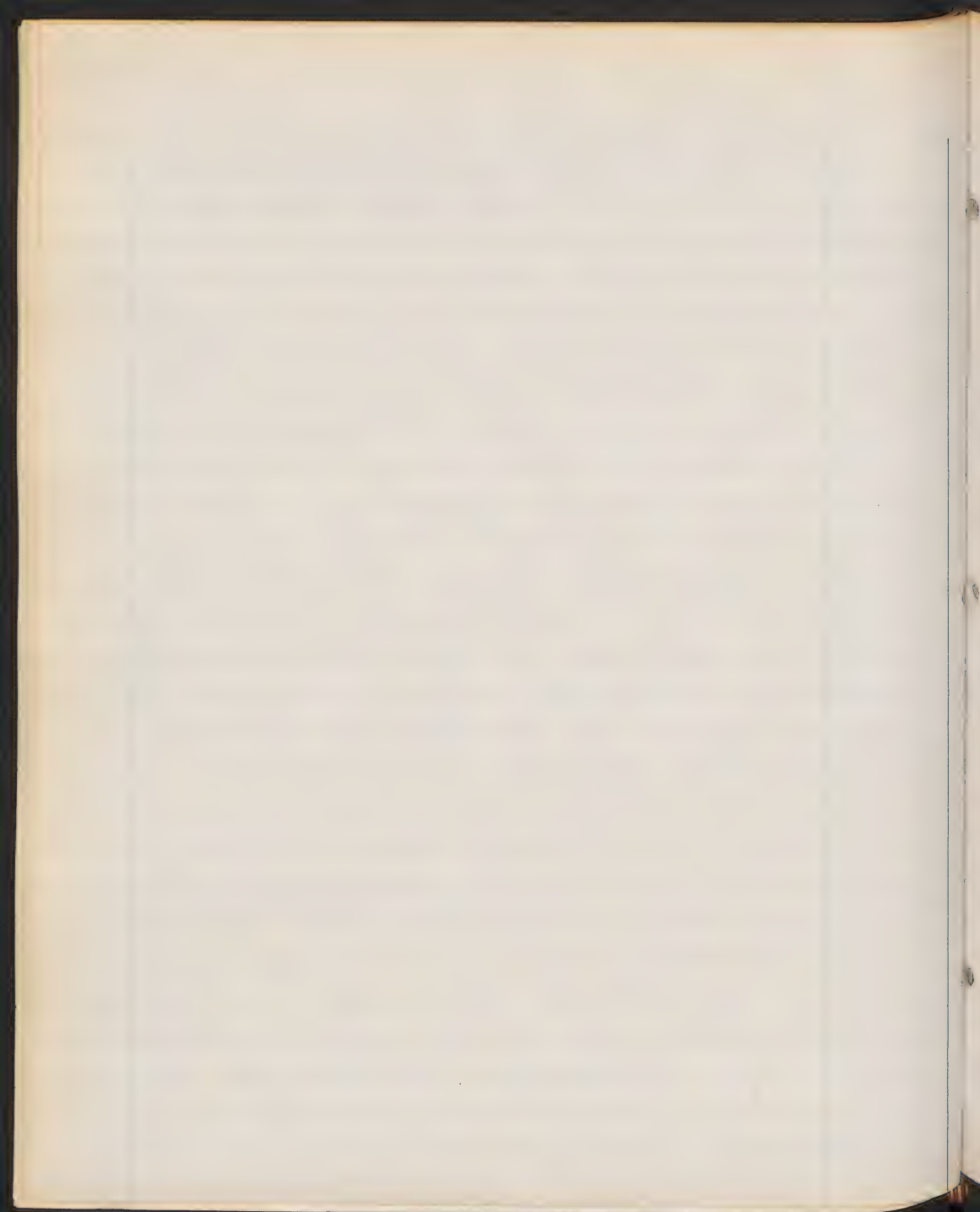
Cambridge, Mass.

Clear and warm.

Went to Cambridge (from Concord) yesterday and spent last night and this forenoon there. The morning was still and warm and I was surprised as well as delighted at the number and variety of birds seen and heard about our place. Orioles, Yellow Warblers, Chipping Sparrows, and Purple Finches were singing everywhere and I actually heard two Grosbeaks (*H. ludovicianus*) singing at once. There were also Warbling and Yellow throated Vireos, Redstarts, Black-poll Warblers and a Canada Flycatcher, the latter by Smith's pond. Great Peewees were numerous and Song Sparrows were also heard and hence must be breeding. It was quite like old times and the cause was evident viz. the English Sparrows are so reduced in numbers this season that they have failed to keep out our own birds as has been the case during the past five years.

I forgot to include *Parula americana* in the above. I heard two males singing.

Returned to Concord in the afternoon. At about 5 P.M. while sitting in my study I heard Yellow-legs (*T. melanoleuca*) whistling. There seemed to be at least two of them and they were evidently flying over the marshes. At about 9 P.M. I heard Great Sandpipers passing overhead



MAY 16 1887

Cornwall, Connecticut.

1887
May 16

The morning opened cloudy but by 10 A. M. the sun came out and the remainder of the day was very warm, tempered somewhat by an E. wind.

In Estabrook woods at 9 A. M. returning at 1 P. M. I saw left me at the old lime kiln. The sun just below held a number of birds among which I would make out a Canada Piccatcher, a Water Thrush, and three Parulas. All of them were singing freely as were also Tanagers, Grosbeaks, several species of our summer Warblers, and one or two Wood Thrushes.

After ransacking this ground pretty thoroughly I kept on northward, part of the time in the road, often through the woods that border it on the east side. Birds were fairly numerous but after their first burst of welcome to the sun they did not sing at all freely. I heard a H. s. s. s. (the ind. s. s. singer of the season) and most of the commoner species but a D. maculosa that I shot was silent and Tanagers and Grosbeaks were singing only fitfully. A H. caeruleus, however, was singing fairly steadily in the oaks by the roadside and in the wild apple tangle beyond Ash Swamp a Golden wing Warbler was uttering his bawling notes. I shot both the latter and then crossed the lane to the western side.

In the sun when Henshaw and I joined so many Olive-backs last autumn I was lucky enough to kill a Wood Thrush. He was by far the tamest individual that I have seen for several years.

Returning down the lane to meet the buggy I saw two sparrows dash across one plunging into a thicket on the right, the other turning back. On reaching the spot I found several birds in

(June 18) The stricket but at first could see nothing that looked like a Sparrow. Finally, however, a small dark-colored bird that had been keeping behind the stem of a poplar hopped out in fair view within ten yards of me and I at once recognized him as a Lincoln's Finch. Before I could back off far enough to shoot he flew and crossing the lane plunged into a tangle of cedars and ground junipers where he had probably come in the first place. I followed at once and starting him had a fairly good, but rather long, shot. At the report he flew again, evidently badly wounded, and was at once lost to sight in the thickets. It was very provoking.

White throated Sparrows still linger in small numbers. I saw a little flock to-day, most of them very dull-plumaged birds.

Apple trees are in bloom everywhere now but not at their fullest. Their woods are fast becoming green and the oaks are very beautiful with their purplish red leaflets.

Mosquitoes are already on the war path but the worst pest now is a small black fly that looks exactly like the northern black fly and behaves in a similar manner but does not bite quite as viciously. These little insects have abounded for several days past. The moment I enter the woods I am surrounded by a cloud of them. I always find them in our woods at this season but do not remember to have ever seen them in such numbers before. They do not last long if I remember right.

MAY 17 1887

1887

May 17

concord, Massachusetts.

A repetition of yesterday, cloudless, very warm with just a breath of East wind.

After breakfast took a turn over Ripleys Hill to the maple swamp beyond. The woods on the crest and east side of hill alive with birds but nothing more interesting among them than a Pine Warbler, two Blackpolls, two Thrashers, a Parula, and others equally common. Returned to the house in less than an hour without having fired a shot.

Down river in the canoe at about 9.30 taking lunch and spending the day.

Two Solitary Sandpipers at the first bend and many more scattered along through the meadows, all on the banks of the river, however, at the next bend below "Hunt's Pond" found six Least Sandpipers feeding in company with a Solitary on a mud flat among rather dense button bushes with willows and maples overhanging the spot. They rose with ease among them. Cakes were startled. They were very tame and I killed them all besides five Solitary Sandpipers.

After lunching under the weeping white maples where used to see the Wood Ducks last year I continued on to Bull's Hill stopping in the great pool for an hour or so to try for Bank Swallows of which there were about thirty nesting about. Fired three shots (pistol) & got one bird.

At Bull's Hill there were as usual a great many birds. A Wood Pewee (the first) sailing among the oaks, a Pine Warbler trilling on the crest of the ridge, a single I. coronata on the hill side, and in the binary thickets along the river numerous Song Sparrows, Towhees, Maryland Yellow-throats, Yellow Warblers etc. There were also a Water Thrush and a single White-throated Sparrow besides

MAY 17 1897

(May 17) General Black-poll Warblers.

Returning to the canoe I paddled a little further down when just below the hill I saw a pair of Turtle Doves alight in the grass near the bank. Running the boat quietly in until it grounded I rose cautiously and after watching a moment spied the head and neck of a Dove among the grass. The distance was fully 20 yds. and I had only the little 32 cal. pistol and duck shot but I took the chances and fired. My bird fluttering about madly, evidently shot through the head, the other not visible. Landing I found both Doves lying within a foot of one another, the ♂ dead, the ♀ dying. It was an amazing piece of luck for they are among the toughest of all birds.

Had a delightful if unexciting sail home hardly dipping the paddle all the way to the house. Birds rising freely especially Red wings and Bobolinks both now well up to last year's numbers. Where are the Swallows? Saw only two Barns, three or four Martins, not over six White-bellies, & no Gulls. Bank Swallows in larger numbers than last year, however. King birds very scarce. Did not see more than three or four in all today. Orioles more numerous than last year.

Bittern bushes leafing out to day. White maples dense with foliage. The oaks covered with catkins and small purplish-red leaves.

Few mosquitos as yet. No black flies in the woods on Ball's Hill.

Heard a Bittern & a Carolina Rail and saw an immature Buteo borealis.

Early this morning I heard what I was sure was a Carolina Wren. Dipping to windward I rowed out and found it an Oriole, a new comer with a song exactly like the Wren.

MAY 21 1887

1887

May 21

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear and warm. Wind N. E.

After spending one day in the house and two 19th & 20th May, attending to business matters at Boston and Cambridge I got back to the woods again this morning. The warm weather of the past two days (the therm. rose to 90° at Milton, yesterday) has wrought great changes and I found the woods already dense with foliage especially where maples, birches or poplars formed the chief growth. The apple blossoms were nearly all gone, the shade bushes past, and high bush blueberry and huckleberry bushes the most conspicuous flowering shrubs.

I went to Satabrook woods and spent the morning there, beginning my tramp at the line kiln and covering the usual ground.

Almost the first bird I saw and the very first one I shot was a Lincoln's Finch which rose from a ground juniper on the edge of the run and took to a small dense pine. I afterwards flushed and shot another about 200 yds. north of the line kiln.

In the run when I started in were several Canada Vireos, 2 L. caeruleus, several Tanagers, and Grosbeaks, and a Wood Thrush. Near the high pine knoll I found a Blue Jay's nest from which the bird flew, supposing that it held eggs I shot the bird but on climbing to it I found it empty. In the swamp beyond this knoll I heard a Myiarchus calling.

On the southern border of Ash Swamp I heard a Golden-winged Warbler and after following him about for some time shot him. At the bend of the road beyond the deserted Satabrook farm I heard and after a short chase, shot another of these Warblers.

MAY 21 1887

(May 21) I also got a ♀ D. castanea in the birches near this bend. It was with several Black-polls and a Canada Flycatcher.

Canada Flycatchers, by the way, were numerous everywhere and singing very freely. Tanagers were also numerous but unaccountably silent. Grackles, on the other hand, were singing on every side. I give them the palm over all other birds of this locality, as I did last year. Such richness, such inexpressible tenderness as they throw into their notes! They have a mating song which I heard twice to-day which surpasses the ordinary performance of which, however, it is merely an amplified version with tender trills and low liquid notes added.

The migration of late birds seems to be about at its height. I wish I could have been in the woods yesterday but perhaps there were no more migrants there than I found to-day.

1887

May 22

Clear and warm, bird month.

To Ripley's Hill at 9 A.M. Upon reaching West of the edge of the pines I saw a ♀ Pine Warbler Pine Warbler fly to the neighboring orchard. Suspecting her errand I waited until she returned when as I expected she had her bill full of some downy substance. After a few short flights among the pines she entered her nest which was evidently nearly finished. The ♂ was singing steadily in the next tree.

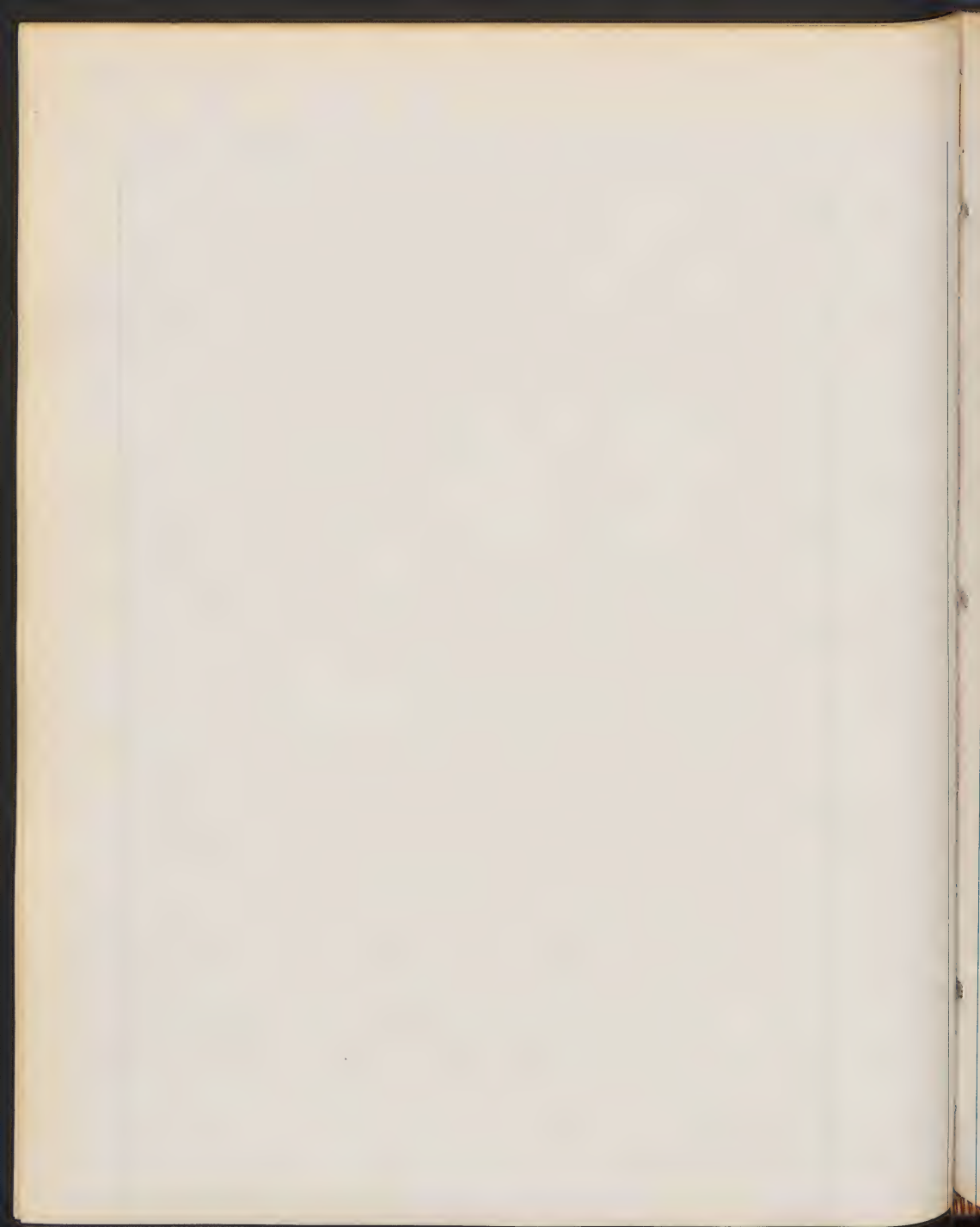
These pines were literally alive with D. striata, all ♂s, and nearly all singing. I detected among them a ♀ D. castanea and shot her.

In the thickets on the eastern slope of the hill I found two D. maculosa, both ♀s, and a number of common summer residents. Started a pair of Turtle Doves from the white pine on this slope. Also started from a birch a Pigeon Hawk. I could not be mistaken for he flew off over the valley in plain sight quivering his wings in the characteristic Falcon way.

Found a nest of Spizella socialis with two eggs.

Spent the remainder of the day in the house.

Saw distinctly a Gray-checked Thrush in the willows by the old boat house.



1887

May 23

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear and hot. Wind south blowing a gale from morning to night.

Off in the canoe at 9 a. m. sailing, with hardly a dip of the paddle, from the house to the big pine woods below Ben Davis Hill, landing at Ball's Hill, and Ben Davis Hill on the way.

Before starting I shot a Gray-shanked Thrush in the willows by the old boat house. It was doubtless the same bird seen there yesterday. There were two Water Thrushes with it on both occasions.

Just below Flint's Bridge I ran ashore on the marsh to fix my bail when I discovered two snakes lying on the water's edge. Upon killing one of them I found it black above and dull red beneath, a rather slender snake but with a vicious-looking head. It was about 18 inches long. On my return about sunset I saw four precisely similar snakes bunched so closely together on a tussock that at first I took them for one single animal. The largest would have been three feet long.

Running down through the meadows I saw two or three Water Thrushes along the banks & heard the usual Red-wings, Bobolinks etc. Also saw a Bittern and a Green Heron. Spotted Sandpipers in great numbers.

Landing at Ball's Hill I shot an Olive-backed Thrush in the hedge and a most curious plumaged D. Hirata on the back of the hill. Found a Wilson's Thrush's nest with three eggs.

May 23

2 Canada Flycatchers singing in the swamp.
At least a dozen Black polls in the pines on
the hill. No other migrants.

Returning to the boat I had pushed off & was
about to hoist the sail when my eye caught a
flock of birds coming up river flying swiftly close
to the water. They passed within 50 yds. & I
positively made them out to be Yellow-caps, eight
T. melanoleuca, the ninth as certainly *T. flavipes*,
The latter not half the size of the rest. They
whistled as they turned the bend of the river
above but kept on out of sight.

Landed next at Lee Davis' hill & took a
long tramp. Wind fairly roaring through the
trees drowning all other sounds. Wood apparently
lifeless, saw almost no birds & heard only a very
few.

Dunched in the canoe at the lower landing
then went ashore and ransacked the big pine
woods and the country beyond. Few birds
seen or heard. A pair of Hurtle Doves in an oak
the male cooing at intervals & oscillating the head
& neck in the usual way. Saw no less than
seven of these Doves to-day, three pairs & a single one.

Returning up the river late in the afternoon
shot a solitary Least Sandpiper on the flat
where I killed Big the last trip. It was doubtless
a survivor of that flock.

Heard two Parulas in the big pines. Found
two Redwing's nests with 4 eggs each & saw birds
start from others that I did not examine.

Birds of all kinds in full song now.
Swarms of dragon flies of several species in the woods to-day.

MAY 25 1887

1887

May 25

Concord, Massachusetts.

Cloudy with steady, light rain all the forenoon.

To Ripleys Hill at 9 a. m., thence across the "Great Fields" to theuffed Grouse's nest and back by way of Caisars Woods.

Birds rather scarce but singing steadily and well as is their wont in warm rains at this season. No migrants noted except a few Black-polls (one ♀).

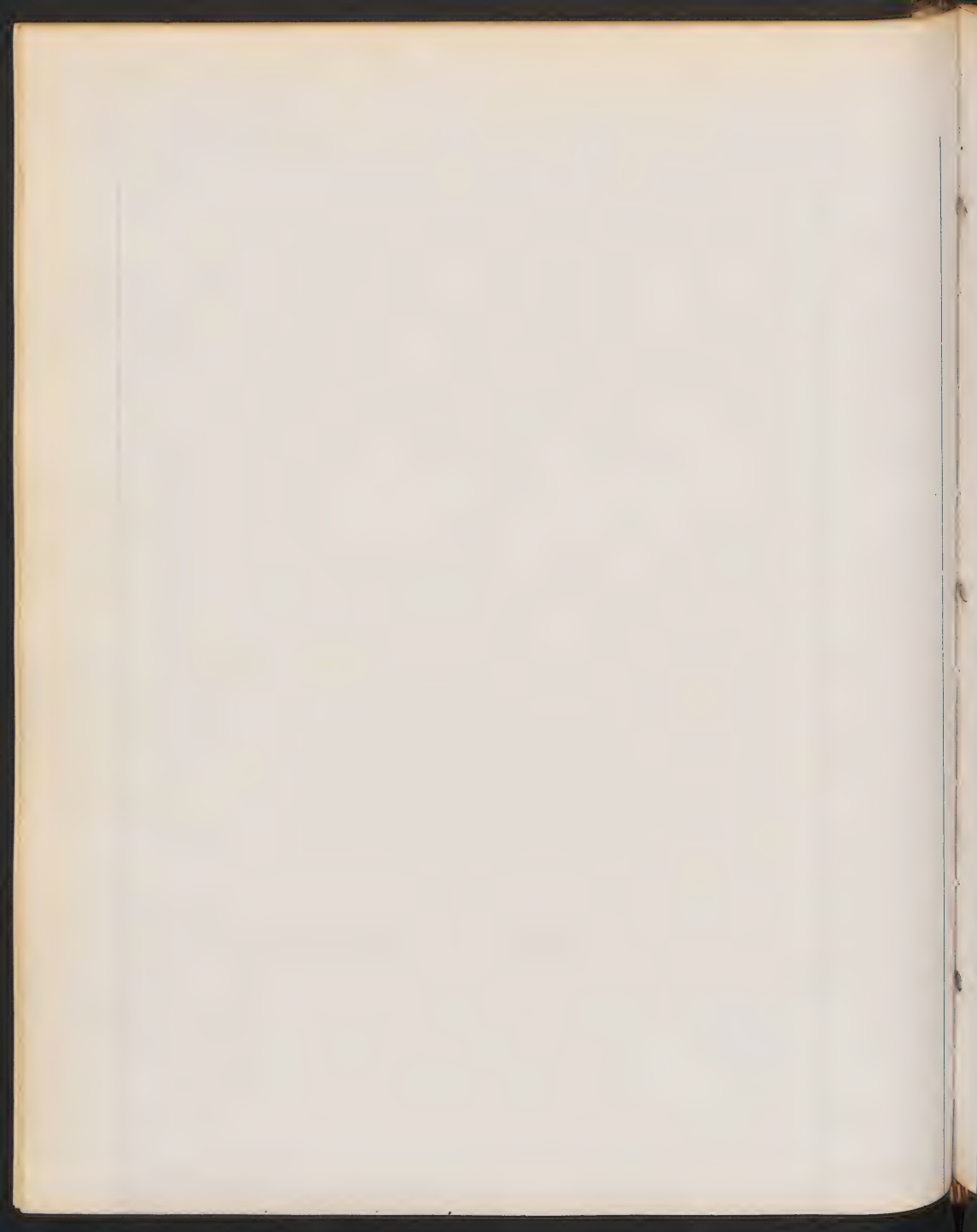
Visited the Grouse's nest and found the hen sitting. She allowed me to get within about ten feet when she glided off among the trees running silently and swiftly. Twelve eggs in the nest, they looked discolored as if near hatching.

On the edge of the woods bordering the river meadows I noticed a ragged, heart-shaped hole in a maple stub. It looked fresh the wood showing clean and white within. I inserted my forefinger which was at once sharply pricked by the owner and plucky little Chickadee, who, however, came out as soon as I withdrew the finger. I tore open the hole and found a pretty felled nest with six eggs, hard set on.

A good many Swallows on the meadow, among them a few Martins.

A cricket chirping in the woods and numbers about the house in the evening. I have not heard them before.

For the past three evenings a perfect Bedlam of toads on the meadows behind the house. Heard a few Hylas in the woods to-day. Bullfrogs trumpet occasionally but not often as yet.



1887

May 26

CORRESPONDENCE

Clear and hot with light E. wind.

In the forenoon took a rather long drive east of town, following the turnpike to the Sentinel pine in Lexington, thence over some cross roads new to me to Lincoln and back by way of Sandy Pond woods.

Birds singing rather freely. Heard four Wood Thrushes, three Indigo Birds, several Yellow-winged Sparrows, about six Grosbeaks, and two Golden wings (*H. chrysoptera*) the latter in Sandy Pond woods. Pursued one of them but did not get a shot. Fied at a Canada Flycatcher that was singing on the edge of a swamp but missed.

In P.M. took another drive with C. to Carlisle and back over the road by the Brown farm. Heard two more Wood Thrushes, three Yellow-winged Sparrows, three or four Bobolinks & the usual common birds.

Heard only two Tanagers to-day. They seem to be scarce this year.

A few Black-poll Warblers still singing in the pines near the house.

1887

May 28

Ore. and Mont. rabbits.

Bloody, raining steadily nearly all day. Wind S. E.
Spent most of the forenoon on the edge
of the meadow behind the boat house shooting
at swallows with my 32 cal. pistol. There were
swarms of them skimming close over the grass.
I made poor work of it missing them on four
shots to every bird killed but I got in all seven
Bank Swallows, two Cliff Swallows, and two Barn.

At about noon an Osprey passed over me
flying down river. Richardson says they bred
here and that a nest was once found in the
great swamp in Bedford where, he also saw
me, white hares abound.

At 4 P. M. I started down river in the
canoe. Found Swallows all over the Great Meadows
but they were not as numerous there as I
expected. Shot two more Bank Swallows and
another Barn Swallow firing probably a dozen
shots. While thus engaged I heard a rushing
of wings overhead and looking up saw a
Black Duck hurtling down stream at wonderful
speed. Shortly afterwards an Orchard Oriole
began singing just above my station (I was on
shore just above "Hunt's pond.") I hurried to
the spot and caught a momentary glimpse
of him perched on the topmost spray of
a white maple. The next instant he flew
passing out of sight over the trees down
river. I hurried to my boat and followed
but although I afterwards heard him
several times in the distance I could not
mistake him. A Plover booming at regular

(May 28) intervals near the middle of the meadows.
No Rails calling although the weather was
most favorable.

Returning saw a Night Heron in brown or rather
dirty gray plumage. He flitted from perch
to perch slightly low down in the willows
over the water allowing me to get within
about thirty yards.

Bobolinks and Orioles singing along the
banks, also a few Meadow Larks; Kobovanna
Sparrows. Water plants fast forming beds
at the surface and impeding navigation.

1887

June 2

Concord, Mass. August 1.

Cloudy and calm up to 2 P.M. when a brisk E. wind rose, changing to S. E. to S. Warm & close.

Down river at 11 A.M. spending the day, going as far as Carlisle Bridge, landing only at Ball's Hill.

Nearly opposite the Yelm I saw a ♂ Grackle emerge from a hole in the end of a maple stub about 35 ft. high bearing in its bill the excrement sac of the young. The ♀ entered the hole as the ♂ left it.

At Ball's Hill shot a Hood Pewee, a Blue Jay and a Bird flavifrons. A D. striata singing in the pines.

The songs of various birds were audible at unusual distances in the still, damp air as I paddled down stream. I heard a Tanager nearly quarter of a mile away and Wilson's Thrush & Grosbeaks almost as far.

Took the nest of Wilson's Thrush found May 23. Also a Red starts in a maple fork nearly over it. A Grouse drumming on the old stone wall across the swamp as I was packing these eggs.

Redwing's nests nearly flooded by the water which has risen about two feet from the recent heavy rains. I examined eight or ten which were only a few inches above the surface. Found one in a maple at least 5 ft. above the river among the finer twigs (upright).

A Tittle Don flying over the pitch pine woods on Dakin's Hill. Saw no others.

Two Bitterns booming near the middle of the meadow as I passed on the way.

(May 22) home. Sailed and waded out nearly
to where one was concealed in the grass
the water several inches deep over all the
meadow. About a hundred Mallards in
sight skimming about.

1887

Concord, Massachusetts.

June 3

Showery with occasional intervals of sunshine.
High N.W. wind all the afternoon.

After spending the morning in the house & the early afternoon in a drive to Fifty-acre Meadow, I started in my canoe at 5 P.M. for the Great Meadows intending to search for *Protolink's* nests. The weather was perfect for this purpose, cloudy with a high N.W. wind that tossed the grass about and drowned all sounds.

Landing opposite Hunt's Pond I beat the dry ridge carefully down to the bend below, finding nothing. On the return, however, I took two nests with sets of six eggs each within 100 yds of ~~one~~ another.

A little above the canoe I got a third set of six eggs. For a long time after this I found nothing probably because the wind had died away and the ♂ *Protolinks* began to sing. At nearly the last ground however I took a fourth set of 5 eggs.

My method was to quarter the ground so closely that, with the help of a paddle which I kept bringing by the fashion through the grass, I practically covered every yard. In every case I flushed the ♀ with the paddle often nearly striking her as she fluttered off.

I saw a Night Heron and heard a Pittern boom once or twice. There were perhaps fifty swallows over the meadows. Mosquitoes out in full force. Saw the first firefly. A few Hyla's still peeping. Garden toads making a deafening din everywhere.

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1887
June 4

Concord, Massachusetts.

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Cloudy and cool with strong E. wind. A gloomy day.
Off in the canoe at 9 a.m. spending the day up river.

The strong, steady wind being fair most of the way up stream I sailed, with only a few short stretches of paddling from the Manor into the lower end of the Sudbury marshes the extreme point reached.

On the way up I landed only once, at the maple woods just below Vine Hill Bridge where I shot a fine *S. carolinensis*.

A great number of Crows (at least thirty) were mobbing something on the Cliffs as I passed and as I was opposite Courthouse they flew over the river below me in close pursuit of a Great Horned Owl.

At the outlet of Panty Brook saw a Luteal Dove flying over the woods.

Paragers numerous in the second growth hard woods along the river from Fairhaven to the furthest point reached. Several Grosbeaks singing, also, and a Grouse drumming steadily at noon. Bobolinks scattered along very sparingly, about one to each half mile. Redwings nearly as numerous as below Concord.

Swallows in considerable numbers everywhere over the meadows beyond Fairhaven, the majority Hawks, with about equal numbers of Cliff, Dove, and Chimney Swifts and a fair sprinkling of White bellies and Martins. Fired about twenty shots at them, chiefly on my return and got five besides two others shot down and lost in the bushes.

Landed in several places to search for Bobolinks' nests but without success.

No signs of Marsh Wrens of either species. The flags

(June 1st) apparently not high enough for C. palustris or rather they are nearly submerged by the water which has been swollen by the recent rains so that it is over the meadows in many places.

As I was paddling into Fairhaven dragging the wooded eastern shore I heard a crackling of leaves; twigs, and soon spied a large woodchuck rambling about in the woods moving rather niftily with a gliding motion waving his tail at each step. I often see them thus in the depths of the woods.

Landed on the north side of Fairhaven and struck through the woods (tangled oak scrub) towards the Hermit Thrush locality. Soon found a wood path and almost immediately heard two Hermits singing in the distance. The path led directly towards them and when I reached the nearest I found myself on the very spot (by a young pine) where with Mr. Horn and Purdie I heard them last in 1886. The evening, too, (it was 6 O'clock) was precisely similar and it was hard to realize that it was not the same occasion with the intervening months blotted out. The one I approached ceased singing when I was fifty yards away when the other stopped also. I waited sometime then returned to the Bay. The Thrush I heard most distinctly was a superb singer. No other bird that I have ever heard equals the Hermit. The locality is a burnt ground with mossy openings - very like a northern (Maine) barren.

Near the river several Bewies and a Wood Thrush, the latter's song very commonplace after the Hermit. As I sailed down stream I caught several of the Hermit's higher notes through breaks in the high ridge on the eastern side. Shot two Swallows below the Cliff & reached the steamer at 8 P. M.

1887

June 6

Concord, Massachusetts.

To Weyland.

Clear with strong, gusty S. W. wind.

Immediately after breakfast I went to the top of Ripley's Hill to search for the second nest of my Pine Warbler. The ♂ was singing then but I could not find the nest and did not see the ♀. While looking up into the pitch pines scanning each branch closely my eye suddenly arrested by a large brown bird perched motionless on a large branch. For an instant I took it to be a Night Hawk; the next I saw that it was a Field Dove. Its head and neck were raised but I saw almost immediately that it was sitting on its nest which, however, was nearly covered by the bird. It flew as I moved towards it and sailed down into the bushes on the hillside in silence. The nest held two perfectly fresh eggs. I also took a Least Pewee's nest in the hill orchard. It held three eggs slightly incubated.

At 11.30 I started off in my canoe taking enough provisions for a two days' journey. It was hard paddling against the high wind but at 12.00 the wind died so I got a chance to sail and fairly flew through the water for a few hundred yards. Saw nothing of interest until I reached Martha's Point where two fine adult Night Herons started from the oak woods, one alighting in a pool behind some button bushes where I had a good view of it within thirty yards.

Upon entering the Sudbury marshes I almost immediately heard Marsh Wrens (C. palustris) and occasionally one would tower and sing or perch in full view in the top of the waving grasses. In the first large stretch of meadow I heard two

June 6

Bitterns booming, in the second meadow area between the two Maryland bridges, two more. There was a fifth above the railroad bridge and a sixth above the upper bridge when I left my boat for the night.

In the meadow between the two bridges I heard two bird notes quite new to me. One which came from a tangled morass of flags, cat-tails, and button bushes on the margin of the river was a hovering coo very like that of the tame pigeon, a coo-hoo-hoo, sometimes coo-hoo-hoo-hoo. I thought it might be a Gallinule. This cry ceased as I sailed past but was soon renewed and continued until nearly dark.

The other stranger was in a dense bed of canopy grass into which I pushed the canoe to rest and enjoy the sights and sounds connected with the sunset hour.

While sitting here perfectly still some bird within a few yards of me began calling kloc-kloc-kloc, very much like a hen but in harder tones. Could it have been a Least Bittern? (I heard another the following day)

For nearly an hour I remained in this spot enjoying every moment for the surrounding marshes were alive with interesting birds. Red-wings gurgling, Marsh Wrens uttering their queer little bubbling songs, Rails (both species) calling on every side, three Bitterns (one within fifty yards) booming. Among the reeds unseen creatures rustling, flashing and gurgling; in the distant woods the voices of herons and Oven birds. After sunset Redwings, Bitterns, Marsh Wrens, an occasional Rail and a deafening chorus of green frogs (no bull frogs this afternoon or evening).

Paddling to the last bridge I concealed the canoe in the rushes and took my way along the road to the hotel pausing a moment ere I left the meadow to listen. A Bittern still booming and the quack of a Night Heron the only bird on

1887

June 7

Sudbury Marshes, Weyland, Mass. JUN 7 1897

Clear still and very hot.

Waking the hotel at Weyland at daybreak almost Sturnus vulgaris the first bird I heard was an Orchard Oriole singing in the elm in front of the house. It sang many times then; afterwards I heard it in the distance. Like the one heard at Concord it was not a fine singer.

Breakfast at 6.30, then at once to the river where I found my canoe safe and after shooting a Vireo flavus in the maples over the causeway was soon on my way down river. Shot two Marsh Wrens on the edge of the river. Then entered a large brook that empties into the Sudbury just under the railroad bridge and spent the entire forenoon paddling up it stopping frequently to shoot and pick up one of the cornered Marsh Wrens that warmed along the banks as far up as I went (perhaps a mile by the stream). At the highest point reached I heard three C. stellaris and killed two of them besides a ♀ which I could not find. They were, as usual, in the fine meadow grass but what is most unusual were singing side by side with the C. palustris the latter, of course, inhabiting clumps of coarse grass which was interspersed with the finer native grasses. Of the C. palustris I got about a dozen losing many more that were shot down but which could not be found in the luxuriant herbage. There were many Rails in this meadow (P. carolinia & P. virginianus, in about equal numbers) and on ~~Bethers~~ ^{Bethers}. In some swampy woods bordering the meadow I heard a Parula singing and high in the heaven overhead a Petro lincolni, the first I have seen near here this year, was screaming loudly.

When I reached the river on my return the

JUN 7 1887

(June 7) Sun was blowing down on the still water and hardly a bird of any kind could be seen or heard. Hence the stretch of meadow between the bridges, so full of interest last evening, was to-day almost devoid of visible or audible life.

When I entered the large meadow below a gentle breeze sprang up and I sailed most of the way to the next bridge. The birds were more animated here and I heard Marsh Wrens almost incessantly, Orioles, several Rails. Without special effort I added seven more Wrens to my bag, trying only for those that were near the edge of the grass and getting nearly all that I shot at. Near the foot of this meadow I passed a Bittern that was, "booming" readily at frequent intervals. I distinctly heard the preliminary pin pump in notes as I did, also, with one heard last evening. I could still hear this bird long after passing the next bridge at probably the distance of a mile.

Landed for a drink at the pump (delicious clear, cold water) then started in earnest for Concord, paddling with few pauses the entire remaining distance. It was a most delightful experience, the air still, balmy, warm, all bird life at its best. Crossing Fairhaven I heard a Whippoorwill at the lone pine, precisely where one used to sing last summer. The one to night merely gave a succession of chucking notes just as the moon was setting. A pair of ~~shore~~ ^{shore} warblers, flapping over the Hermit Thrush ~~nest~~ ^{nest} ground, the ♂ chasing the ♀ and booming. Another ~~peeping~~ ^{peeping} over Egg Rock. A Night Heron at Martha's Point. A Carolina Dove cooing in the tall pines opposite the Bluffs. Home at 8 P.M.

1887

Concord, Massachusetts.

June 16

intermitting clouds and sunshine. Wind S.W., very strong.

To Wayland

After breakfast went to Hopley's Hill in hopes of finding the Pine Warbler at work on her third nest. Saw the pair together in the eastern part of the grove but both were feeding.

Returning to my room I heard young Downy Woodpeckers chattering in the pines outside and going out found that all the brood had left the nest in the orchard except one, a ♀ which was looking out of the hole cackling anxiously but probably afraid to venture forth. As usual, the young disappeared very quickly for I could find no signs of them an hour later.

At noon I started for Wayland in my canoe. The wind was dead ahead and, very strong and it proved a hard and tedious journey although I used the sail whenever the windings of the stream made it possible. Since my last trip the water had fallen more than a foot and the aquatic vegetation grown with great rapidity so that the stream in many places was choked with *Utricularia*, *Potamogeton* etc. The grass had also risen so high that I rarely was able to see anything beyond the fringe along the water's edge whereas on June 6 I could look over the meadows for miles as I sat in the canoe.

I noted nothing of interest until I passed ^{the cliffs,} except a *Parula* singing in pines. ^{at the} Sherman's bridge I shot a Green Heron or two and several Kingfishers. Upon reaching the lower end of the Sudbury meadows I could hear the Bittern booming in the same place where I left him on the afternoon of June 7. Entering these meadows I was rounding a bend when

June 16 came suddenly on a Wood Duck which rose with a great splash and flutter. I was nearly sure that it was an adult ♀. A few bonds further on two adult ♂s rose together from the lily pads within 20 yds. giving me a fine view of their brilliant plumage.

Marsh Wrens chattering and rattling all through this meadow despite the wind and often cloudy sky. Several more Kingfishers objects of suspicion and persecution at the hands of the Black-birds, who pursued them wherever they flew, precisely as they pursue Hawks & Crows.

Reached the lower Maryland bridge a little before sunset and ran into the reeds at the same spot as during my last visit hoping to repeat that interesting experience. Alas! the high wind and gloomy sky seemed to have silenced everything for there was almost no birds singing or calling except an occasional Red-wing, ~~and~~ I did not hear a single Rail here and only one or two Marsh Wrens. In the big meadow below I heard one Virginia Rail.

Concealed my canoe in the grass just beyond the last bridge and made my way to the hotel which proved crowded with people so that I could obtain only a sofa in the parlor for the night.

Heard only three Pitters this afternoon, two in the great meadows, one on Barnum Brook, none in the middle meadows.

1887

Sudbury Marshes, Weyland, Mass., JUN 17 1887

June 17

Early morning cloudy; after 7 a.m. clear with S.E. to N.W. wind. Very hot at noon.

Left the hotel just as the village clock was striking seven. Meadow Larks and Cowbirds in the first 4 along the way to the river. As I was pushing off in the canoe and Orchard Oriole, doubtless the same heard in the village June 7, began singing in the aspen on the causeway. Before I could land he flew across a meadow into a grove of oaks where I heard him sing a dozen times or more but he ceased before I could reach the spot. He was a poor singer as compared with the southern birds.

Turning into Barnum Brook at the R.R. bridge I paddled up about a mile (shooting two Marsh Wrens on the way) and finally landed when I heard a Short-billed Marsh Wren singing on the 7th. There were two singing this morning and after shooting both I found and killed two more ♂♂ besides seeing several ♀♀. They were in patches of fine grass sprinkled among coarser, canary grass or rushes in which Song-bills abounded. I searched vainly for their nests although I felt nearly sure from their actions that they were breeding. It is possible, however, that they have not built yet. I found a great many nests of the Song-bills both here and elsewhere but not one with eggs although two ♀♀ shot were incubating & had laid their full sets.

Returning to the brook I kept on in the canoe to the highest point reached on the 7th and here found another Short-bill singing. Going in pursuit I shot both him and his mate, the latter flying; unfortunately, however, I only winged the ♀ and lost her, of course, in the rank grass. I heard

JUN 17 1887

several Hails along the brook, evidently I go with gony for they kept calling anxiously and running around me within a few paces, unseen in the tangled bulrush. It was intensely hot in this meadow and I was only too glad to get back to the river a little before noon. I heard the same *Salix lineatus* screaming over the swampy woods bordering Sarnum Brook to-day and another new one later, near the foot of the great Inabury meadow.

Lunched under the lower Mayland bridge, a delightfully cool, retired spot with dragon flies uttering past and fishes playing about my canoe. In stone arches & the bridge sprinkled all over with the grotesque dried skins of larvae of dragon flies. It was hard to realize that the brilliant, graceful green and gold creatures skimming about were their former occupants.

Paddled part of the way down the great meadow and sailed the rest, landing once to search for Long-billed Marsh Wren's eggs. I shot a pair of the birds and found at least a dozen empty (false) nests but not one occupied one.

Reaching Panty Brook I made a vain attempt to paddle up to the Short-bill Wren grounds but after struggling through a tangled bed of water-plants for a few hundred yards I was glad to return.

Sailed most of the way from this brook to Sherman's Bridge. The wind was very light, a mere breath, and it finally died wholly. A superb concert of birds by the way. Tanagers, Grosbeaks, Robins, Red-eyed Vireos, Purple Finches, Down Birds, etc. in the woods and meadows.

Nothing of much interest at or below Fairhaven. Home at 7.30 P.M.

1887

June 24

Winchendon, Worcester Co., Mass

Clear and rather warm.

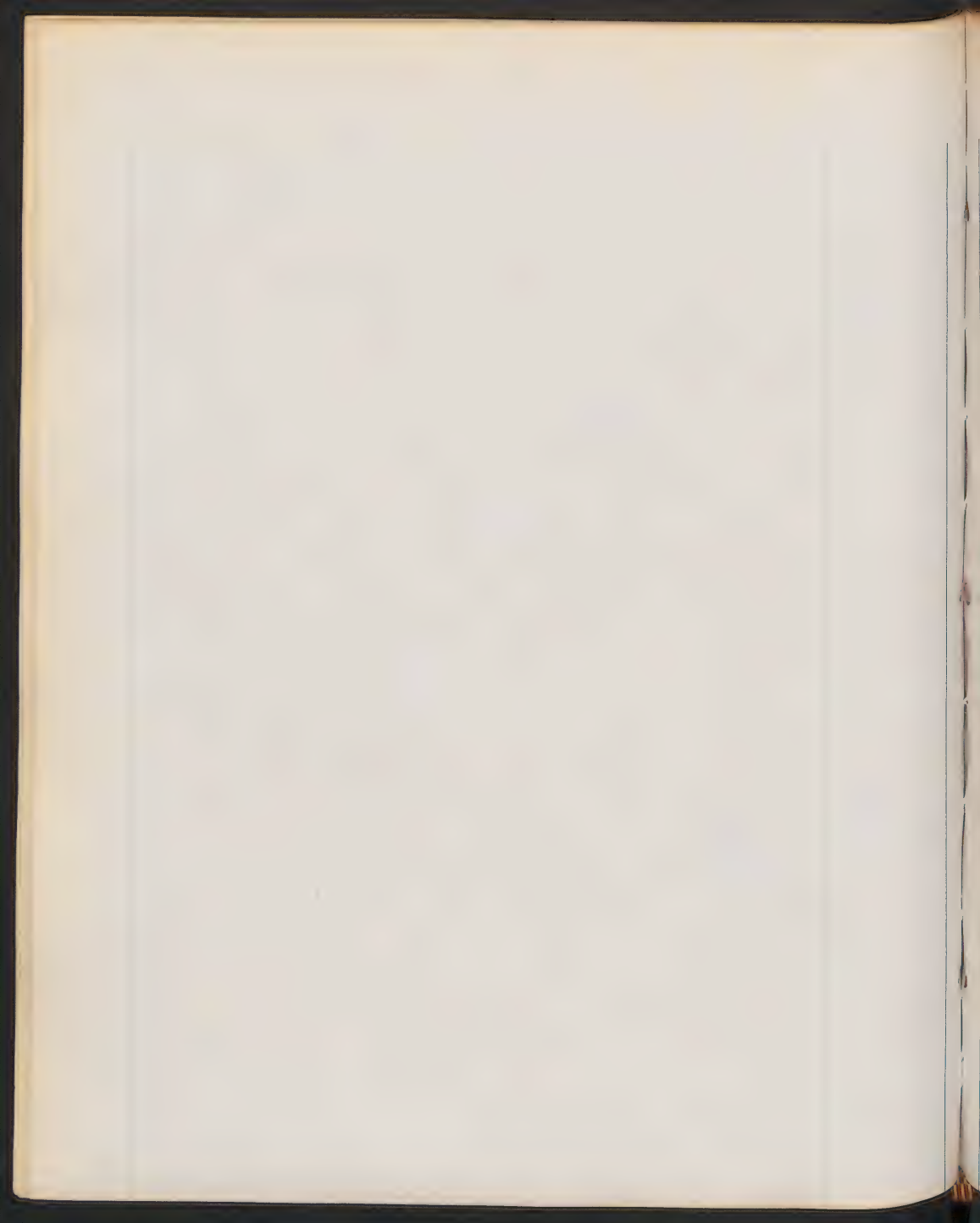
To Winchendon by 3.40 P.M. train on Fitchburg R.R. No marked change in the country until a little beyond Fitchburg when the railroad (the Cheshire R.R.) begins to climb a steep grade which rises very evenly all the way to Ashburnham Junction. Near the beginning of this rise I began to see Kalmia latifolia in abundance & in full bloom. Black Spruces and larches also began to appear and became abundant a few miles further on. At Ashburnham Spruces and balsams were growing in large tracts usually over low wet bogs. From Ashburnham to Winchendon the woods were of similar character.

Reached Winchendon at 5.30. After tea drove about the village and so the northward into the country a mile or two. Beautiful, green, luxuriant woods carpeted with ferns. Abies nigra, A. balsamifera, Picea lutea, et lenta, et pyramidata, et alba all abundant, as were also hemlocks, white pines, red maples, mountain do., striped do., larches etc. One Viburnum cuneatum by the roadside.

At sunset Robins, Hermit & Wilson's Thrushes, Grass Finches, Field Sparrows and a few other common birds singing. Hummers abundant. In the town Robins, Chipping Sparrows, Martins, Chimney Swifts, Beak Flycatchers, and Kingbirds. Also the hateful English Sparrows in large numbers. No Yellow Warblers.

The country about Winchendon is hilly and rolling broken in places by deep valleys—almost ravines between the hills. It is largely wooded. The town is six or seven miles (south) from Mt. ... I was told that its elevation is "about 1000 ft."

Winchendon Center (Old village)	1225 ft.	} Altitudes furnished me by Coast Survey through H. W. Henshaw
American House (lower ")	982 "	
Depot - - - - -	978 "	
Springville - - - - -	1015 "	
Waterville - - - - -	890 "	
Barlowsville - - - - -	845 "	



1887

Winchendon, Worcester Co., Mass.

June 25

Clear and rather cool with high N. wind.

Started from town at 7 A.M. taking the Gardner road for Charles Bailey's. Upon reaching his house I found it locked and vacant save for a little brown sparrow who barked at me when I knocked. At the next farm where I left my horse I was told that Bailey had gone trout fishing but this proved not to be the case for he was really at Winchendon and saw me stalk from the hotel without knowing me in any way.

After leaving my horse I took a grass-grown road leading west past Bailey's house, down across a wide bog mostly covered with a dense growth of spruces and balsams, and up a hillside opposite. Struck into the swamp on the right but found it so dense as to be almost impenetrable, the spruces and balsams growing almost in masses, the ground beneath pretty clear of brush or weeds and carpeted with sphagnum in the wet places. Paths and droppings of white hares everywhere. Nothing wanting but arborescences to make the place precisely similar to an evergreen swamp in N. Maine.

In this swamp Blackburnian and Canada Warblers were abundant and I heard at least three Black & Yellow Warblers. I found the nest of a pair of solitary vireos. The ♂ was singing just above it and the ♀ quietly sitting in it but a moment later she flew & I saw that it was empty and unfinished. Several song sparrows singing here had peculiarly harsh, wild voices.

Beyond the swamp the country changed. The road led first through pine woods then into a fir forest of oaks (*Q. rubra* especially), maples, and beeches, open underneath and reminding me strongly of the woods about the Merriam's place in Lewis Co., New York. There were a few spruces intermingled with the hardwoods, some of them tall and shapely. Back was nearly sure to have a

Black-burnian Warbler singing in the upper branches. Foxgloves and Pandora virens also abundant here; Canada Warblers in a swamp below the ridge; Hermits singing everywhere in the distance. Redpolls. Birds common. A single Tanager singing. A juncos heard plainly, twittering in a brushy opening. No Red-starts and few Red-eyes. Maryland Yellow-throats abundant in swampy places.

On the way back I spent an hour or more lying on the bank of a sluggish brook that flows under the road. Marylands and my sparrows singing incessantly. A muskrat was passed me clearing the surface with its rolling great ripples in among the alders. A Wilson's Thrush singing and its mate calling. A Black-billed Cuckoo in the distance.

Returning to Bailey's house at 4 P.M. I found him at home and introduced myself. He told me many things about the birds of this region and quickly proved himself a keen and fairly accurate observer. He has found four nests of Red. Blackburnian this season, two with eggs (3 & 4), three with young, two empty.

We took a walk down the road together and searched a little for nests but without success. Saw a number of Blackburnians.

A young white hare pursued by B's spaniel narrowly escaped his grasp and the next moment darted directly into my hands opened to receive it. It was a pretty little thing no larger than a small kitten; there was a touch of white on the breast and another on the abdomen. He saw two of these young hares in the road.

Started for Minchendon at about 6.30 Bailey riding with me nearly to the town. Found three fine Polyphemus moths clinging together on an oak leaf, two ♂s and a ♀, one of the former found in sexual union with the latter. Hermit Thrushes numerous and in full song at intervals by the roadside. Found H. W. Purdie waiting me at the hotel, he having come from Boston by the afternoon train.

1887

Winchendon, Worcester Co., Mass.

June 26

Clear and cool (almost frosty in the early morning) with high N. wind.

Breakfasting at 7 A.M. Burdick and I started at about 8 and drove out to Bailey's meeting there at 9 A.M. and finding Bailey awaiting us and with him a young man by the name of Wm. Perry (not Wm. S. Perry of Worcester) who had come out from town for a day in the woods.

We started almost immediately walking down the road a few hundred yards then striking in on the left (West) side and entering a large open bog sprinkled with young evergreens and other low trees or bushes among which I noticed a few poison dogwoods and several Abies alba. Shortly after entering this place the dog flushed a large brood of young grouse two of which fluttered past us, one alighting in a bush.

A little further on we heard the familiar pill-pill-pill of a Certhia borealis and soon espied a pair of their fine flycatchers on the tops of some tall spruces that bordered the western edge of the bog. Entering this wooded edge we searched awhile vainly for the nest, then decided to watch the birds. Burdick, meanwhile, poking about inside the woods flushed a Canada Flycatcher and after a long search found its nest with four eggs prettily placed in the side of a mound covered with sphagnum.

While we were standing about it I saw one of the Flycatchers dash off through the trees and alight with a quivering motion of the wings directly in its nest which was high up in a black spruce on the edge of the woods. Bailey climbed to it for me and found a set of three eggs slightly incubated. The birds called anxiously as he climbed the tree but did not dart at him as they usually do. Another pair of the same species attracted by their clamor came about but we were unable to follow them when they left again.

A pair of Blackburnian Warblers were also soured by the

general commotion and came about, chirping. I watched the ♀ awhile and then gave it up. Perry, more patient, kept her in sight for some twenty minutes afterwards & finally saw her go into the nest which was in the very next spruce to that containing the *Hylocichla's* nest.

The Warbler's nest contained four perfectly fresh eggs. Perry & Pardie got it down safely and I secured both parents. All three of these nests were found within half an hour in an area of only a few square rods.

This particular spot was alive with birds, we heard here a Solitary Vireo, a Red-bellied Nuthatch, a Winter Wren, a White-throated Sparrow & several Purple Finches. Cardinals abundant; no other Warblers seen or heard although Bailey thinks *D. castanea* hummers here. Shot an ad ♂ Winter Wren and one of its young, the latter just able to fly. The growth was chiefly of black spruces with a few maples and patches of black ash.

We next left the swamp and followed a path along a steep hillside covered with tall, old beeches, red oaks, hemlocks etc. with an undergrowth of yew. Here Bailey has found *D. caeruleus* breeding. He espied a Canada Porcupine in a tall hemlock as we were passing beneath & climbing the tree tried to shake the animal down. It clung to the branch however and finally crawled in directly towards him when he kicked it off. The poor creature came down nearly fifty feet turning in the air as it fell and striking on its back. It was evidently badly hurt but it scuttled in under a sliding rock where I put it out of its misery with a shot from my pistol. The birch trees in the vicinity were nearly all barked by these animals and several of them had not only the trunks but all the branches, peeled. After killing the Porcupine Bailey set fire to its quills so that

1887

Winchendon, Worcester Co., Mass.

June 26) his dog might not be injured by them. To my surprise they burnt steadily until nothing was left on the skin but a short, harmless stubble.

Continuing on we passed entirely around the head of the swamp, seeing nothing of interest but a pair of Solitary Vireos, and then back to the house where we took lunch.

At about 2 P.M. we made another start crossing the road and railroad east of the house and entering a large tract of tall spruces growing along the edge of a swamp. Here we soon heard Kinglets (*C. satrapa*) and found a large brood of the little sparrows warring through the tree tops. I shot one young bird and the old ♂ which sang once or twice in low tones.

There were many Blackburnian's in these woods but we could find only one nest and that empty, and apparently deserted. Bailey, however, found a nest of *D. virens* with four young. It was on the horizontal branch of a spruce some ten feet from the trunk & perhaps 12 ft. above the ground.

We also heard here another Nuthatch (*C. canadensis*) and White-throated Sparrow, besides several Hermits.

Returning to the house a little before sunset we started for town. The evening was still and delightful and we walked the horse most of the way, often stopping to listen for birds. In a broad meadow by the roadside three swamp sparrows were singing and over the hills beyond several Night-hawks squeaking and booming. Hermits were heard at frequent intervals and one remarkably fine singer at the lower railroad crossing in town pine woods. This bird excelled any that I have

June 26, ^{even} heard before which is saying a good deal.

In some young white pine woods by the roadside opposite the Cemetery a Yellow-rump Warbler was singing steadily. He not only heard but saw him distinctly.

We reached town about 8 P.M. and left early next morning for home.

General Notes on Fauna and Flora.

1887

June 24-26

Winchendon, Worcester Co., Mass.

The town of Winchendon is some 16 miles (south) from Mt. Monadnock, 19 from Fitchburg, and 16 from Princeton. It is surrounded by a broken, hilly country, sandy rather than rocky, very wild and largely wooded the farms being comparatively few and far between. The hills and in fact all the really dry ground are timbered with red and white pines and various hardwoods, the swamps are almost invariably densely wooded with black spruces, balsams and larches with a few white spruces. The spruces and balsams also grow freely in the pastures, along the roadsides, and wherever there is young second growth. There are a few spruces and many hemlocks sprinkled through the old-growth upland woods.

The woods are everywhere green fresh and beautiful the ground being carpeted with ferns and in the swamps with sphagnum. On the hillsides in hardwood timber the undergrowth is often largely of American yew and *Dracopis laetevirens*. *Asplenium platyneuron* and *A. spicatum* are abundant especially in damp barrens and along streams. The only oak I saw was *Q. rubrum*. The black ash is abundant in swamps. The chestnut is not common. The beech, red oak, red and sugar maples, black, paper, yellow and white birches are the commonest hardwood trees. The general aspect of the woods is similar to that of the woods about Bethel, Maine. I missed only one tree common there viz. the arbutus, *Clintonia* and *Trillium* abound, the beautiful little *Linnaea* was also common and in full flower.

Some of the swamps were wooded exclusively with spruces, balsams and larches usually small trees growing

so thickly that it was difficult to penetrate between them in many places. The ground beneath was carpeted with moss and usually filled from underneath. These swamps were precisely similar to the European swamps of N. Maine save for the absence, already mentioned of the arctic star.

The white hare and Canada porcupine are both abundant in this region. There are no deer or bears but a "wild cat" is occasionally seen. Red squirrels are abundant, gray squirrels less so, but still common. The mountain butterfly with broad white wing bars on a steel blue ground is common everywhere and I noticed several other mountain or northern species.

The bird-fauna is most interesting for it combines many of the characteristic Canadian and Alleghenian forms. Thus the Brown Thrasher, the Towhee & the Cat-bird are all common; the Meadow Lark, Buttonwood Oriole, Bobolink, Carolina Wren & Yellow Warbler found sparingly but regularly; while mingled with them are the Hermit Thrush, Blackburnian Warbler, Canada Flycatcher, ^{Purple} Solitary Bree in great abundance; the Junco, Yellow-rump & Black and Yellow Warblers, the Golden-crowned Kinglet, Canada Nuthatch, Winter Wren, White-throated Sparrow, Olive-sided Flycatcher, not uncommon; and (according to Bailey) the Bay-breasted Warbler, rare. Apparently absent are the Yellow-throated Vireo, ^{Warbling Vireo} and Pine Warbler. Bailey has never found the Rose-breasted Grosbeak but I heard one ♂. Henslow's Sparrow is abundant in the meadows according to Bailey, Loons breed regularly on a large pond in the town. The Purple Finch and Black-throated Green Warbler are exceptionally abundant throughout the evergreen woods. Indigo Birds are much more numerous than in Middlebury Co. Acadian Owls are common, Screech Owls rare.

1887

July 7

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear and rather cool; wind W.

During the past ten days I have been engaged in business duties to such an extent that I have had no opportunity with mentioning for field work.

This morning at eleven o'clock I visited Mr. Hoar in company with W. Deane and spent two hours watching a Hummingbird's nest which contains young a few days old. He & I came several times and fed them which operation I observed very successfully with the help of a good glass at about thirty feet distance.

Soon the afternoon went down river to Ball's Hill with Messrs. Hoar and Deane. The river intensely blue and very beautiful. Sailed all the way down. A great change since my last visit. The vegetation in its full summer glory, the stream dotted with water plants. Birds very numerous especially Swallows and Blackbirds with young on wing. Two broods of young Kingbirds I met with their nearly hatched eggs. Birds still singing well, Pine Warblers, Towhees, Cat-birds, Robins, Red-wings, Field Sparrows, and Miss's Thrushes, the last very numerous and in vigorous song. Heard two Bobolinks one giving the song of fullest length. Two Swamp Sparrows singing, both new arrivals; at least I have heard none there before, this season (Ball's Hill). At the bend just above Ball's Hill a single Song-billed Marsh Wren was in full song in the flags & canary grass on the left bank. I have never heard one anywhere below Concord before. Another interesting arrival on this meadow was a Short-billed Marsh Wren singing just above the bayou on the right above Ball's Hill.

We landed at Ball's Hill and had a delightful ramble through the wood path that skirts its base and around the back side. Had juicy tea and dog-bone

July 7 in full flower; also indigo just out.

The paddle home at sunset was also delightful,
the river calm and birds singing on every side.

A cloud of swallows, chiefly H. horreorum, going to
roost in a leafy maple, and a less number drinking
at the stretch below the G-trail.

1887

July 10

Concord, Massachusetts.

Alternately cloudy and clear with several heavy showers. With Purdie and Diane started up river at 11 A.M., taking both boats.

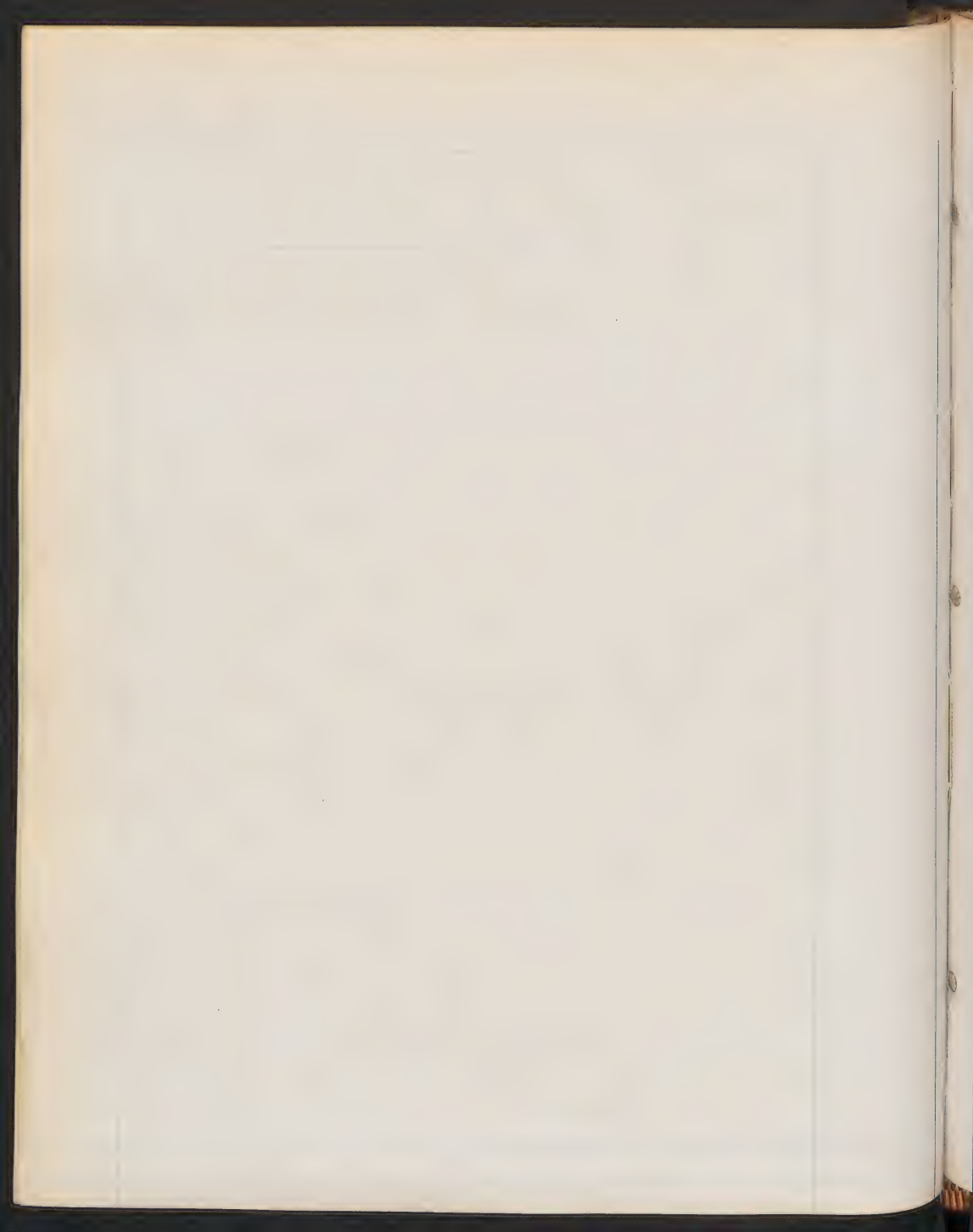
Landed first at Martha's Point to take lunch. A heavy thunder shower burst upon us almost immediately, however, and lasted nearly an hour. After it passed we continued on our way up stream going as far as the first camp above Sherman's Bridge.

Returning we landed a second time at Fairham and taking a wood road walked across to the barrens where the Hermit Thrushes are. Three males were in full song there, none of them very good performers. A Wilson's Thrush was also singing with them. The deer flies were so numerous that we could not stay long.

As we embarked again it began to sprinkle and we barely reached Martha's Point when a second heavy shower forced us to seek shelter. D. & P. under one of the sails propped against a tree, I covered with a rubber cloth sitting in the canoe. This shower lasted over an hour.

A third downpour overtook us at about 8 P.M. near The Hoar's landing driving us for refuge into a large boat-house where we sat and talked watching meanwhile a superb display of fire flies in the meadow opposite. We reached The Manns at 10 P.M.

Birds were singing rather freely to day, especially just after the showers. We heard Robins, Wilson's & Hermit Thrushes, Cat. birds, Bluebirds, Yellow Warblers, Song, Swamp, Savanna, and Field Sparrows, Towhees, Redwings, a Tanager, etc. Saw several Green Herons and a brood of young Kingfishers just above Fairham.



1887

July 15-

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

Clear and cool with high N. W. wind.

Spent all day in the canoe starting at 10 a. m. and sailing (most of the way) to Panty Brook. Upon reaching the mouth of this brook I landed at once and lunched in a fine piece of oak & maple woods near by. Here I found Cornus coccinea and Viburnum acerifolium. As I was lying in a wood path a Wilson's Thrush discovered me and began to whistle anxiously. Presently a ♂ Grosbeak and Tanager and a pair of Red-eyes appeared, each chirping about me for sometime before leaving. All probably had young.

Just before landing here I shot two Bobolinks from my canoe. One was an ad. ♂ changing pl. the other a young bird also changing. They formed part of a flock of nearly fifty containing only two old ♂s.

After lunch I started up the meadows on the south side of Panty Brook. Walked nearly half a mile before seeing or hearing anything of interest. At the wooded island heard a Short-billed Marsh Wren & a Henslow's Sparrow almost simultaneously. Went towards the former and found a colony of about ten ♂s singing over a space of perhaps twenty acres. Searched a long time for nests reaching about the spot where I first saw each ♂. Found only one nest, unfinished & evidently "false" one. Finally flushed a brood of young, Bob-tailed but able to fly well. Then gave it up and shooting two ♂s left the place in disgust. The grass was nearly as tall as my head and very dense. It was of the usual fine meadow kind. The ♂ Wrens sang almost continuously, usually from a tall stalk of Eupatorium (now just coming out) or Archangelica.

Circling about the island I flushed a ♀ Bt. Henslow's that had a worm in her bill. A few yards further on

(July 15)

a young bird started. All the while a ♂ was singing on a tree stalk near by. I walked up to him and shot him. He was in fine plumage as were both very Marsh Wrens. All three of these birds had the testes of enormous size and the seminal glands(?) about the anus swollen and turgid. It is evident that both species are now breeding a second time this season.

I heard two other Hudson's Sparrows singing here, one beyond the island to the S. W., the other in the meadow through which I passed on the way to my boat. I shot the latter but could not find him.

Just below the mouth of Partry Brook along the banks of the Concord I heard on my way up two Song-billed Marsh Wrens. On my way down I heard no less than five singing, scattered along for half-a-mile or more, all in canary grass. There were none here last year and none early this season. They must be working down river from the Hudson Marshes.

Had a delightful paddle and sail home. The wind had died to a gentle breeze and the air was cool and bracing. Birds sang freely at sunset. I heard three Tanagers, an Oven-bird, Red eyes, Robins, Towhees, a Field Sparrow, Chickadee, two Grass Finches and an unprecedented number of Song Sparrows (at least fifty). Also heard Swamp Sparrows in the usual places. A Night-hawk squeaking over North's Point.

On the way up saw an Accipiter fasciatus at Hummer's Bridge. It started out in pursuit of a Kingbird but soon abandoned the chase.

The first Cicada yesterday

1887

July 25

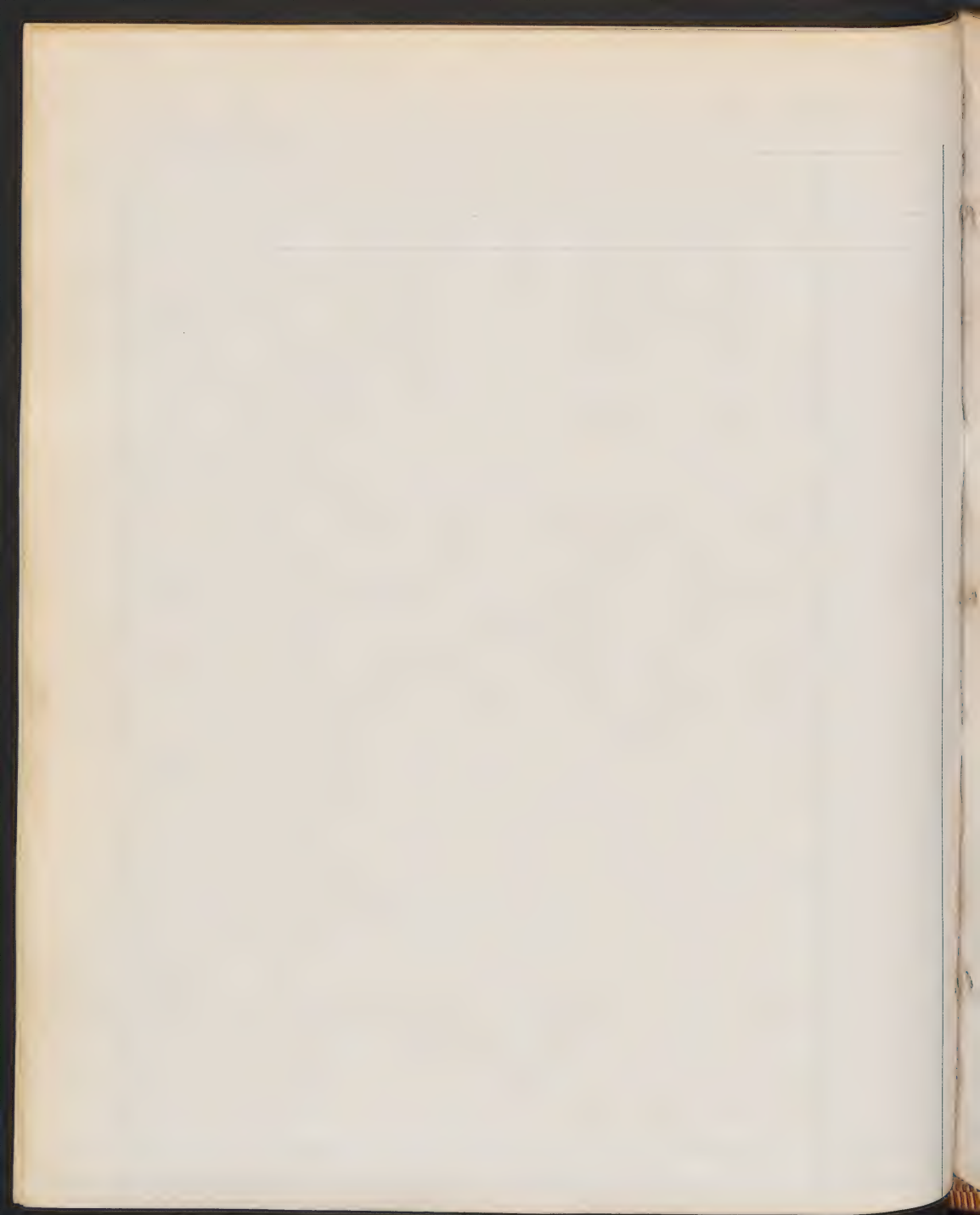
Concord, Massachusetts

Clear and warm with strong S.W. wind.
Down river by boat with C. at 10 a. M. spending
the day.

Sailed to Ball's Hill where we landed and
passed the forenoon and the early afternoon
continuing on to Lee Davis' hill late in the afternoon
and rowing home at sunset.

The banks and shallows of the river are now
clothed in the fullest luxuriance of midsummer
vegetation. The picked weed and bottom bush are
still in bloom but past their prime. The Zizania
is conspicuous and abundant along the margins
of marshy places and its rice-like grain has just
begun to attract the Red-wings chattering flocks
of which, largely composed of young, are distributed
in several places especially at the large island
of aquatic plants which is now more luxuriant
than last year. Bobolinks, too, in small flocks
were fitting about and chink-ing musically.
The haymakers were busy along the high banks
but the meadows proper have not yet been
disturbed. They are everywhere flooded by an
unusual rise of water following the heavy rains
of the 23rd & 24th.

The single Ostrithus palustris was singing at the
bend above Ball's Hill. I heard no C. stellaris
anywhere. Quail much fewer than at this
time last year. Almost no Swifts anywhere this
season. Song Sparrows, Field Sparrows, Swamp Sparrows,
Robins, Meadow Larks, Yellow Warblers and a single
Towhee, singing at sunset.



1887
Aug. 10

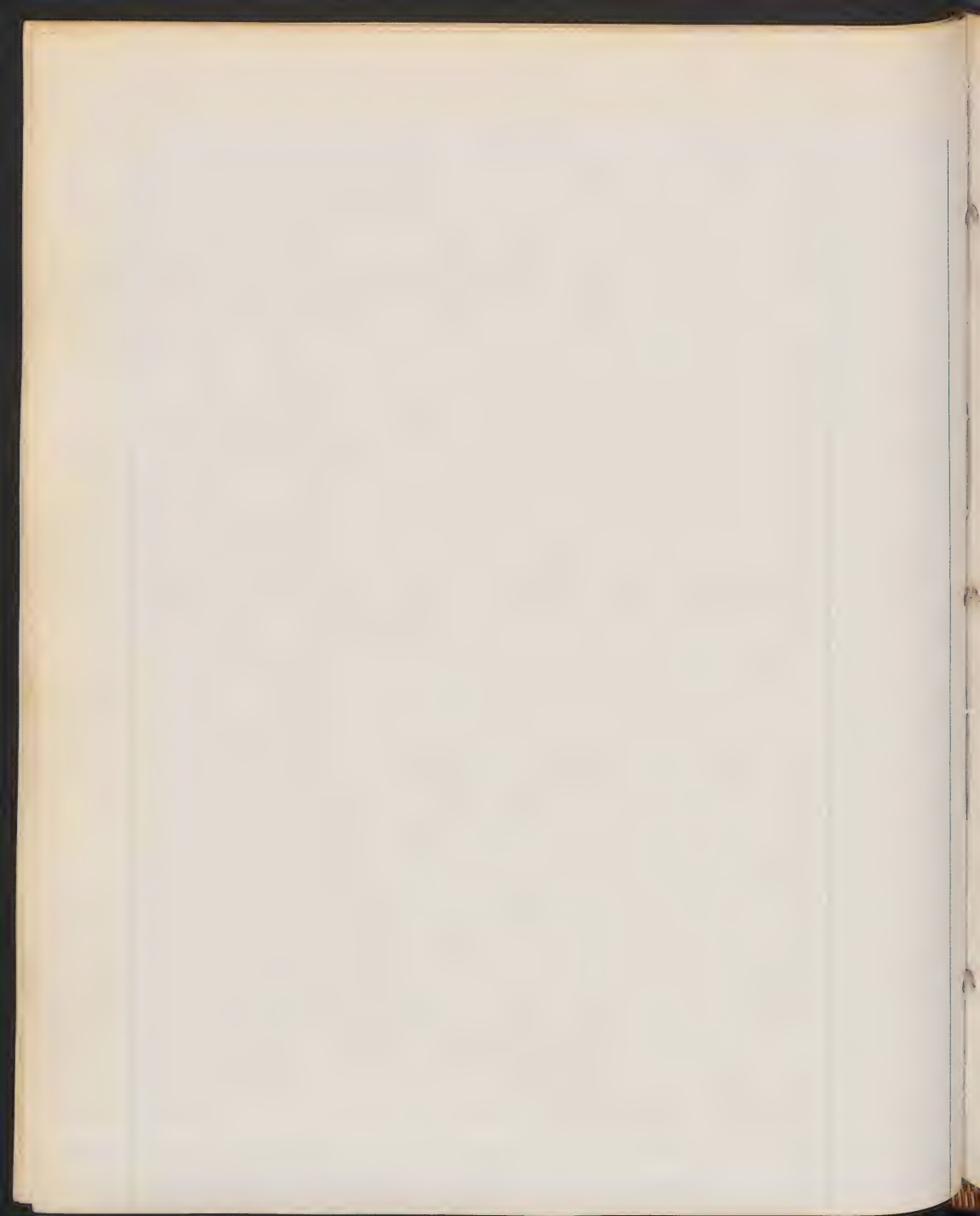
Clear with light S. W. wind.

Starting at 10 a. m. I rowed down river to the landing below Ba Dairs' hill taking my gun as I was anxious to secure one of the brood of young Cooper's Hawks seen yesterday. On entering the woods I heard several of them squealing just over the crest of the hill and after creeping cautiously toward the spot finally saw one sitting on the dead branch of a pine. He looked near enough in the uncertain light of the woods but after shooting at and missing him I paced the distance and found it nearly fifty yards.

The shot silenced and probably frightened away the brood as I walked through the woods in every direction without finding or hearing any others. But later while I was sitting at the base of a pine one of them came gliding back from the oak stand outside and fortunately alighted in the top of an oak within good range when I shot him. He was alive with large winged ticks of the usual Hawk-parasite kind.

After taking lunch I took a long tramp to the northward through the fields where Speluncan & I saw the Doves last spring. Found many Grasses but shot nothing save a Wood Pewee.

Came home late in the afternoon. The river is very lovely now, Sagittaria in bloom. Hibiscus and cardinal flowers in their prime. Pondweeds still conspicuous but past its prime. Red wing feeding on wild rice.



1887

Concord, Massachusetts.

Aug. 13

Clear and sparkling weather, almost frosty in the early morning. Wind north, very light all day.

Off down river in the canoe at 9.30 a. m. talking my 12g. gun. As I was passing the landing at Ball's Hill a Flycatcher darted out from the woods and turning alighted on the top of the spreading white oak. At first I felt sure that it was a *Coturnix borealis* but upon getting near I began to be doubtful as it looked smaller & more like a Wood Pewee. While I was trying to get a better sight at it it flew again and disappeared among the trees. Landing I followed and soon came upon it sitting breast towards me on a dead branch. At once I saw that it was a variable *C. borealis* and the next instant it was mine. It is the first specimen I have ever seen him (in N. Mass.) after the breeding season.

Continuing on I land at the further end of Ben Davis' hill and taking a wood path that I have never explored before came out in the large field south of the big woods. Crossing this I was on the point of entering the wood path that leads from it at the northern end when I heard a Carolina Dove utter a single low coo just ahead. I looked closely for him but in vain. Finally he flew from a pitch pine and following down the path alighted again almost immediately, cooing again this time giving the full succession of notes. What an impressive sound it is! With the most thrilling that I know when heard in some lonely spot such as this was. I listened for many minutes as the deep, solemn tones rose and died away over the

(Aug. 13) still air again and again. Finally the bird ceased sitting & I walked cautiously forward when a pair of Hoes suddenly shot away through the trees. I looked for their nest in the pitch pines where they flew but found nothing.

A few rods further on I shot a Canada Warbler. It was a young ♀ in company with Titmice.

Entering the big woods I stole through them in every direction keeping a sharp lookout for Hawks. For sometime I neither saw nor heard one but at length the familiar squeaking whistle came to my ear and soon afterward a young ♂ A. cooperi shot past me out of range gliding close to the ground. He alighted not far off and as I advanced kept sitting on ahead keeping just out of range & finally disappeared. Later as I was standing still among the trees he or another ♂, alighted near me on the further side of a pine. I walked gently & eventually directly under the tree when he darted out giving me a good shot and doubling up stone dead at the report of the gun.

There was a small mixed flock in the pines among them another Canada Warbler which I shot and the same family of Solitary Vireos seen on the 9th & 10th. The ♂ Vireo sang repeatedly for a few minutes. Crows (Stelluta), were the only other birds singing here.

On the way up river I shot a Bank Swallow & a Swift besides an Accipiter fuscus. The latter glided across the river just opposite the tent and restlessly flew from tree to tree over plunging headlong into a crape when a number of Robins were sitting. I shot him finally in the top of a crape, crape shooting for the spot where he alighted without seeing him actually.

1887
Aug. 14

Clear and cool. Nearly dead calm all day.

In the afternoon paddled to Fairhaven taking tea there and returning after dark.

Within the past week the singing of birds has almost wholly ceased. No species can be said to sing regularly now except the Song Sparrow which closes as well as opens the singing season. I heard perhaps a dozen to-day. I also heard an Oriole, a Meadow Lark, and a Blue Bird.

A week ago Towhees, Field Sparrows, Robins and Yellow Warblers were singing vigorously and Red-eyes quite as steadily as in June.

August is the month of the Wood Pewee. For the past week the woods have been alive with them. I heard a dozen or more yesterday and five or six to-day. It is singular where they all come from.

As I was sailing down river in the twilight, or rather twilight before a fairly perceptible air, two Whippoorwills began singing on the hill just south of Dugan's Brook. The song is very short now; only five or six repetitions of the notes & then a long interval of silence. They sang for only eight or ten minutes in all, then became silent for the rest of the night probably. At this same point I heard many times a single sharp penetrating cry which I think was the same as that made by an Owl on Cambridge River, Me., last autumn & which I also think is the cry of the Song and Owl. The bird seemed to be in a large solitary swamp oak on the meadow.

After it became dark I startled many large

fish which also startled me with their sudden
heavy splashing directly under the bows of the
canoe. They seemed to be in schools several
usually jumping nearly at the same time. I
think they are mackerels. I remember ~~the~~ similar
experience last year at about this time.

1887

Concord, Massachusetts.

Aug. 15

Clear and warm; wind S. W.; light all day.

Up Abbott at 9.30 A. M. Spending the forenoon before starting shot a fine Oriole in the locust grove by the barn. There were several young birds and two adult ♂s in nearly perfect autumn plumage. I shot both but the first escaped after falling nearly to the ground.

Only a few birds seen on the Abbott and nothing singing but a Cuckoo and one Red. eye.

After dinner took the canoe again and sailed to Ball's Hill paddling beyond to Lee Davis' hill where I landed and went to the great woods in hopes of getting another Hawk. Found them silent and deserted hearing nothing and seeing only a Minutella. On the way back started a brood of Redeye Birds on the edge of a corn field. Do they eat corn in the milk? They are suspiciously fond of corn fields at this season.

Returning to the river I pushed out into mid stream and sat my lunch there. The sun was setting and the scene very peaceful and beautiful. Nearly 200 Swallows (about 85 Barn and 50 White-bellies) passed in the course of fifteen minutes straggling along in the usual manner.

I suspected at first that they were migrating as they were flying up river (down south) but a little later when reached the bend just below Ball's Hill I was surprised to find them dashing about in a close swarm now high, now just over the meadow grass. I saw at once that they were preparing to go to roost but for nearly twenty minutes they gave no clear indication of the precise spot. During this time they were whirling about in the most erratic way, rising to a height of 300 or 400 feet, then dashing down close over the river and meadows, at times massed together like a swarm of waders, at

Swallows
going to roost

Aug. 15/1 others spreading out more like Bobolinks but, always flying in a nearly direct course and more inclining from side to side in the usual way. Finally the whole throng dashed into and through a cluster of young white maples and black willows - trees 12 to 15 ft. high - on the end of the point around which the river flows. Doves swished through the leaves but not one, as far as I could see, actually settled. About 100 Red-wings had previously gone to roost in this thicket and the sudden dash of the swallows threw them into a panic. For a moment the air was black with bird and their wings made a rushing like wind in the tree tops. The Red-wings soon settled again and after a few high evolutions the swallows made another headlong dash at the thicket. This time perhaps one quarter of them alighted and the remainder soon joined them. For several minutes more they kept up a continual fluttering among the leaves. I could easily see them against the light in the west and noticed that they perched on the maple leaves bending them down with their weight. A small number settled in the willows. They made a curious chattering for awhile very like English Sparrows. It was nearly dark before they were all settled and still and dusky before they alighted at all. After all was quiet I pushed my boat wisely in among the trees and thrashed the branches with the paddle, shouting at the same time but although most of the Red-wings decamped in great alarm only ten or four swallows could be dislodged.

Paddled home in the darkness. Rose only black & still with no fog. Muskrats plumping in occasionally & fish flashing under the bow. In a dark reach an uncommon light-colored bird started from a tree on the shore & flew off in silence. It may have been a Heron but I took it for an Owl. Harblers hopping overhead after 5 P.M.

1887

Migration

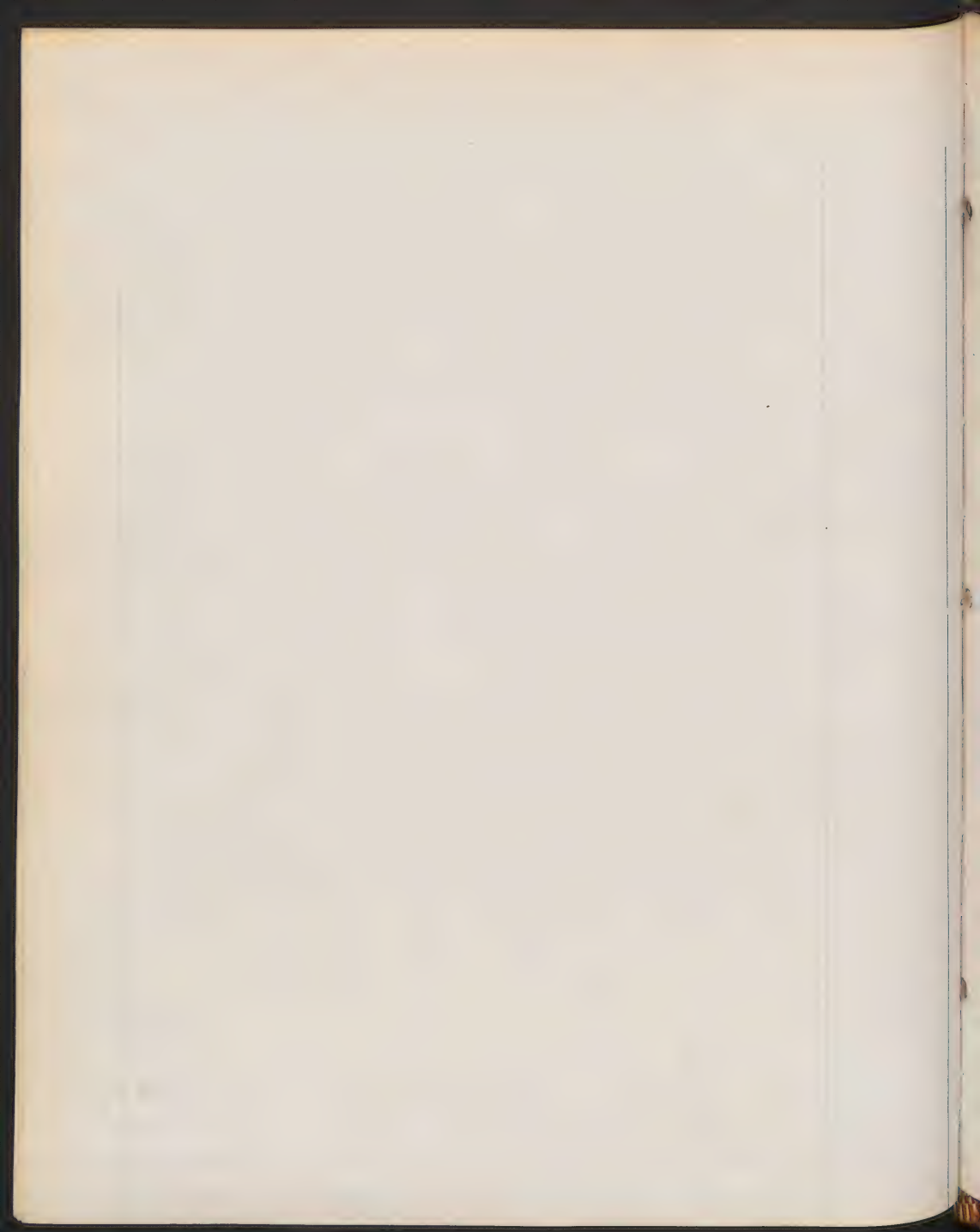
Concord, Mass

Aug. 6

Clear and cool evening after a hot day. Wind changed to N. (from S.W.) at about 5 P.M.

Heard the first migrants, perhaps a dozen, all apparently Warblers, between 8 and 10 P.M.

- " 7 Clear and cold for the season. High N. wind all day. This evening heard about a dozen Warblers passing.
- " 8 Clear and cool. Wind N. Three or four Warblers heard after dark.
- " 14 Clear and warm. Wind S.W., very light all day. Was on the river from sunset to 9.30 P.M. & in my room as late as 11 P.M. but did not hear a single bird.
- " 15 Weather precisely similar to yesterday. Wind S.W. light all day. Evening still & clear. Warblers began appearing at about 8 P.M. and were passing almost constantly up to 11 P.M. when I went to bed. This is the first really heavy flight of the season. Curiously although I heard no birds last evening the Yellow Warblers left almost to a bird either last night or the night before.
- " 23 Cambridge. A heavy N.E. storm with strong wind and torrents of rain. Wilson's Thrushes migrating in numbers between 8 and 9 P.M. flying low and cutting evidently attracted and confused by the city lights.
- " 24 Cambridge. Weather precisely like yesterday. T. fuscescens flying in numbers again this evening. No Warblers heard either night. Evidently the Thrushes must have started in good weather as this storm is widespread over the whole East.



1887

Sept. 1

Clear and a perfect day with almost no wind.

Reached the Lake last night, going to Lakeside. Early this morning was taken over to the Lake House but found that Mrs. C. had been ill with something suspiciously near typhoid fever so returned to Lakeside and settled down there.

Mr. Pelton and three friends were here when I arrived and spent the day shooting Woodcock. They bagged nine in the line behind Morris', one behind Frost, and one in Sargeant's clearing in Cambridge. They thought they started about eighteen in all.

Woodcock

I spent the afternoon unpacking and arranging my things.

At the Lake House saw several flocks of Crossbills and Pine Squirrels and a *Sphyrapicus*.

" 2

Cloudy with heavy rain in the afternoon.

In the forenoon paddled down nearly to the Lake House examining the marshes & coves by the way. Saw absolutely no waders or water birds. There were numerous Savanna Sparrows in the marsh but nothing else. The air was very still and from the distant woods came many notes of small birds. Heard two Red-eyed Vireos and one Solitary Kingbird. Also heard Crossbills, Pine Squirrels, Yellow-rumps, several Red and one White-bellied Nuthatches & numerous Woodpeckers including one *Hylocichla*. On a tall tree near the river a *Corynorhinus borealis* was perched, calling at frequent intervals.

Cambridge

Rain marsh

Savanna Sparrow

Corynorhinus

Lake

In the afternoon started out in the rain & beat the cover near the Thompson's landing. Don found

Sept 2 and hunted two Woodcock which rose together
giving me a fine double shot which I made
successfully.

1887

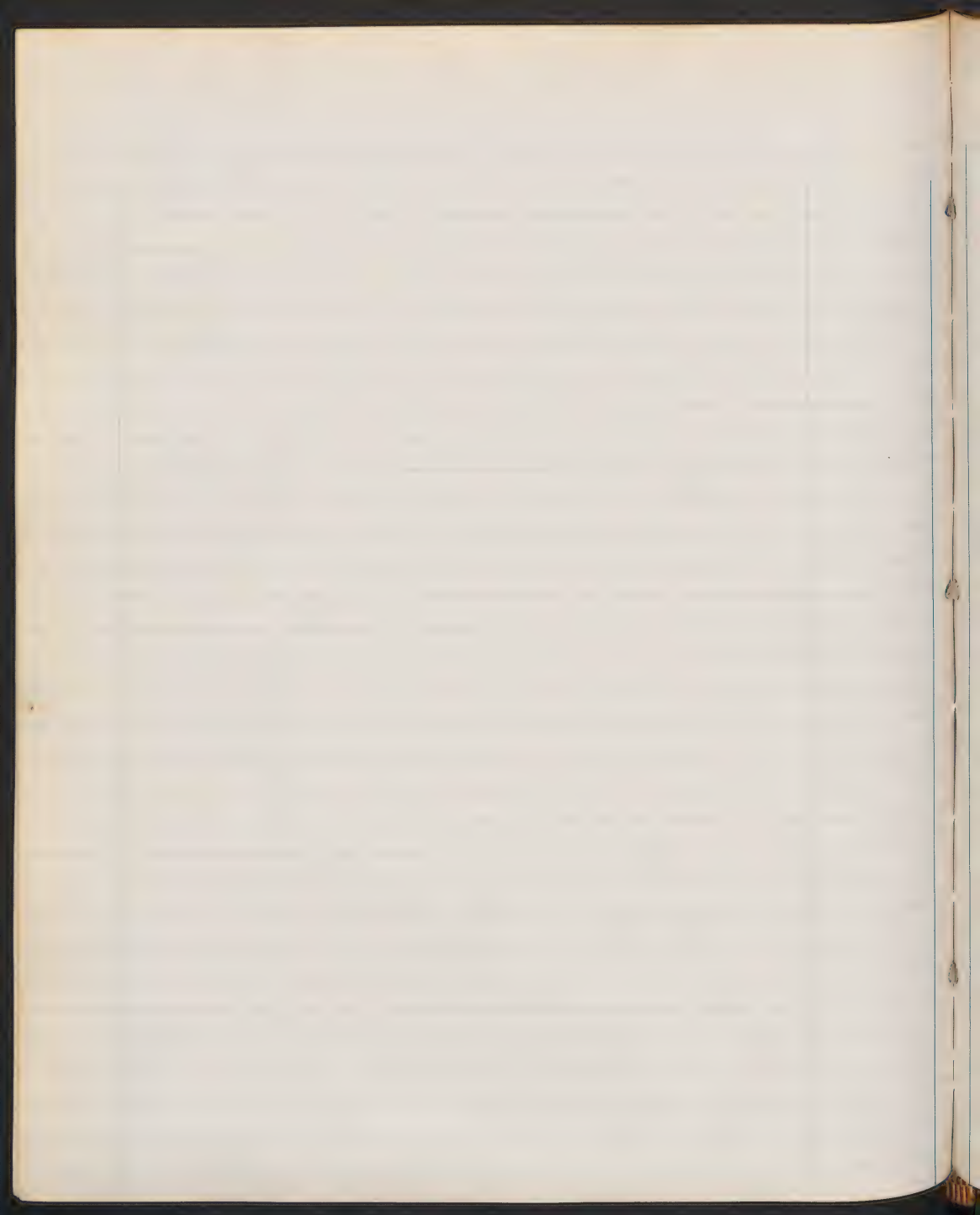
MAINE, (L. Umbagog.)

Sept. 3 Cloudy all day with light showers at intervals.

Did not go out at all in the morning but after dinner had an exciting sail in the Little Rockton. ^{Out in} ~~Sailing canoe~~
The wind was N.W. and so strong that the Lake was covered with white caps. I first ran down to the mouth of Cambridge River and then up that stream to the upper pond. Mr. Skellings, crossing the lower pond at about the same time, started a Black Duck and also disturbed some Plover C. virginicus, which we Golden Plover. both heard whistling.

On the way back to the Lake I came upon three small waders running about on the edge of the river. I started them and made a double on them getting a pair of Tringa pusillus; the ^{"Puffin"} bird I saw distinctly was a Tringa minutilla, at about this time a Pigeon Hawk ^{seen} passed ~~me~~ skimming low over the water. I did not see it until too late but fired a fruitless shot at it at long range.

Off the mouth of the river after I had set my sail I ran down on a Whistler getting a long but by no means impossible shot as it rose. I missed it apparently.



1887

MAINE, (L. Umbagog)

Sept. 4

Clear with fresh N.W. wind

Took the Steamer at about 9 A. M. and went up the Lake to Moulds Rock where I launched my canoe and paddled on to the Outlet. No Ducks in sight and no waves save a strong little breeze. The water is still very high and little and visible about the outlet.

Setting sail I ran out into the Lake before a strong, steady breeze. Not over half-a-mile from the Outlet I came upon three Northern Phalaropes bobbing about on the rough water nears in the middle of the Lake. I shot one with each barrel, both on the water. The third flew off down wind. Following I soon began to see others singly, or in twos or threes, and once a flock of five. They were very restless and some of them unmistakably shy rising a hundred yards or more ahead skimming down over the surface and alighting again. Often one would flutter upwards to a height of fifteen or twenty feet and poise for a moment at the same time shaking its wings and tail violently. Their usual flight was precisely like that of a landpiper the only note I heard a shot quite very like that of the sandpiper. On the water they acted precisely like those seen in the Gulf in 1871. They were evidently feeding as they swam. I got another titling shot at two birds again killing one with each barrel.

This experience clouded the day's adventure. I saw all the rest of the water now under sail without firing a shot. At times the breeze nearly died away, at others it was fresh and steady. I heard Ducks flapping the water with their wings & quacking in several of the coves. Saw a single Gull, perhaps a Tern, in the distance.

Trip to
upper end
of Lake.

Same Lake.
Northern
Phalaropes

1887

MAINE, (L. Umbagog)

Sept. 9

Clear with high N.W. wind.

To Sargeant's clearing in the forenoon for Woodcock. started four, all of which I killed in five shots. One of them was among spruces, the others along the edge of willow thickets. The fourth bird went off apparently unhurt after I had fired both barrels at him but soon found him twenty rods or more in from the edge of the woods lying dead with his wings spread out. Woodcock are fast getting over the month and two of the birds killed to-day whistled loudly.

Woodcock
Hunting

In the afternoon I tried the Cambridge marshes. Cambridge R. landed first on the left bank and beat the marsh about the floating island. Just as I was leaving it a snipe appeared high in air, having evidently come from a distance, and pitched down into the grass. I worked down up to the spot but he flushed the bird apparently without scenting him. He however "pointed dead" on him after I shot him. I killed a Carolina Rail in this meadow & another on the opposite side of the river.

Cambridge R.
Marshes

Returning to the boat I was filling my pipe when a Wood Duck alighted a little way above me. After reconnoitering a moment it swam in shore & swam slowly towards me, over landing and running nimbly up the bank nearly to the grass. At length it came within range & I shot it before it flew.

Wood Duck

By this time it was nearly sunset and I concealed myself in the grass in the hope of getting a shot at some ducks that I have seen flying about over the marshes at that hour. I was unsuccessful although five Wood Ducks passed nearly within range & four whistled also came directly over my hiding place.

just after I had left it. Several House Sparrows
sang at sunset. A single Ardea herodias came into
the marsh from up the country in the
twilight.

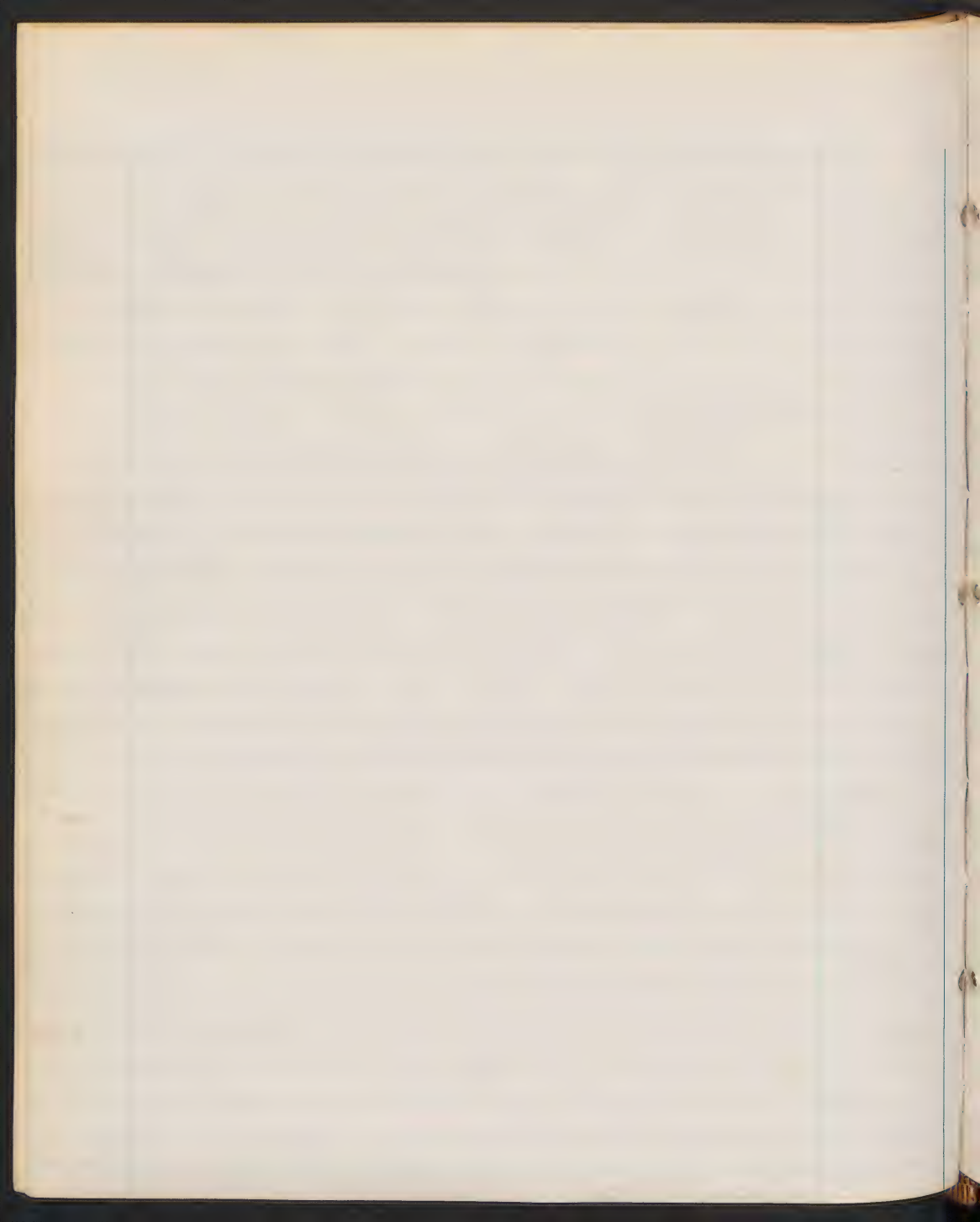
1887

MAINE, (L. Umbagog)

Sept. 10

Clear with cool N.W. wind blowing hard all the morning.

Spent the morning sailing on the lake in the little
Kushnet. The wind was strong and gusty, the lake white-
capped. It was exciting sport.Sail on lakeRunning into the mouth of the Cambridge I discovered
a Yellow-leg sitting on a mud bank in one of the
ponds. Hovering sail I paddled to within good
range and shot him. He seemed to be in a
drowsy mood, sitting perfectly motionless with
head drawn in.In the afternoon took Don in my Graves boat
and sailed down to Ryersons pond. Here I landed
and beat the lake house hill for Woodcock. Ryerson
has cut all the pasture spruces since last year but
on the edge of the ash swamp Don flushed a
cock which alighted within twenty yards. The dog
then advanced and made a fine point. I flushed
the bird but missed it. He could not find it
again.WoodcockReturning to the pond I paddled out and took
a station on the river bank to wait for the
twilight flight of Ducks. Shortly after sunset a
Black Duck came directly towards me but I rose
to shoot before it was near enough and got only
a long and fruitless cross shot. Two others passed
wide of me. All three alighted in the pond left by the
floating island. Two of them came into the big pond
after it was nearly dark and alighting within about
60 yds. of me quacked long and loudly. One had a
cracked voice. Swamp Sparrows singing at sunset, a
snipe calling hoarsely in the twilight & afterwards screaming
close overhead. One or two Acorns G. hudsonia flying about.Cambridge R.March 1March 15March 20



1887

Sept. 12. Morning clear, remainder of day cloudy & chilly. Light rain in early evening.

Spent most of the morning hunting Woodcock in the alder covers on Upton Hill behind Morse's, leaving my horse at Briggs. Don pointed four birds in succession and I fired a shot at each of them bagging two and missing two. He made his first point on the very edge of the alders. I think there were only three birds in all although there may have been four. He ground among these alders is, in many places, wet and springy. There are no ferns or almost none. The birds seem to-day all whistled, and a sharp-shinned Hawk and, on the drive home, a young *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*. The latter flew across the road just below Whitney's and alighted on a larch in a pasture. I followed it but it started before I could get within range and took a long flight toward the woods when I lost sight of it.

Woodcock
Hunting on
Upton Hill.

Red-headed
Woodpecker*

In P.M. paddled up the Cambridge to the Cambridge R. in the grounds taking Don. Lost several of them without starting anything but finally on the edge of the pond left by the floating island a Snipe rose within a few yards of me. I shot at and wounded it and it pitched, I think dead, in the grass some 40 rods away. I went long for but could not find it.

Snipe.

Noticing many signs of Ducks about this pond and in the grass, I waited for the twilight. It was getting dark when with a grand rush of wings five Wood Ducks came swimming down and striking the water with a long swash at for a moment.

Wood Ducks

with creeks stretched up looking and listening intently for danger. "Mild, beautiful creatures their little heads the peril they were in. However, they seemed to for they were so scattered that I could not get two together and waited for them to "bunch". Instead of doing this, ~~however~~, their first move was to spread and then closing in together entered a long winding creek where they were so close to me as the banks are so treacherous to be followed after dark. I waited long in hopes they would return but they did not although I was several times deceived for a moment by the bright silvery wake of a muskrat.

Teal!

I also saw in the twilight a large bunch of birds passing high overhead in a dusky ball. They looked very like Teal.

Paddled home in the rain without a single bird to pay for all my trouble.

1887

MAINE, (L. Umbagog.)

Sept. 15

Clear and warm, wind W. to N.W. a perfect day.

Starting at 9 A.M. I drove through Upton to the bridge over the Swift Cambridge. First tried the edges of the forest beyond but they are not suitable grounds for Woodcock & I saw no signs of birds there. On a knoll just beyond the bridge, however, I found three cock and on a hillside opposite two more, killing all five in six shots. All were among bracken, quite outside the woods or in openings among pasture spruces. They were fine birds in nearly full autumnal feather and shrill "whistles" rising strongly and flying fast. I saw three fair points & drew on the other two birds. I saw the fifth and last bird on the ground lying crouched in an opening in the bracken about ten feet ahead of the dog. I missed the first shot on the fourth bird but killed him the second rise. My first three shots were hard ones, the last three open and easy.

In the woods by the roadside I heard in the early morning a *Dendroica coronata* sing as loudly and perfectly as in spring. Later I also heard a *Vireo* *solitarius* singing steadily.

In the afternoon had a long and delightful sail in the Little Rubicon going up the lake as far as the Heyward farm, paddling through the gut behind Great Island, and sailing all the way home. At sunset a Barred Owl began hooting in the woods on the west side of the Sweet Cove. I have heard it in nearly the same place twice before. Saw two Jays and heard a Wood Pewee.

The foliage is turning fast now and there are patches of gold and crimson sprinkled over the carpet of green on the mountain sides.

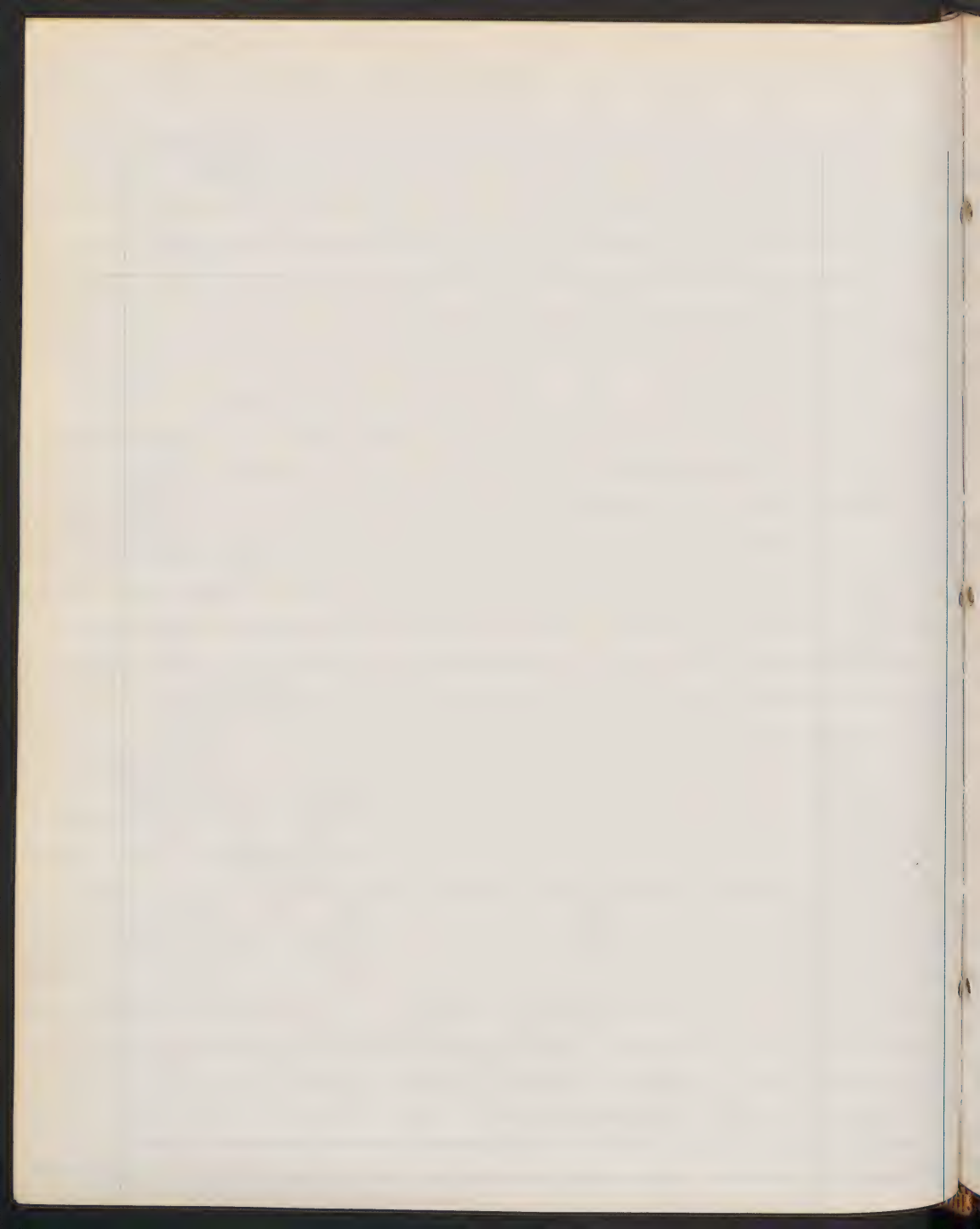
Woodcock
shooting on
the road
to Lyndon

Dendroica
coronata
singing

Sailing on
the lake.

Barred
Owl

Jays
Wood Pewee



1887

Sept. 16

MAINE, (L. Umbagog)

Clear and cool. Wind N. W. strong.

In the forenoon ~~started~~ drove to Upton hill with Mr. Kephler and spent about two hours searching for Woodcock. I found one bird in the alders behind Morris' but he rose wild, went off unshot at, and could not be started again. In the alders run east of the road we found two Woodcock. I shot one of them as he rose and on did not see him again. The other we put up seven or eight times and after vainly trying to give Mr. K. a sight at him I finally shot the bird. Don made two stannet points and several good "draws".

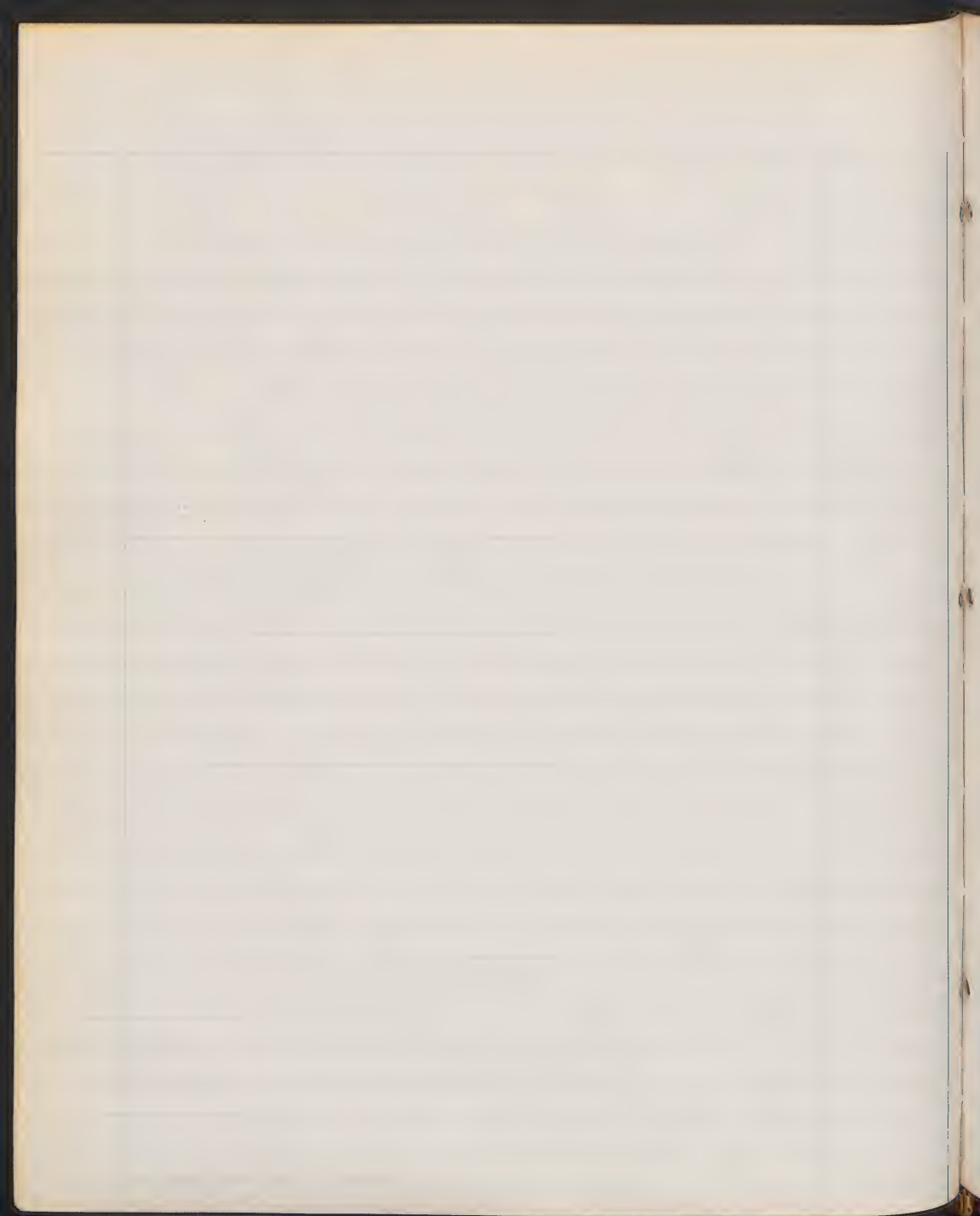
Woodcock
shooting on
Upton Hill
in morning
Sept. 16

In the spruces just above Frost's we saw an immense flock of Grackles, at least 200 birds. They were all apparently B. carolinensis. K. tried at some of them but failed to kill any.

Big flock of
Brown Grackles

In the afternoon beat the Cambridge river marshes thoroughly but failed to find a sign or the trace of one. Don pointed a Carolina Lin which I shot. I also bagged a solitary Sandpiper shooting it sitting near the mouth of the river. The high grounds are in excellent condition & it is strange there are no birds on them.

Cambridge
River



1887

MAINE, (L. Umbagog.)

Sept. 17

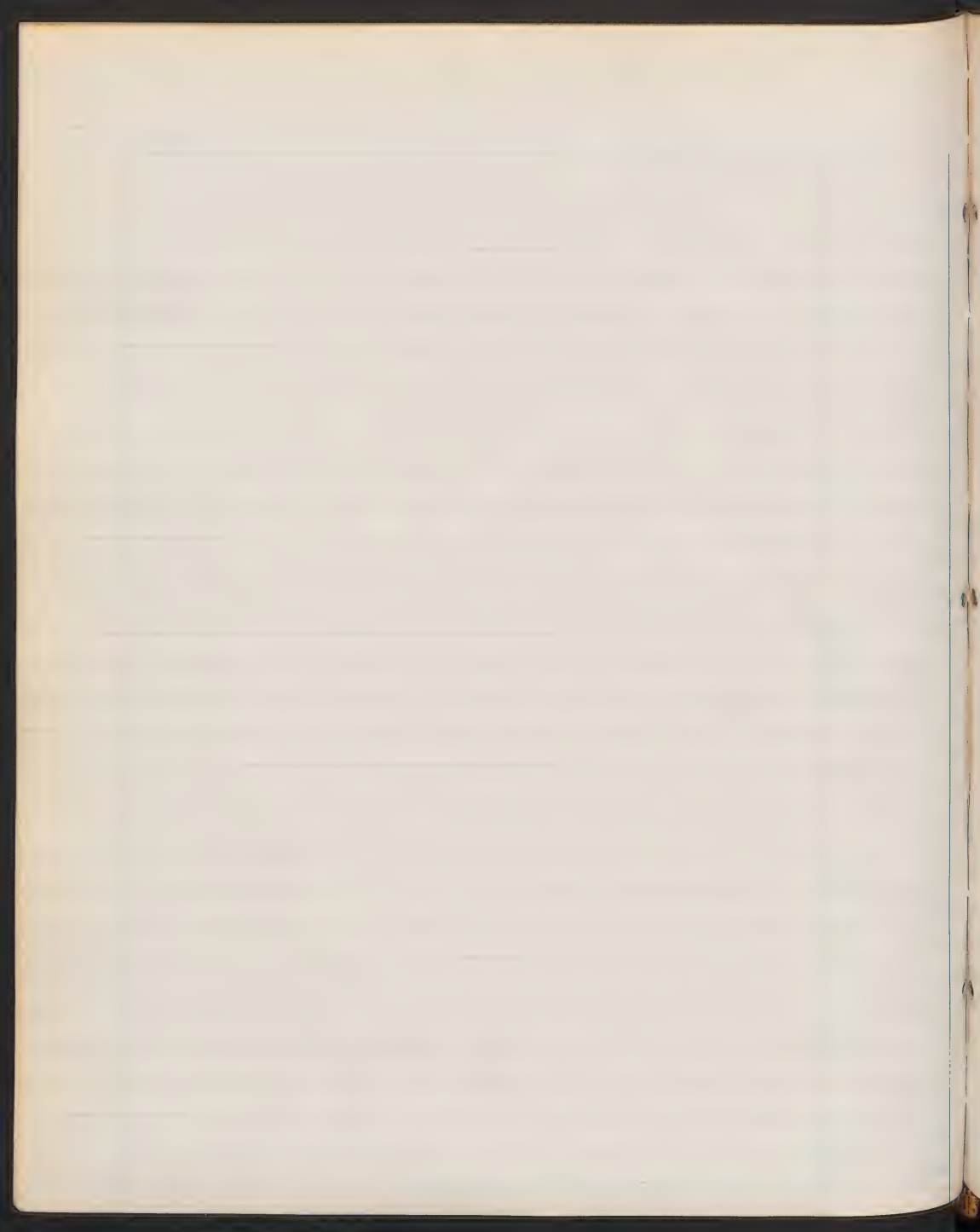
Clear with high N.W. wind.

To the extreme upper end of the Sargent clearing (where the Mollidgebank path enters the woods) in the forenoon, having heard of Woodcock there. This report proved true for I found four birds and shot three of them. All were among bracks, two on the edge of Spruces the other two quite in the open. The first two birds were very shy and cunning rising and flying so as to keep out of sight behind the Spruces. I fired two hard shots at them without success and finally lost them both. After killing the second and third birds in two shots I returned to the first and after a long search found one of them. I put him up twice without getting a shot but at the third rise I caught a sight at him just as he was disappearing over a tall poplar some 40 yds. away. I fired but had no expectation of hitting. In going to the spot however, I soon found him wing-tipped and retrieved him. It was the best shot I have made this season.

In a patch of corn by a house I saw two Redeye birds, both in brown plumage. Heard a Ruby-crowned Kinglet in some thick Spruces. Several flocks of Rusty Blackbirds sitting along fences by the roadside.

Kate in P.M. sailed down to the Lake House to see Crocker & Skillings who had just come out. They had a ♀ Surf Scoter shot near Metabes Island. At sunset saw a Single Chimney Swift skimming over the Mill. Skillings & Crocker had almost no shooting. Four Golden Plover were killed at sunset.

Woodcock
Shooting near
Sargent
Sept 17



1887

Sept 20

MEXICO, (L. Cambridge)

A day on
Cambridge River

Clear and cool with high, gusty N.W. wind.

I had engaged Sumner Sargent to take me up Cambridge River and was to meet him at Lake House. Accordingly I started from Lakeside about 8 A.M. and sailed across. Passing the mouth of Rogers's pond I discovered about a dozen Ducks sitting on the muddy shore. They had white breasts which were toward towards me & first attracted my attention. I could not make them out through the glass but thought them Whistlers. Upon reaching the Lake House & getting Sumner I returned to this pond but the Ducks were gone.

Just before starting back we saw three Black Ducks flying over the woods towards the upper Cambridge; more of them later.

I met Sumner at the upper landing and embarked there. At the gun stand above we heard a Grouse chaffer and ran among the alders but could not see her. Landing I flushed her twice but did not get a shot. In my return to the boat I nearly trod on a Winter Wren near a log heap into which it crept.

For a mile or more we paddled in noiselessly past land after land on the lovely stream beautiful beyond description with its rock piles, mud's edges, and brilliant autumn coloring along the banks. Nothing to break the silence save the occasional chirp of some small bird in the alders, the cackle of a Ring-billed Gull on the wharfing of a red squirrel. At length turning a sharp bend we came suddenly on two Black Ducks. They rose at once & I lost both barrels, missing with my first but bringing down the second bird with the second after it had disappeared, for I fired through the bushes.

A few more quarts on I lost another Black Duck in the water. It was gliding close to the bank & duck

Cambridge R.
Sumner

Sept. 20

not appear to enter as we came around the bend. A little further on we heard a Grouse run in the leaves. Before we could catch sight of it it rose giving us merely a glimpse of its form as it huddled off among the alders. I was lucky enough to bring it down by a snap shot.

Partially dep -

We lunched at the forks and then pushed on into the meadows going about half way up. Signs of Ducks were numerous, tracks and droppings on every bathing shore and feathers scattered about on the water. Some of the feathers were those of Hood Ducks, others of Black Ducks.

Swimming noiselessly around a bend we discovered a Great Blue Heron standing leg deep in the stream. He back was towards us and his head and neck, lowered close to the water, were invisible. He ran the boat to within less than twenty yards of him before he raised his head and saw us for the first time. His sudden spring into the air, loud squawk of dismay, and frantic efforts to move his big wings quickly were very ludicrous. A short distance ahead we surprised another which I shot as I took it to be an adult. It proved a young bird, however.

No. 1000

a Great

Blue Heron

On the way back down the meadows we heard a Grouse whistle off from the bank among the alders. Bending I caught sight of its head & neck and fired but to my surprise missed the bird which flew a moment later, probably overcast it.

Partially dep

Just below the forks I saw jays & water repeatedly fly up into the air on the other side of a sand bar in the river. As we approached a Cooper's Hawk rose from the alders on the west side of the stream. It was very close. It proved a young bird. Nothing - interest on the way down the river.

Partially

Partially

Partially

1887

MAINE, (L. Umbagog)

Sept. 21 Clear and warm. Wind S.W. - air full of musk all day.

Spent the evening about the house at work on some of the birds taken yesterday. Just after breakfast shot three Loxia leucoptera in the barn & -
 - - - - - in front of the house. Two of them were females which had been finished incubating the eggs & abdomen being bare and brighter wrinkled. The ♂ had the testis of half size.

In the afternoon tried the boys in clearing for Woodcock. Don found two in the corn not far from the house and pointed both. The first flew about twenty rods after I shot at it and fell dead, the dog finding it. At the second I fired two very different notes & probably missed both.

Just north of the house Don scared a Grouse into the corn & finally made a handsome point. The bird glared before I saw it giving me a hard shot which I missed.

In the former note & two rods we found two more. Both were very wild & would not lie to the dog. I got one on my chance at dinner and killed by a different escape shot.

Saw a solitary King in alders and a large flock of Snow Buntings by the roadside.

The maples - a burning fast and then are putting a gorgeous red & crimson coloring in every direction.

Loxia
leucoptera

Woodcock
Solitary
Grouse

Park's

Solitary
King
Rusty
Black



1887
Sept. 22

Clear and cool with high N. W. wind.

Starting at 9 A. M. I sailed down to the Lake House where
 Dr. J. C. Gargant was waiting for me by appointment.

Up up
 Cambridge R.

Our objection point was the Cambridge River where we
 spent the entire day, going up to above the upper end
 of B meadows.

For some distance we saw nothing but a Kingfisher
 or two and some dozens of small birds in the
 wind-tossed woods. But on reaching the bend where
 I shot my second Black Duck on the 20th we came
 suddenly on a superb Wood Duck. He was sitting on
 the water near the middle of the stream, side towards
 me, neck stretched up, crest raised and all his
 brilliant coloring, especially the painted bill, showing
 plainly against the dark background. He rose almost
 as soon as I discovered him, springing at least
 four feet into the air before winging his wings. I had
 little more than a snap shot but my aim must
 have been correct for the wings cut out a lot of
 feathers from his sides. It failed to stop him
 however and we never saw him again. It was
 a bitter disappointment for I wanted him badly
 for a specimen.

Wood Duck

We lunched at the forks and then pushed on
 into the meadows paddling their entire length
 without seeing a living thing save a Heron and
 two Rusty Blackbirds. Shortly after entering the green
 woods, however, we came suddenly on a flock of
 four or five Black Ducks. I saw the wake of one among
 the alders then the duck itself. He rose at once &
 I knocked her over. At the report two or three more
 started on swimming down stream directly towards

Bl

Sept. 20 in and falling completelyiddled within a few
jaids of the boat. The first one was only wing
broken & took to the bank but "Don" trailed her
a few rods and pulled her out from under a
log.

Only a short distance further on we started a
Wood Duck & Wood Duck from a mass of drift wood. The
son out of range and flew only a short distance
only to repeat the maneuver when we again came
in sight of her.

Moose Tracks Pausing only a few minutes to examine an
old moose track (the animal had waded down
the bed of the river for several hundred yards)
we returned down the meadows and reached the
forks a little before sunset. For the remainder of
the way I sat with gun in hand ready for
Partridge a shot and finally was rewarded by discovering
a grouse sitting sheet and still in an alder
at the very spot where I shot one last year.
I killed her sitting and this ended the day's
sport.

White winged Crossbills Just behind Keats I saw this morning (and also
on the morning of the 20th) a small flock of
Box a *unimaculata* *Ammodramus* which was two *Leucophaea*.
They were roved together on a piece of bare ground
when they were apparently picking at the sandy
soil.

Musk Rat Musk rats are very numerous this year on the upper
Cambridge. We saw numbers both to-day & on
the 20th.

1887

MAINE, (L. Umbagog)

Sept. 24 Sun and rather warm.

Started at 9 A. M. for a camping trip up Cambridge River. Rowed across to Upton where Brunen Sargent and Jim Brunier met me. Brunen and I started at once in my Graves boat leaving Jim to follow with a skiff loaded with our luggage.

We paddled to the forks of the river (where we lunched) without seeing anything and passed through B. meadows with similarly poor success. But in the alder-wooded reaches at the head of the meadows a snipe started from the bank. I fired large shot at it & missed. It alighted on the mud a short distance ahead & crouched behind a tussock. Putting in small shot I killed it at the next rise. We were about to pick it up and were talking loudly at the time when, looking ahead, I saw a Gad. Wood Duck swimming just under the alders about 60 yds ahead. I instantly fired at him where there or fore it was, one a drake, rose & made off. At first I thought I had missed my bird but on paddling to the spot we found him sitting on the water under the alders, alive but with both eyes shot out. He was a superb fellow, one of the finest I ever saw.

The rest of the way to the River I did not get a shot. We heard several ducks start around the bends but the river was shallow & full of snags & we made so much noise that there was little chance of surprising anything.

Just below the River I landed & walked on ahead. A ♀ Wood Duck started and dropped into the pool immediately below the dam. I stalked her carefully and was about to fire when she rose and I killed her by a rather long cross shot. She

Camping on
Cambridge River.Wilson's Snipe
at head of
B. meadows.

Gad. Wood Ducks

I shoot or
five drakesWood Duck ♀
shot at the
Shoal

(Sept. 24) proved to be an adult in fine plumage.

Evening on the Shiver While the guides were pitching the tent etc. I took a station on the old dam to watch for the evening flight of Ducks. The sunset was a fine one and to add to my enjoyment of the beautiful scene around White-throated Sparrows on the ridge to the north sang many times in succession and quite as lively as in Spring. Their clear ringing notes had an almost startling effect in the general silence.

The twilight gradually deepened until it became too dark to shoot and having seen no Ducks I lost hope and descending to the pool crossed

Woodcock it in my boat starting a Woodcock from the alders on its edge. Just as I was landing and almost before the whistle of his wings died away in the distance I heard a rushing sound & hoarse quacking overhead and looking up saw

Black Ducks a flock of about fifteen Black Ducks hurrying down the valley. They were out of shot but probably passed over the dam within range.

The evening was windy, the sky cloudy and finally it began to rain. As we sat by the fire in front of the tent I heard the cry of a loon in the distance and later a Great Horned Owl hooting.

Loon

Great Horned Owl

Owl

1887
Sept. 15

Cloudy with high N. W. wind and occasional light showers. A wild, boisterous, decidedly chilly and disagreeable

With the first light of dawn we were awakened by an explanation from Bunker who heard the whistling of Ducks' wings passing over the tent, doubtless those of the same flock of Black Ducks that passed down last evening.

We breakfasted early and then did some ignominious bait fishing in the pool below the dam getting five small trout and five seven.

At 8.30 A. M. Bunker and I started in the Graves boat on C. Pond. For the first mile ^{from the Sluice} we had deep and fairly deep water the sluggish river winding about through straggly, stub besprinkled meadows covered with coarse grass, often nearly doubling on itself after the usual fashion of Maine streams. After this the water became rapid and shallow in places, in others settling in deep pools with high, steep banks. Over the shallows we had to drag the boat and for two miles or more there was more walking than paddling. As we proceeded the meadows narrowed and finally the woods crowded closely on the stream leaving a belt of tall alders in most places along its banks. Through this stretch - at least a mile before we came to the pond - the work of getting the boat along was very exhausting but we persevered and finally came out at the pond, a beautiful sheet of water about a mile long with C bluff rising abruptly near the northern end and equally high but more rounded mountains encompassing the other sides save to the westward where the outlet led away through a comparatively level stretch covered with carbonates and bolsons. The forests on the mountain sides were very possible shades of crimson and gold. About the edges of the pond the living trees came

Camping at the Sluice.

Dug boat

Sound of

Ducks wings

near.

Bait fishing

for trout

To C. Pond

Sept. 25th down to and often overhung the water. This green growth, seen only now about ponds not subject to flowage, was here largely *alga vitæ*.

Gooseanders & Hooded Mergansers Less than half-a-mile above the Prairie we surprised a flock of Ducks composed of two Hooded Mergansers and five Hooded Mergansers. In company I got a long shot as they rose and stopped one of each species!

Black Ducks Further on a flock of five Black Ducks came swimming around a bend as we were approaching it. Curiously enough they did not seem to notice us at first but ~~passed~~ steadily along towards us. At about 60 yds, however, they stretched up their necks and I fired killing one and wounding another which only went a

Wood Duck few hundred yards; which I afterwards flushed & shot. There was with Black Ducks a single Wood duck, a ♀, among them.

After the shallow water began we made so much noise that I did not get another shot all the way to the pond. Near its outlet in a grassy cove we discovered a flock of about 15 Black Ducks feeding. I was starting to stalk them when a Bald Eagle sailed out over the trees and they rose in great alarm disappearing up the pond. A Wood duck also rose at the same time from a neighboring cove & made off.

I Ducks & Eagle Scoter in C Pond He then paddled around the pond carrying me concealed at the outlet. Two Black Ducks soaring high in air were all I saw. He then paddled down the pond together. Discovered a Scoter near the middle. He was shy rising twice at 75 yds. I wounded him the first time & brought him down the second but he took to diving and escaped.

Black Ducks Returned late in the afternoon. Just after reaching the dead water we surprised a flock of about 15 Black Ducks feeding in a little nook in the grass. I killed three with my first barrel & brought down a fourth wing-tipped with my second. A fifth lagged behind the flock but escaped. We reached camp about dark.

Saw many fresh deer tracks & one wolf(?) track. Saw several Solitary Sandpeppers & one Purple-throated Hawk.

1887

Sept. 26

Maine, (L. Umbagog).

Cloudy and cold with high N. W. wind.

Rose at day break and breakfasted about sunrise. While the guides were breaking camp I went in search of the Woodcock that has whistled past our camp then two nights past. He came from the ridge to the north and I found his signs there among some brakes but failed to flush him. On the knoll just south of the dam, however, "Don" pointed two birds in the open just outside a thicket of alders. I missed a perfectly fair shot at the first but afterwards killed him by a snap shot in the alders. The other I killed at the first aim. There was not the smallest bush within thirty yards of where these birds lay.

Red Crossbills & Pine Grinnets about camp at sunrise. Saw two White-winged Crossbills yesterday, one of the alighting on a clump of mud in the middle of the river.

He started down stream at about 9 A. M. I cutting off the first mile by walking about half that distance across the meadows. On the way down to the head of the river B. meadows we saw only one Duck an A. obscura which swam around a bend ahead of us and was not to be found where we reached & passed the spot. At this place Sumner pointed out a crossing place which had been evidently much used by Bears this season, as log fallen across the stream. They always sleep in the same spots & here had worn deep depressions in the bank where they climbed it after leaving the log. We also saw here a pair of Canada Jays, the only ones observed this season.

Through the entire length of B. meadows we paddled stealthily, expecting to come on Ducks at every turn but seeing nothing but a Marsh Hawk & a Wilson's Snipe. The first I spared although I could have shot him easily enough as he skimmed past close over the grass. Sumner's keen

Return from
Camping on
Cambridge River
Woodcock
at Shice.

Loon's
Coveys

Bear signs

Marsh Hawk

Wilson's
Snipe

eyes detected the snipe as he skulked behind a tussock on the edge of the water. He paddled to within ten yards of him but he remained perfectly motionless, squatting on the mud his bill slightly raised his large eye glowering in the light. Finally I clapped my hands and he rose dropping dead ~~in~~ the meadow grass at my shot.

Lunch at
the Forks.

Landed for lunch just below the forks where we built a large and very hot fire of dead alders. After a snack we started again at about 3 P.M. He did not expect to see anything more but the passage down to the mill was made memorable by the number of birds found and the watched back in my shooting at them.

Black Ducks

First we came on a flock of about 12 Black Ducks strung out in a long line feeding along the margin. They were fully 90 yds. off but I shot - just as they rose - and got nothing. Only two birds below we came, ^{similarly} on another flock

Mallard

of four and with them a Mallard. I tried a second almost impossible shot but this time brought down a single Black Duck. Still further down we surprised a

Wood Duck

♀ Wood duck. Again I had a very long shot, perhaps 300 yds. Both barrels seemed to take effect but the duck kept on fattening and was of course never seen again.

Goose

The final and most mortifying experience of all was with a Goose which whirled up from the bank and alighted on the branch of a green spruce. She was less than twenty yards away and I thought I saw her distinctly but the light was getting poor and I must have made some mistake for at the report of my shot or rather just a second after it she hummed off unhurt among the trees. This episode closes the record of a most unlucky day but of a generally fortunate and very pleasant trip.

1887

MAINE, (L. Umbagog).

Sept. 28

Clear and rather warm; nearly dead calm all day.

To B. Pond

Started for B. Pond this morning with Brunner and Jim Brunner as guides. We took the steamer to Sunday Cove, the duckboard to the Oxford Club camp, and walked in from Rapid River a distance of a mile and a half.

Umbagog was swarming with Ducks this morning. Off the south end of Great Island we passed a bunch of about a dozen Goshawks, just before reaching the Outlet another flock of perhaps one hundred, and off Sunday Cove a third flock of perhaps twenty or thirty. As nearly as I could make out all were *Pedicularia americana*. They were very shy or restless rising several gunshots ahead of the boat and taking long flights but always pitching down again into the water.

U. Umbagog
above will
Hallowell
S. Cove
looks the

We also saw several flocks of *Hirundo* and an unusual number of Loons. Late in the afternoon while fishing on B. Pond we heard short continuous firing on Umbagog and afterwards learned that it was on the lower stretch of water near Lakeside where a boat was seen pursuing the Goshawks for several hours.

To return to our personal adventures! The tramp across the carry to the pond was very pleasant but without incidents of mark. The path rises for about half-a-mile and after passing over a high ridge timbered with fine old yellow birches and beeches descends perhaps an equal distance to the final stretch of level ground bordering the pond. The last half mile is through mixed woods badly mutilated by recent lumbering. There are two camps and a fire-nosed clearing on the shore of the pond.

On the high ground I saw almost nothing besides

B Pond Squirrels which were in great numbers (both chipmunks & reds) evidently attracted by the beech mast.

Small
birds
noted

In the clearing about the camp, an opening of the usual character sprinkled with tall stumps and littered with fallen logs and tops and the universal growth of raspberry bushes, small birds were present in great numbers and variety. While the guides were gone in search of a boat I passed a very pleasant hour listening to and watching them. There were juncos, Peabody Birds, Nuthatches, Titmice (several P. hudsonicus) Purple Finches, Pine Squirrels, Red Crossbills and several Woodpeckers among which were a P. arcticus and a H. tomentos. It was an animated and most interesting gathering.

Fishing at
B Pond.

After getting the boats the guides returned and Brown and I began fishing while Jim proceeded to pitch the tent on an island and make ready for the night.

The pond was perfectly calm and trout were rising in every direction but for some time I cast in vain. Finally we tried the expedient of paddling directly to where a trout had risen and casting over the spot. This proved successful in many cases especially when we got to the spot quickly. Fishing thus and using only the fly, I took, in about three hours, nine fish that would weigh about eleven pounds, besides losing half as many more. It was the best fly fishing I have had since 1887.

B Pond

B. Pond is perfect little gem. Perhaps half-a-mile in length its shores line in very picturesque and broken deep narrow coves. Everywhere green woods come to the water's edge. The growth is largely arbutus. The water is clear as can be.

Barred Owl

After dark a Barred Owl hooted at intervals for several hours.

1887

MAINE, (L. Umbagog)

Sept. 29

blew and warm; a dense fog lasting until about 11 a. m.

Rose at daylight and after breakfasting broke camp and started for the Oxford Club. The pond, so sunny and beautiful yesterday, was shrouded in the damp, chill mist and even the woods on the ridge were as gloomy as if night were falling. Everything was dripping wet of course and our walk across to the river was decidedly disagreeable. Nevertheless it was not unattractive for the woods if gloomy were impressive and the damp air was sweet with the smell of ripe leaves and resinous exhalations from the Spruces and Balsams.

At the Club camp we intercepted the buckboard and I rode on it to Sunday Cove. Three dogs that follow it daily, ranging the woods for game by the way, started & "barked" several times near the road. I tried to shoot one but failed to see it before it flew & then had no chance.

The steamer, delayed by the fog, kept us waiting over an hour but finally appeared and we embarked at once. They had brought our boat according to agreement and off the entrance to Sunday Cove we left them and paddled for the west shore. On the way I discovered ahead a long-necked whitish bird which looked at first like a Horned Grebe. On getting nearer we found it to be a Red Phalarope. It was swimming briskly about bobbing its head quickly at each foot stroke and lifting the water through its bill or at least seeming to do this. It paid no attention whatever to our approach and after watching it awhile I killed it with a light charge, getting a beautiful specimen. A little further on I picked up a *Chrysomitris tristis* that was floating dead on the water. It was still rigid and I suspect it lost its way in the fog early this morning & flew about until exhausted.

As we reached the shore and were passing a rocky point I saw a small flock of Pintails approaching. Keeping

Return from

R. Pond

Morning

by

C. Bridges

Red 10

Phalarope

Goldfinch

drowned in

the lake

Saw a

down along the line of rocky beach they passed us within good range and I dropped one with each barrel.

Clam Trails For several miles we poled the cause along a sandy shore the water shoal with sandy bottom scored by the trails of numerous mussels. I noticed that there were rarely straight but oftentimes loop-shaped.

Golden Plover On the extremity of Moose Point, now an extensive flat of oozy, treacherous mud, we found nine Golden Plover. They were scattered about feeding and seemed perfectly indifferent to our approach. I got two together and killed both at a shot. The others flew across to the Outlet where they pitched down. Following them we found that they had joined a larger flock which kept rising and alighting and finally mounted high in air and flew out of sight towards East. A single bird remained on the flats & this I shot.

Landed just inside the mouth of the Outlet and lunched on the banks making a fire & cooking a pair of Ducks. Hearing a Yellow-leg whistle we next started back in search of him, finding him on a large oozy flat at the outlet. On this flat

Golden Plover were also the Plover, about twenty-five or thirty in number. They must have returned while we were eating lunch. We paddled within short gun-range but although they were all about us for five or ten minutes I did not once succeed in getting two together. Finally I shot one sitting and another as it flew. The survivors mounted high in air and again departed, this time for good. A Pectoral Sandpiper went off with them but the Yellow-leg and three Bonaparte's Sandpipers remained.

Pectoral Sandpiper I killed the Yellow-leg first, making a very long cross shot, then bagged the smaller birds. The latter were so tame that they would not fly at the report of the gun.

Loons Rowed back to Kalasida without seeing anything more except a single Scoter (the only one to-day) & about 12 Loons.

1887

MAINE, (L. Umbagog)

Sept. 30

Clear and warm; wind S. W.

Upton to
Bethel.

Spent the morning packing and at 2.30 P.M. started for Bethel in one of Boujo's teams, a light wagon that had brought two sportsmen up yesterday.

The drive, despite the high wind, was very pleasant for the air was warm and the road in remarkably good condition. The autumn coloring was still brilliant in spots although long past its prime for we have had several sharp frosts of late that have scared the leaves in all but the most sheltered places. In fact many of the trees were bare and the ground beneath them strewn with the leaves among which squirrels and small birds nestled as we passed.

Autumn
again

About midway of the long hill to Upton I saw a Lincoln's Finch. It dodged into a tangle of raspberry bushes as we approached then boldly mounted to the rail of the fence behind and crouched there facing us showing its buffy breast so plainly that I made sure of its identity.

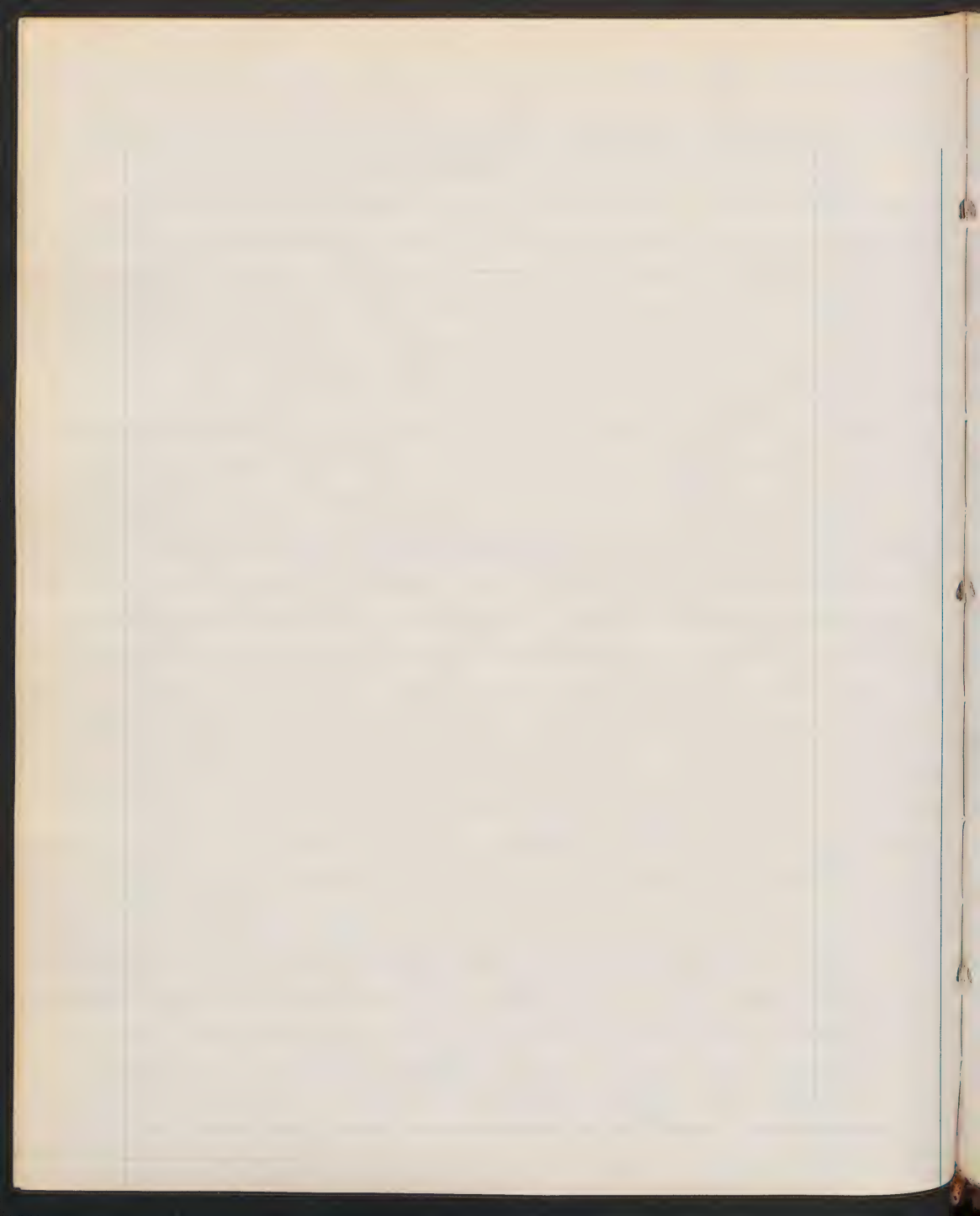
Lincoln's
Finch.

In Gratton below the Arch we passed a fine adult White-crowned Sparrow in nearly the same way. It was, however, alone - in bushes near a house - whereas the Lincoln's Finch was in company with other sparrows.

White-crowned
Sparrow.

In Newry Bluebirds, which I have not seen of late at the Lake, became numerous along the roadside.

We reached Bethel at about 7 P.M.



1887
Oct. 14

Great Island, Hyannis, Mass.

Clear and cold with high N.W. wind.

Left Boston at nine o'clock A.M. with Messrs. Cory, Henshaw and Chamberlain for a shooting trip to the former's game preserves on Great Island.

Reached the island at 1 P.M. During the drive down saw a flock of about thirty Golden Plover and a bunch of Greater Yellow-legs near the entrance gate.

After lunch entered the park to hunt English Pheasants.

Chamberlain and I took one direction, Cory & Henshaw another. Entering some dense scrub I heard Crows rustling an Owl and attempted to find the latter but failed.

I started a deer in the scrub and the animal in its first rush put up a fine cock Pheasant which made a tremendous racket, crowing and producing a curious rattling sound with its wings. It tried among some young pitch pines. I tried to stalk it but it soon flew again going off like a rocket over the trees. I did not have half a chance for a shot.

In the large opening we found H. & C. They had seen several large bucks and C. had fired a long shot at a fox. The carriage coming up us drove outside to the lighthouse and thence around the park. On the way saw a *Passerculus princeps*.

Cory then drove home leaving up to hunt the sand hills for *P. princeps*. We started only a few *P. harrisa*. The team returning we drove back around the park, seeing two Greater Yellow-legs by the way at which H. fired two barrels & I one - all long shots probably without effect though one bird seemed to be slightly wounded.

at the lighthouse I tramped through a turnip field in search of sparrows. A large covey of Quail

which my companions said rose from the turkeys
behind me but which I did not see dropped just
outside the park fence in some low bush. H. flushed
and shot both barrels at them without effect.

It was now nearly dark and we returned to
the house without having killed a single bird.

1887

Oct. 15

Great Island, Hyannis, Mass.

Clear and cold with high N. W. wind.

Henshaw who was out before breakfast saw a large flock of Pine Siskinets and numerous Warblers, in the garden.

Immediately after breakfast I found then a large flock of D. coronata among which were three Palm Warblers. I shot two of the latter and found one to be a typical D. palmarum.

Our host supplied me with a trained shooting pony, a broncho bought of "Buffalo Bill" last spring, and mounted on this animal I started with Henshaw for the promontory called the "cow pasture" a barren, more or less sandy waste of rolling plains sprinkled sparsely with stunted cedars and thickets of Bayberry bushes. Here we found many Sparrows, Robins, Crows (Sturnella), and a large flock of D. coronata among which were several D. p. hypochrysa. He shot two of the latter, a Killdeer & several Savannah Sparrows, I killed a Parus princeps and a Grass Finch, both from the pony's back. It was great fun, galloping about over the wide expanse in the cold bracing wind.

Later we scoured the hills near the house. I shot a Pine Siskinet flying from the back of my horse & missed an Indigo Bird which we found in a patch of weeds & killed H. killed a moment later.

Cory & Chamberlain hunted deer in the park through the forenoon but returned without having fired a shot. They saw about thirty, mostly does.

After lunch we all started for the park in the wagon. On the way I flushed and shot a Meadow Lark, missing with both barrels at two others. We next stopped at the light house where H. shot a Zonotrichia leucophrys in a patch of weeds. I, meanwhile, beat the

(Oct. 15) turnip field. It was alive with Sparrows and I fired at one that looked like a C. princeps when a large bevy of Quail rose behind me. I turned and killed a fine cock with my remaining barrel. I also flushed among these turnips and shot down a small Warbler that looked like Hel. celata. I was unable to find it, however.

Entering the park we searched the dense scrub for the Quail. H. got three shots at them bagging one. He also saw a Pigeon Hawk. I found the remains of a cock Pheasant that had been probably killed by a fox.

Taking the carriage again we drove around the park starting several deer that dashed madly through the scrub their white tails flashing as they bounded over the low scrub. Outside we did some more collecting. I shot three D. p. hypochrysa, a Swamp Sparrow, and four Pine Siskins the latter killed at one shot fired into a flock. The outlying pines and thickets of scrub were fairly alive with birds, chiefly D. coronata each large flock of which contained two or three D. hypochrysa.

Henshaw ranged about on the east side bringing in a Marsh Wren (C. palustris) and several common birds.

It was evident that an enormous flight of small birds, chiefly Warblers and Sparrows, settled on the island early this morning. All day long the face of the country was alive with them. They were very restless flitting from tree to tree & thicket to thicket often taking long flights in thrashing flocks across the open moors but none as far as I saw passing southward out over the Sound. In addition to the species mentioned we saw Bluebirds, Pine Warblers, a Parula, Field & Clipping Sparrows & many Grass Finches W. B. Quail 1

1887

Oct. 16

Great Island, Hyannis, Mass.

Clear and warmer; wind S. W.

It fell to my lot this morning to enter the park in pursuit of a deer, Cory and Chamberlain having failed to get one yesterday. Starting at about 8.30 I was soon within the woods stealing cautiously along the silent path scanning the scrub intently as I went. Passing the pigeon houses I took the path to the "all pen" which I reached without having seen a living thing. Turning to the right I next took the path to the great clearing. In the scrub on the left I twice started a large doe which went dashing off in fine style. Entering the clearing I was peeping through the pines when I spied a small Hawk coming in from the sea. On set wings he sailed across the opening only a few yards above the ground passing me within good gun-shot and showing the clear-cut shape and unmistakable color & markings of a fine adult ♂ Duck Hawk. Having only a rifle I could do nothing but gaze longingly at him as he passed.

Returning to the pigeon houses I found there a young buck which walked quickly off into the scrub without giving me a shot but which did not detect my presence.

I then visited the open oak woods at the west end of the park seeing a fine large doe which stood perfectly motionless for a moment staring at me and then took to flight starting two others as she ran.

It was nearly noon when I again returned to the pigeon houses. As a last chance I concealed myself in the scrub on the leeward side of the hollow in hopes that the buck seen there earlier in the day might revisit the spot. After waiting about fifteen minutes

I caught sight of a deer feeding down over the opposite ridge through the trees. Presently he came out

into the wood path and I saw that he had horns.
He stopped at about 60 yds. distance and stood
facing me in such a way that I could see only a
small patch of his breast and fore shoulder through
the branches that intervened. I aimed carefully at
this mark & fired. The animal sprang forward at
once and passed me going at a furious pace and
quickly disappearing in the bush. I went to the
spot where he had stood and finding no blood
concluded that I had missed but after waiting awhile
decided to follow his tracks. Only a few rods beyond
where I lost sight of him I came upon him stone
dead, his legs doubled up under him, his graceful
head and horns lying stretched out on the pine needles
that carpeted the ground. He was shot in the middle
of the chest. The ball traversed the whole length of the
body and I cut it out of the back side of the
haunch.

In the afternoon we drove around to the lighthouse.
Started the bevy of Quail among the turnips but they ran
out of range & took to the park. Followed them getting
several hard bush shots. Cory killing the only bird -
shot three hares one of which, a "cory", fell to my gun.
Beat the scrub east of the pigeon house for Quail. Pheasants
and drove one across a path about 100 yds. ahead of
H. Afterwards found it but took it for a hare as
it scuttled off over the ground not discovering my mistake
until it was when I shot at but missed it.

Started a Great Blue Heron in the woods. Saw many
hares, all in brown pelage. Shot one with the rifle
this morning

Bay. W. B. deer (four year old buck) 1 - hares 2.

1887

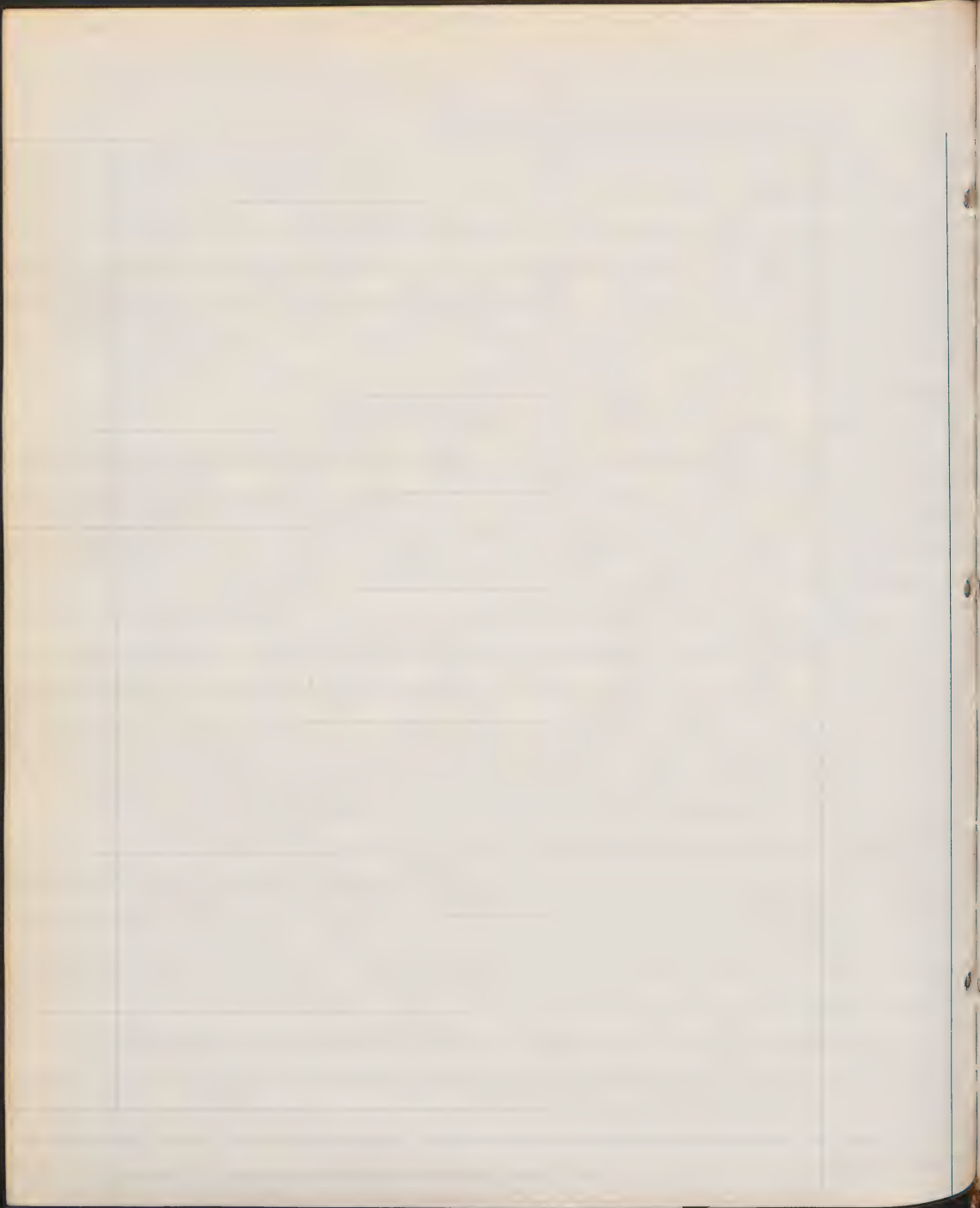
Great Island, Hyannis, Mass.

Oct. 17

Clear and very warm with light S. W. wind.

Off on the Sound for the forenoon in a large cat-boat with Messrs. Cory & Chamberlain. The breeze was very light at first but freshened as the day wore on. We passed Hyannis and stood over nearly to Centerville. Saw perhaps one hundred Scoters, mostly Pelionetta with a sprinkling of Pedicularia and Melanitta. They were shy as a rule but we bagged three, two young bay Scoters and an adult ♂ Melanitta, besides two Horned Grebes. Every gun in the party was fired at each of these birds, I believe. We shot down several others that we failed to bag. Saw two or three Loons and a single Cormorant. It was so warm on the water that the sail was a most delightful one.

Returned in time for lunch immediately after which we started for Boston. Saw nothing of interest during the drive to Hyannis except a flock of about fifty Black Ducks which rose from the creek as we passed.



1887

Oct. 20

Grantville, Mass.

Clear and warm with light S. S. wind.

With H. W. Henshaw took the 7.45 train for Grantville for a days Grouse shooting. Upon reaching our destination hired a depot carriage in which I rode to the turnpike house leaving H. at his father's house to change his clothes etc.

While waiting for him I beat the swamp. One of its eastern edge "Don" struck the trail of a Grouse and leading it out into the middle of the swamp came to a staunch point. After much urging he finally flushed the bird which I shot making a very hard snap shot through thick alders. It proved a very red bird, an adult ♀ apparently. It fell in a pool of water and made a great noise in its dying flurry.

H. arrived a moment later and we then beat the old growth woods finally finding a bird which Don pointed on the edge of a swamp. H. shot at and missed it. "Don" found his third Grouse among cedars near a house. He pointed it staunchly, etc. I failed to get a shot. I saw here a Catbird.

Crossing the road we then beat a long wooded ridge where H. saw six or seven Grouse yesterday. We found only two to-day. "Don" flushed the first. The other we heard drumming in bit of very stiff cover by a brook. Entering "Don" loaded this bird and finally pointed it among alders. It flushed and I gave it one and H. three barrels. It was hard hit but got off and we failed to find it again.

Later in the afternoon we started two more Grouse. "Don" pointed the second which I brought down wing. I did by a remarkably quick snap shot through very thick brush. The dog ran in on this bird pulling out

Oct. 20

many of his feathers in catching him. Curiously enough something had caught a Crow on the very spot where he first pointed this bird. Seeing the feathers scattered about in front of the dog I had come to the conclusion that he was pointing an old scent where the living bird was a few yards beyond.

We were told by a boy of a large bevy of Quail that haunted a weed patch by some oak scrub but failed to find them.

Saw a few Hermit Thrushes and many Robins and Blue Jays.

At 4.30 P. M. the depot carriage came for me and I took the 4.45 train home. H. walked back to his house through the woods flushing about seven Grouse and killing one.

1887

Oct. 22

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear and cold with high N.W. wind. Yesterday was stormy, a warm S.E. rain with strong wind, the sky clearing at sunset.

Took the 6.50 A.M. train for Concord, meeting Melvin at Waltham. He had made arrangements for a days' shooting at Concord and on reaching that station we found a team awaiting us.

Starting at once we drove directly to the "Parker lot" (via Wetherbee's Mills). Our first beat was the strip of birches just south of the "Parker lot". This proved a blank although M. left two Woodcock there on the 19th.

We next tried the birches on the other (west) side of the road but Puttrick and Warren were ahead of us.

They flushed two Woodcock on the knoll before we got to the spot and killed one of them.

After they left we entered a run below and "Don" almost immediately came to a point on the edge of a copse of alders still green with foliage. The bird, a fine large Woodcock, was finally flushed and killed by one or both of us, for we both fired at once. Don next pointed a Grouse which I shot at but missed having only a very poor chance.

From this run we crossed a meadow and penetrating through a large tract of woodland climbed a hill and descended on the other side to Braybrook's birches, one of our old-time grounds. Here we found and killed four Woodcock "Don" making four staunch points on them. The first I shot just as it was alighting, the second due to the simultaneous shots of both our guns, M. firing his other barrel also and missing, the third M. shot at and missed and I flushed a second time and killed (this bird flew about 200 yds. and dropped

(Oct. 22) dead in an open pasture), the fourth M. snapped it (his shell missing fire) and I killed, or rather brought down with a broken wing at Laker 80 yds. Three of these birds were in a wet, springy run among birches and alders only four or five feet high, the fourth in thin birches on a dry knoll.

In this same cove "Don" made several fire points on a Grouse which I shot at five times and wounded badly but finally lost. Rabbits were more numerous here than I have ever seen them before. He started at least eight or ten in the space of a few acres.

Crossing the road we next tried the old berries on the south side, a cove that used to be a nearly sure find. Near the middle "Don" pointed and a very large Woodcock was wild, actually out of range in fact. It soared over the top of a large pine and dropped in a flooded swamp beyond where we could not follow.

Our last beat was the "Parker Lot." Scarcely had we entered it when a perfect fusillade of firing began on the frontier. We next heard a Quail whistling and going to the spot I stumbled on four birds which rose under my feet. I killed with my first barrel and missed, or rather wounded only, with the second. At the same moment two young men who were following the bevy started several other birds near us. All four guns pursued the scattered birds until nearly dark. M. and I killed another (both firing at once) and missed two or three shots. Our companions added three to the bag of four they had made before meeting us.

We worked superbly making five points on Woodcock, four on Grouse, and six on Quail, flushing only one bird all day. Bag: W. B. Woodcock 5-2 Quail 2-1
G. C. " 2-2 " 1-1

1887

Nov. 9

Belmont, Mass.

Clear and still. Early morning sharp & frosty, soon warm.
To Prospect St. Belmont at 10 a.m. taking lunch
and otherwise prepared to spend the day.

In the cedar woods near the fork of the roads I
found a very large flock of Chickadees among which
were about a dozen Kinglets (*satrapa*) and a single
Certhia. Robins were also numerous and there were a
few Juncos and a single *Colaptes*. Besides several Blue
Jays. Goldfinches and Pine Squirrels were heard passing
overhead every now and then. There were also a few
Purple Finches feeding with the Robins on cedar berries.
I killed two Robins (one a fine ad ♂) at a shot as they
sat in the top of a cedar and wounded the *Certhia*. While
searching for him I heard the piping chatter of Red
Crossbills and hurrying towards the spot discovered a
flock of about a dozen in the top of one of the tall
pitch pines in the western end of the woods. There were
some very richly-colored ♂♂ among them and I tried to
get two of them together but the flock was off in a
few seconds after I arrived under them & I had only a
flying shot at a single bird which I missed. They alighted
again in another pine but only stayed long enough
for me to get ~~almost~~ near enough.

In the old orchard when I paused to look in the
Dove hole (it was empty but I found a chalk mark
beneath it) there were two *Dendroica coronata* flitting
from tree to tree.

Entering the oak scrub beyond I descended to the
large swamp at its base. On reaching it "Don" began
to draw on what I soon decided to be the rather
well-scented odors of a bog & Quail. He followed it actively
around this swamp, through a belt of birches to the

South, out into a tussocky meadow, and finally across this and up a wet alder run. Near the head of this he pointed staunchly and stepping in ahead of him I flushed the birds, about a dozen in number. I apparently missed my first bird although the aim seemed to be all right but the second fell wounded & was quickly caught & brought in by the dog. The boys went off well together and settled in a dense swamp where I could not follow them without wading knee-deep in mud and water.

I hunched on the edge of this swamp and afterwards started a Grouse on the hillside above. Although I remained in over an hour the Quail did not whistle but at sunset while walking through Prospect St. I heard one of them calling.

During the afternoon I beat over a great deal of ground without seeing any signs of game birds. In a general way I followed the runs down to the hollows and thence kept on in a southerly direction nearly to the Waverly mill-pond and back across the hills to the east to Prospect St. where George met me with the buggy at sunset.

Two Robins (one of which I shot) a few Tree Sparrows, and a Meadow Lark were about the only small birds seen - excepting some Chickadees. The Lark was on Rock Meadow, a single bird apparently. I got within about fifty yards of him and shot at him as he rose.

Rock Meadow was glistening with Spider's webs on either strand, and many balloon Spiders were drifting across it a few yards above the grass.

1887

Belmont, Mass.

Dec. 14

Clear, still, and for the season very warm.

Tempted by the promise of a rarely beautiful day for the season I started for Belmont this morning at about 10.30. Driving up Prospect St. I kept on to the top of Arlington Heights and then took the old road that comes out above the Cotton farm. About half-way through this road I saw a crow and a fine adult Red-shouldered Hawk sitting near together in the top of a small elm directly over the road. The crow flew before we got within range but the Hawk allowed us to drive under and past him without apparently even noticing us. Stopping in a charge of \$8 I gave the reins to George after stopping the horse and taking deliberate aim brought down the Hawk. As he fell he uttered a low, rapid chirrup precisely like that used by an Accipiter under similar conditions.

Leaving George to drive the horse home I started across country from this point for the Prospect St. region. Having "Don" with me I beat all the crows on the way but started nothing save one Grouse which was as "wild as a Hawk". For the first hour, indeed, I saw nothing at all besides this Grouse but coming out on the Prospect St. meadow near the cold spring I started another Red-shouldered Hawk which sailed off over the birches and after circling a few times alighted in a distant oak.

After lunching on the sunny side of a stone-wall & overlooking the meadow just mentioned I next visited the extensive woods of pitch pine and red cedar bordering the road. In them I found only one bird, a Catheria which I killed. They are cutting down some of the finest cedars in these woods, at least on the

(Dec 14)

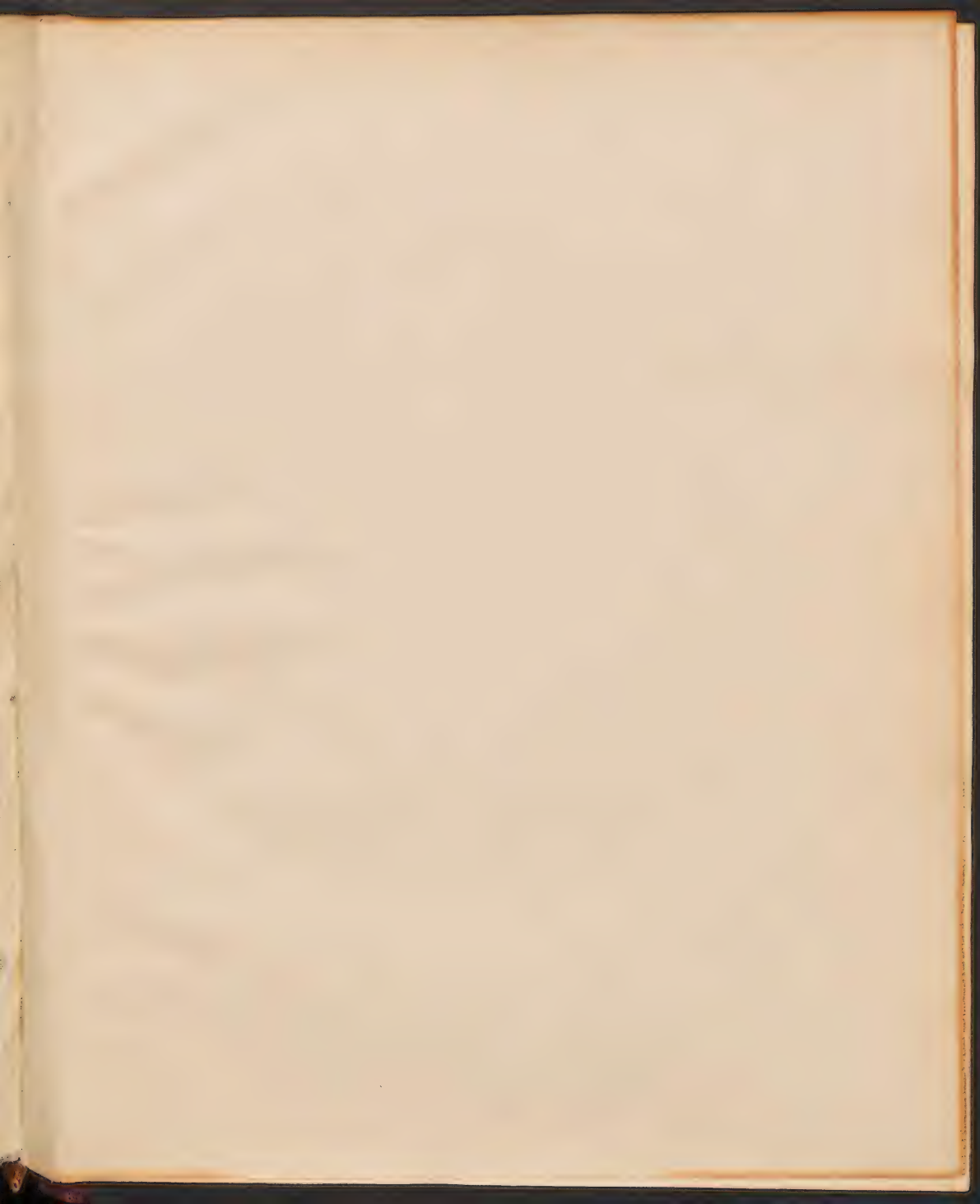
South side. The only wonder is that they have been spared so long. Several of the largest trees must measure nearly two feet in diameter at the base. The finer old growth elms and maples in the swampy corner have not yet been molested.

After inspecting the Owl hole in the old orchard & finding nothing therein I kept across the open to the hillside on the east side of the great ridge visiting several spots associated with my early collecting days, among others the rock-girt knoll where with Henshaw I found my first Prairie Warbler's nest. There are some fine old trees there, too, and nothing about the place had changed save by the insensible hand of time. The old orchard where I shot a family of Jepses nearly twenty years ago was similarly familiar and hardly more unkempt and dilapidated than when I first saw it.

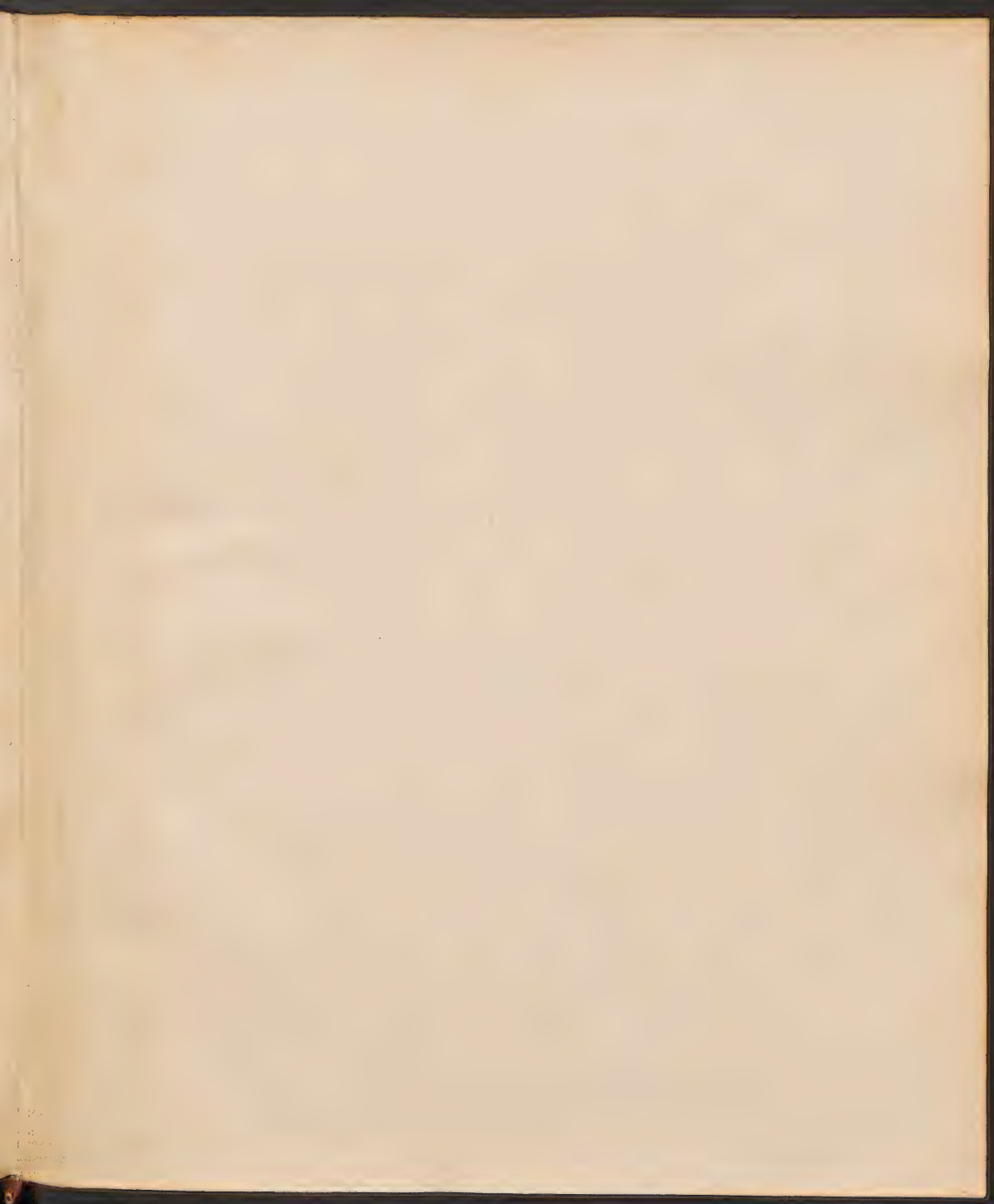
During the afternoon I saw several large flocks of Chickadees most of them containing Kinglets (*Dotropa*) of which I shot five, all from one flock. George met me at 4 o'clock and we got home about dark.

During the day I saw two Buteo lineatus, three Crows, Birds seen about fifty Parus atricapillus, one Grouse, about twelve Regulus satrapa, one Cathartes and a single Melospiza melodia. Although the day was warm and still and hence favorable for seeing and hearing birds I did not either see or hear a single Robin, Flicker, Blue Jay, Crossbill, Goldfinch, Purple Finch, Bird not Tree Sparrow, Pine Siskin, Woodpecker, or Nuthatch or Junco. seen.

Evidently the late autumn flight has passed and quite as evidently we are destined to have a winter characterized Conclusions by a minimum of bird life. Most such winters (if not all) relating to in my experience have been mild with little snow. Thus season far we have had exceptionally mild weather & no snow.









LAKE UMBAGOG, UPTON, MAINE

1886

October 12. Left Boston yesterday forenoon with Mr. J. C. Melvin and reached Bethel late in the afternoon. Started this morning about 8 o'clock and drove to the Lake, reaching the Lake House at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Melvin walked through the notch and shot a Grouse in a tree.

The day was warm and still and clear up to 10 o'clock, after which it was cloudy. It rained late in the afternoon and evening. Small birds were exceedingly numerous. Robins were in large flocks in the fields and Jun-cos and White-throats were along the fence rows and wood edges. I saw one Hylotonus at Brooks's and two Picus vil-
losus by the roadside.

October 13. A perfect October day, clear and still: the Lake perfectly unruffled.

We were off down river at 8:30 o'clock. We landed at the third bend and beat the marsh on the south side, flushing four Snipe. I shot one, but could not find it; and Melvin missed several shots, getting nothing. Off the Stone farm in the Lake we paddled to eight Sheldrage.

Shot down two and wounded two others, one of which I after-
wards got. They were M.serrator.

Merganser
serrator

Next out past B Point. The Lake was alive with
Lake a- live with birds. about eighty Surf Ducks were floating in a long line
water- fowl off Great Island, and a flock of ten Greater Scaups was near
them. Two smaller flocks of undetermined Ducks were not far
A Jager seen off, and a Bonaparte Gull was flying about chased persis-

LAKE UMBAGOG, MAINE

1886

tently by a Jager.

We paddled first to the Coots. They flew at about 100 yards and after circling alighted again. Three White winged Velvet Scoters left them and alighted with the Scaup Ducks. We next paddled to them getting within about 50 yards. Melvin shot one as they rose. I shot both barrels and one of the Velvet Scoters dropped. After this we chased these Ducks for some time, getting several very long shots, but killing nothing. I shot a single Sheldrake (M.serrator) as it came flying past down the Lake.

Northern
Shrikes

Saw two Shrikes flying together due south over the woods, making a jarring or vibrating sound. I shot a single one on the Lake shore. Heard Snow Bunting's twice during the day.

Foliage
nearly
all gone

The leaves are nearly all down, and in most places the woods are perfectly bare; but there is still bright foliage in spots. At Bethel the hill-sides were gorgeous with gold and crimson.

October 14. A chilly cloudy day with a high south-east wind. We started at the usual time and beat closely for Snipe. About the floating island we started three and shot two, Melvin one and I the other. We crossed the river and shot two more, each of us one. Then tried the meadow by the Stone farm and shot a single Snipe, the only one seen. Lunched on B Point in a sheltered cove. Saw an Eagle.

Moose
tracks
on B.P.

Found tracks, about a week old, of a large Moose on the sand beach. Finished the day with a circuit of Great Island.

LAKE UMBAGOG, MAINE

1886

Saw only a Whistler, two large Ducks (probably Black Ducks) feeding inshore, a Kingfisher, a Great Blue Heron, and several flocks of Robins feeding on the mud-flats.

Forgot to mention a short hunt for Woodcock on the hill behind the house before starting. Flushed a single very large bird four times. I got only one shot at him and missed.

Snipe
shooting

October 15. Clear with strong north-west winds. Spent the forenoon on the marsh where we flushed four Snipe, killing them all. After dinner Melvin went up into the pasture and started two Woodcock, killing one. After his return we drove to Morse's on Upton Hill and beat the ground there, flushing six Woodcock along the brook in a strip of alders only about fifty yards long by ten yards wide. We killed five of these birds, but made rather bad shooting, missing several good shots. Next drove to Bragg's on the Andover road and finished there beating the alders about sunset, having seen nothing but one grouse which Melvin killed.

Woodcock
shoot-
ing

Sparrows are very numerous, Robins the same; heard one Flicker.

October 16. Cloudy and cold with almost a gale from the north-west and frequent flurries of snow. We devoted the forenoon to the hill behind the Lake House, beating for Woodcock. Birches blank. Flushed two Cock in spruces by the Lake shore. I shot the first, but Melvin and I both missed the second. Melvin saw a Mink.

We went down river after dinner. Beat the

LAKE UMBAGOG, MAINE

1886

marsh, but flushed only one Snipe which Melvin shot. Steve Morse came along and reported the Lake full of Ducks. We started out at once, but stopped to stalk two Black Ducks opposite the Stone farm. They swam beyond a slough and Melvin then tried them in a boat, actually paddling within fifty yards without cover and killing one.

Scoters

Next to B' Point. The wind was moderating fast.

Two bunches of Scoters off Great Island. Rowed out and around them. They were very shy, but each bunch gave us a long flying shot and we killed two birds from each, the first two O.americana, the last two P.perspicillata. Probably each bunch was homogeneous. All went out at dusk, flying restlessly from place to place, finally rising high in the air.

October 17. The forenoon clear; the afternoon cloudy; the wind south-west, chilly at times, and strong.

Ring-neck
duck

Started down river at eight o'clock in the fore-

noon. At Peasles's brook saw a Duck in the water. It rose and I killed it. It proved a Ring-neck. Except Sheldrake, nothing more seen until reaching the Narrows where I was

Horned
Grebes

paddled to a flock of four Horned Grebes. Shot two sitting a third as it rose. At the entrance to Black Island Cove saw fifteen Whistlers near shore. Landed, but they flew.

Melvin next stalked five Whistlers and four Sheldrake. He got very near them, but two Black Ducks alighted and he waited for them, finally getting a fair shot, but missing. Lunched here; thence to the outlet. Four Tringa bonapartii and an

Sand-
pipers

LAKE UMBAGOG, MAINE

1886

Spruce
Grouse

Ereunetes on the mud bar at the mouth. Shot them all.
Thence to Moose Point, seeing nothing. Met two members of
the Noyes party. They had a pair of Spruce Grouse and a
Squatorola in their canoe.

Old
Sqaws

Returned by way of Glasgow and B Brook coves.
in the former started six Black Ducks. In the latter fired
a long shot at a Sheldrake and killed a Perisoreus. Mel-
vin waited at the point outside. Just before I joined him
he discovered a flock of about twenty Old Sqaws in the Lake
and Luman paddled him out to them. He shot down four and
got three after shooting them all over again. The flock
settled in again near the outlet and Alva paddled me to
within thirty yards of them. I shot two sitting, both old
males, and missed with my second barrel, but got in another
shell in time to catch a third bird as it rose. There were
four adult males in the flock and we shot down all of them,
two each. I afterwards shot a Red-necked Grebe at fully
seventy-five yards with No. 8 shot.

October 18. Clear and cool with a rather strong north-west
wind, and rain.

Duck
shooting

Our trip to-day was up around Great Island.
First saw three Whistlers in the pond near the Lake house.
Sent Alva in to drive them out and lay concealed near the
outlet, I on the south side. They came directly over me,
but rather too high up. I shot both barrels and hit my
first bird hard. We afterwards found him at the mouth of
the river and Melvin shot him as he rose from the water.

LAKE UMBAGOG, MAINE

1886

Next discovered four Scaup Ducks off the north end of Great Island, but they proved excessively shy.

In the gut above the island started five Shel-drakes. In the upper part of the Sweat Cove were six Shel-drakes and as many more Black Ducks. We took stations, sending the guides up to drive them out. The Sheldrakes flew over Melvin, Three Black Ducks over me, all rather too high up. We both failed to bring down any of them. While here saw a Marsh Hawk on the mud-flats rising and settling many times like a Gull and picking at something in the mud. It was an adult male.

Deer
tracks

Lunched here, the guides cooking two Ducks. Deer tracks very numerous. Saw an Eagle, a flock of Pine Linnets, two Fox Sparrows, and heard a Picordis arcticus. On the way down Melvin shot a Yellow Leg (T.melanoleuca) near the mouth of the Cambridge and also started a Rail on the Snipe ground. He said it was the smallest Rail he had ever seen, but he saw no white on wings. Probably a small P.carolina. He shot one and I two musk-rats. He found no Snipe, but one rose and flew over us in the twilight.

musk-
rats

October 19. Clear, forsty at sunrise, the woods and meadows as white as snow with hoar frost. Middle of the day still and warm. Spent the day up the Cambridge. Melvin started first with Alva and Lumen and I spent an hour beating the Snipe ground. Did not start a single Snipe. Heard Shore Larks and one Titlark piping over the mud-flats. A White-bellied Nuthatch calling in the woods. A Browsed Grackle

Horned
Lark

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Browsed
Grouse

flying from stub to stub chuckling hoarsely and once calling cr- rais. A hairy Woodpecker tapping and calling in the distance. No other birds seen or heard.

Up Cam-
bridge
River

Started up river at ten o'clock. Just above the first bayou or "logan" came upon a Grouse standing erect and still on the bank and shattered his head at close range just as he was beginning to run. During the rest of the paddle up to the forks saw nothing more interesting than three Sitta canadensis and a few Chickades and Juncos. Found Melvin waiting at the forks. He had shot nothing and had failed to find a Wood drake seen in the river yesterday by Baker. Alva was off looking for Grouse and soon returned with one. Lunched on the sunny edge of the woods at the forks, cooking two ducks. A pair of Parus hudsonicus came along and I shot one. After lunch Alva started off again and I soon went in pursuit of a Hylotomus which was making a great racket in the swamp. Failed to get a shot but while listening heard a loud rustling and saw a mouse bustling about in the dry leaves. Shot at it and was searching in the leaves where it had been sitting, when another and louder rustling attracted my attention. The sound approached steadily and presently a very large fine Grouse appeared, stalking gracefully through the bushes, nodding his head at each step. After watching him a few moments I shot him. Failed to find the mouse.

Ruffed
Grouse

Returning found Alva back with another Grouse and a musk-rat. In my absence a flock of nine Black Ducks

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had alighted in the river just above the forks, but the crackling of our fire had quickly startled them again.

No deer tracks seen a-long Cam. River be-tween Mill & B.meadow

Blue Jays flying back and forth over the meadows. Fox, mink and musk-rat, and Duck tracks on the mud. No deer tracks.

Started for home just before sun-set, Melvin

leading our boat by twenty minutes. He shot a Great Blue Heron and saw five musk-rats. We saw literally nothing but a few Juncos. It was dark when we reached the landing. October 20. Clear, still and warm. I spent the day in the house working on birds. Melvin went to the Foy place and walked in to C. Pond. He saw eight Grouse, about twelve Canada Jays and one Pileated Woodpecker.

October 21. Cloudy and warm with high wind. A blank day. Drove up to Morse's run after dinner and beat for Woodcock but failed to find any. Saw five Robins. Returned and walked out on the Tyler road beyond the bog. Woods silent and deserted. Saw only a few Blue Jays.

October 22. Clear and warm. A high gusty west wind. Went down river and out to Birchpoint in the forenoon. No Ducks in the Lake. Returning saw a Solitary, a Titlark and a Wilson's Snipe near together on a mud-flat. Shot all three.

Up Cam-bridge R.

Lunched near Peaslee's Brook. Then went up Cambridge river about half way to the forks. Three Grouse together on the bank. Shot all three sitting, one flying up to a bush, the third running at my first shot. Further up shot a female Picoides arcticus and a female Hylotomus. Returning shot

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Shrew

a fourth Grouse sitting in the top of a leafless alder feeding on berries of *Viburnum opulus*. All four Grouse young females. Saw several Sitta canadensis, Spizella monticola and Juncos along the banks. Killed with a paddle a tiny shrew that came skipping down the bank and tried to swim across the river looking like a withered leaf. A large water beetle rising high in the air in the twilight and flying off over the woods.

October 23. Clear and cool with strong north-west wind.

Spruce
Grouse

Off at nine o'clock in the forenoon with Baker, Gerrish and Alva, driving down to Thale Brown's where we left our horses and struck into an extensive larch swamp on the east side of the Cambridge. In this swamp we spent the day, searching especially for Spruce Grouse. Alva found and shot a fine Cock which was sitting on the ground on a knoll. He also shot a common Ruffed Grouse. I shot a Kingfisher and three Canada Jays, one of which escaped after I had almost caught him. I also saw and shot at a Winter Wren. Heard Pine Crossbeaks twice and Redpolls once. Only other birds six Parus hudsonicus (four in one flock, two in another). Tree Sparrows along the brook in alders, a mixed flock of Chickadees, Kinglets, (satrappa) and two Nuthatches (canadensis) and one or two Blue Jays. The swamp was a dense growth of larches, white spruces and arborvitae, ground open beneath and carpeted with green moss.

Reached the Lake House in the twilight. Went down on the meadow and heard an Owl calling at regular in-

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1886

Great
Horned Owl ervals in a snarling tone almost like a cat. Saw it
perched on the top of a stub across the river. It looked
as large as a Bubo. It was calling at 11 o'clock P.M. and
near daybreak the next morning. (I now know that it was a
Bubo virginianus--1889)

Snow
Bunt-
ings

October 24. Sunday. Clear with a chilling east wind.
Spent the day in the house. Saw a flock of about a dozen
small waders (probably T.bonapartii) circling over the
marshes. Gerrish saw a flock of about seventy-five Snow
Buntings. In the evening paddled down river in search of
the Owl, but failed to either see or hear him.

October 25. Cloudy with occasional light showers. Lake
calm nearly all day.

White
winged
Scoter

Started at about ten o'clock in the forenoon
and spent the day on the Lake, going up to the head of Great
Cove. A single Duck off Great Island. It proved to be a
wing-broken Coot (Oe.americana). After a long chase and
several snap shots we finally captured it. Lunched on the
west side of the Cove. I followed a path through to the
Thurston's clearing where I shot a Blue Jay.

Afternoon spent at the head of the Cove.

Started nine Sheldrake and twelve Black Ducks, but fired only
one long shot at a Sheldrake. Saw a single Great Blue Heron.

October 26. Drove to Bethel in the afternoon and returned
to Cambridge the next day.



